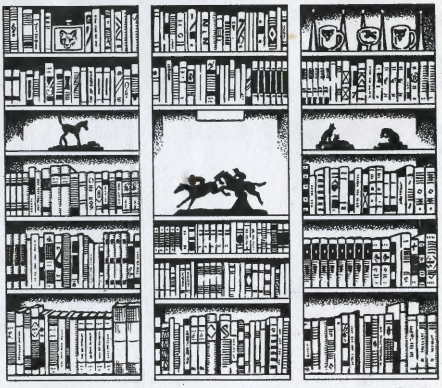

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THE

COMPLETE ANGLER,

OR

Contemplative Man's Recreation;

BEING A

DISCOURSE

ON

RIVERS, FISH-PONDS, FISH, and FISHING:

IN TWO PARTS;

The FIRST written by

Mr. ISAAC WALTON,

The SECOND by

CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

WITH

THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, and EXPLANATORY.

By Sir JOHN HAWKINS, Knt.

THE FOURTH EDITION, with large ADDITIONS.

LONDON,
Printed for JOHN, FRANCIS, and CHARLES RIVINGTON,
(No. 62) at the Bible and Crown, St. Paul's Church-yard.
M.DCC.LXXXIV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER *having been written so long ago as* 1653, *although the last publication thereof in the life-time of the authors, was in* 1676, *contains many particulars of persons, now but little known, and frequent allusions to facts, and even modes of living, the memory whereof is in a great measure obliterated: a new edition therefore seemed to require a retrospect to the time when the authors lived; an explanation of such passages, as an interval of more than an hundred years had necessarily rendered obscure; together with such improvements in the art itself, as the accumulated experience of succeeding times has enabled us to furnish.*

An edition, undertaken with this view, is now attempted, and in a way, it is to be hoped, that may once again introduce the authors to the acquaintance of persons of learning and judgment.

All that the editor requeſts in return for the pains he has taken is, that the reader will do him the juſtice to believe, that his only motives for the republication of this work, were a deſire to perpetuate the memory of a meek, benevolent, pious man, and to contribute ſomething to the improvement of an art of which he profeſſes himſelf a lover.

Twickenham,
10th *April*, 1760.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FOURTH EDITION.

THE former impreſſions of this book being diſpoſed of, and a new edition called for, I was tempted by the leiſure I now enjoy, and a deſire of rendering it leſs unworthy the peruſal of intelligent and learned readers, to a reviſion thereof; in the courſe of which I found that a few miſtakes had eluded my former care; and at the ſame time occaſion and place for the inſertion of ſundry ſuch facts, diſcoveries, notices, authorities, and obſervations as I flattered myſelf would greatly tend to improve it.

With a view to this end, beſides increaſing and amplifying the notes, I have made ſuch additions to the life of Walton, *as ſeemed to me neceſſary; and in particular, from better information than I could ever till lately obtain, have rectified a miſtake in the enumeration of his deſcendants, and terminated the ſame with the laſt of them.*

I have alſo thought proper to give an account of Mr. Cotton, *extracted chiefly from his own writings, leſs diffuſe and deſultory, but containing a greater number of intereſting facts, and an ampler diſcuſſion of his character, than that which accompanied the former editions.*

Having performed for Mr. Walton *an office he had frequently ſo well executed for others, and which, for the honour of his memory, I could wiſh had been undertaken by ſome abler hand; and according to the beſt of my ability diſcharged the duty of an editor, I conclude with a wiſh, in which I hope all the lovers of his art will join.*

May the memory of this devout chriſtian, this pleaſant companion, this amiable, ingenious, and venerable old man, be long revered; and may his various writings afford as much delight to future ages, as they have done to the paſt.

J. H.

Queen-Square, Weſtminſter,
14th January, 1784.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. ISAAC WALTON.

THE excellent Lord *Verulam* has noted it, as one of the great deficiencies of biographical hiſtory, that it is, for the moſt part, confined to the actions of kings, princes, and great perſonages, who are neceſſarily few; while the memory of leſs conſpicuous, though good men, has been no better preſerved than by vague reports and barren elogies *.

It is not therefore to be wondered at, if little care has been taken to perpetuate the remembrance of the perſon who is the ſubject of the preſent enquiry; and, indeed, there are many circumſtances that ſeem to

* "*De vitis cogitantem ſubit quædam admiratio, tempora iſta noſtra haud noſſe bona ſua; cum tam rara ſit commemoratio et conſcriptio vitarum, eorum, qui noſtro ſeculo claruerunt. Etſi enim reges, et qui abſolutum principatum obtineant, pauci eſſe poſſint; principes etiam in republicâ liberâ (tot rebuſpublicis in monarchiam converſis) haud multi; utcunque tamen non defuerunt viri egregii (licet ſub regibus) qui meliora merentur, quam incertam et vagam memoriæ ſuæ famam aut elogia arida et jejuna.*" De Augmentis Scientiarum, lib. II. cap. 7.

account for such an omission; for neither was he distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but, as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted only for an ingenious, humble, good man.

However, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a very justifiable reason for endeavouring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance.

Isaac, or, as he used to write it, *Izaak Walton*, was born at *Stafford*, in the month of *August* 1593 *. The *Oxford* Antiquary, who has thus fixed the place and year of his nativity, has left us no memorials of his family, nor even hinted where or how he was educated; but has only told us, that before the year 1643, *Walton* was settled, and followed the trade of a *Sempster* in *London* †.

From his own writings then it must be, that the circumstances attending his life must, in a great measure come; and, as occasions offer, a proper use will be made of them; nevertheless a due regard will be paid to some traditional memoirs, which, besides that they contain nothing improbable, the authority of those to whom we stand indebted for them, will not allow us to question.

His first settlement in *London*, as a shop-keeper, was in the *Royal Burse* in *Cornhill*, built by Sir *Thomas Gresham*, and finished in 1567 ‡. In this situation he could scarcely be said to have had elbow-room; for the shops over the *Burse* were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide ‖; yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624; when "he dwelt on the north side of *Fleet-street*, in a house

* He has sometimes been confounded with Dr. *Brian Walton*, the learned publisher of the *Polyglot* Bible; who was a divine, a native of *Yorkshire*, and born seven years after *Isaac*.

† *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 305.

‡ *Ward*'s life of Sir *Thomas Gresham*, p. 12.

‖ *Ibid.*

"two

" two doors west of the end of *Chancery-lane*, and " abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the " *Harrow* * :" now the old timber-house at the south-west corner of *Chancery-lane*, in *Fleet-street*, till within these few years, was known by that sign: it is therefore beyond doubt that *Walton* lived at the very next door, and in this house, he is, in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a *Linen-draper*. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of *Isaac Walton*, and *John Mason*, hosier, from whence we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of *Walton*.

A citizen of this age would almost as much disdain to admit of a tenant for half his shop, as a knight would to ride double; though the brethren of one of the most ancient orders in the world were so little above this practice, that their common seal was the device of two riding on one horse †. A more than gradual deviation from that parsimonious character, of which this is a ludicrous instance, hastened the grandeur and declension of that fraternity; and it is rather to be wished than hoped, that the vast increase of the trade of this country, and an aversion from the frugal manners of our forefathers, may not be productive of similar consequences to this nation in general.

I conjecture, that about 1632 he married; for in that year I find him living in a house in *Chancery-lane*, a few doors higher up on the left hand than the former, and described by the occupation of a *sempster* ‡ or *milliner*. The former of these might be his own proper trade, and the latter, as being a feminine occupation, might probably be carried on by his wife: she, it appears, was *Anne*, the daughter of Mr. *Thomas Ken*, of *Furnival's-inn*, and sister of *Thomas*, afterwards Dr. *Ken*, bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*, one of the seven that were sent to

* *Ex vet. chartâ penes me.*

† The Knights Templars. *Ashmole's* Institut. of the order of the garter, p. 55. See a representation of the seal at the end of *Matt. Paris* Hist. Anglicana, edit. 1640.

‡ *Ex vet. chartâ penes me.*

the

the *Tower*, and who at the revolution was deprived, and died in retirement. *Walton* ſeems to have been as happy in the married ſtate as the ſociety and friendſhip of a prudent and pious woman of great endowments could make him; and that Mrs. *Walton* was ſuch a one, we may conclude from what will be ſaid of her hereafter.

About 1643 he left *London*, and with a fortune very far ſhort of what would now be called a competency *, ſeems to have retired altogether from buſineſs; at which time (to uſe the words of *Wood*) "finding it "dangerous for honeſt men to be there, he left that "city, and lived ſometimes at *Stafford*, and elſewhere; "but moſtly in the families of the eminent clergymen "of *England*, of whom he was much beloved †."

While he continued in *London*, his favourite recreation was angling, in which he was the greateſt proficient of his time; and indeed, ſo great were his ſkill and experience in that art, that there is ſcarce any writer on the ſubject ſince his time, who has not made the rules and practice of *Walton* his very foundation. It is therefore with the greateſt propriety, that *Langbaine* calls him, "the common father of all anglers ‡."

The river that he ſeems moſtly to have frequented for this purpoſe, was the *Lea*, which has its ſource above *Ware* in *Hertfordſhire*, and falls into the *Thames* a little below *Black Wall* ‖; unleſs we will ſuppoſe that the vicinity of the *New River* § to the place of his habitation, might ſometimes tempt him out with his friends, honeſt *Nat*, and *R. Roe*, whoſe loſs he ſo pathetically mentions **, to ſpend an afternoon there.

In the year 1662, he was by death deprived of the ſolace and comfort of a good wife, as appears by the

* See his will at the end of the life.

† *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 305.

‡ Lives of the *Engliſh* dramatic poets, Art. *Cha. Cotton*, Eſq;

‖ See page 241.

§ That great work, the bringing water from *Chadwell* and *Amwell*, in *Hertfordſhire*, to *London*, by means of the trench called the *New River*, was compleated on *Michaelmas-day*, 1613. *Stow's* Survey, Fol. 1633. p. 12.

** Preface to *Complete Angler*.

following

following monumental inſcription in the chapel of our lady, in the cathedral church of *Worceſter*.

Exterris
D.
M. S.
Here lyeth buried ſo much as
could dye of ANNE the wife of
IZAAK WALTON,
Who was
A Woman of remarkable prudence, and of
the *Primitive Piety*; her great and general
Knowledge being adorned with ſuch true
Humility, and bleſt with ſo much Chriſtian
Meekneſs as made her worthy of a more
memorable Monument. She dyed (alas that
ſhe is dead!) the 17th of *April*, 1662, Aged 52.
Study to be like her.

Living while in *London*, in the pariſh of St. *Dunſtan* in the weſt, whereof Dr. *John Donne*, dean of St. *Paul*'s, was vicar, he became of courſe a frequent hearer of that excellent preacher, and at length, as he himſelf expreſſes it, his convert†. Upon his deceaſe in 1631, Sir *Henry Wotton*, of whom mention will be made hereafter, requeſted *Walton* to collect materials for a life of the doctor, which it ſeems Sir *Henry* had undertaken to write‡, but Sir *Henry* dying before he had compleated the life, *Walton* undertook it himſelf, and in the year 1640 finiſhed, and publiſhed it, with a collection of the doctor's ſermons, in folio. As ſoon as the book came out, a complete copy was ſent as a preſent to *Walton*, by Mr. *John Donne* the doctor's ſon, afterwards doctor of laws, and one of the blank leaves contained his letter to Mr. *Walton*; the letter is yet extant, and in print‖, and is a handſome and

† Verſes of *Walton* at the end of Dr. *Donne*'s life.

‡ See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, Octavo, 1685, p. 360.

‖ In *Peck*'s *Deſiderata Curioſa*, Vol. I. Lib. VI. p. 24. In the year 1714, the very book, with the original manuſcript letter, was in the hands of the Rev. Mr. *Borradale*, rector of *Market-Deeping*, in the county of *Lincoln*.

grateful acknowledgment of the honour done to the memory of his father.

Doctor *King*, afterwards bishop of *Chichester*, in a letter to the author, thus expresses himself concerning this life: "I am glad that the general demonstration "of his [Dr. *Donne*'s] worth was so fairly preserved "and represented to the world by your pen, in the "history of his life; indeed so well, that beside others, "the best critic of our later time, Mr. *John Hales* of "*Eaton*, affirmed to me, he had not seen a life writ-"ten with more advantage to the subject, or reputa-"tion to the writer, than that of Doctor *Donne* *."

Sir *Henry Wotton* dying in 1639, *Walton* was importuned by bishop *King* to undertake the writing his life also; and, as it should seem, by a circumstance mentioned in the margin, it was finished about 1644 †. Notwithstanding which, the earliest copy I have yet been able to meet with, is that prefixed to a collection of Sir *Henry*'s remains, undoubtedly made by *Walton* himself, intitled, *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, and by him, in 1651, dedicated to lady *Mary Wotton*, and her three daughters; though in a subsequent edition in 1685, he has recommended them to the patronage of a more remote relation of the author, namely, *Philip* earl of *Chesterfield*.

The precepts of angling, meaning thereby the rules and directions for taking fish with a hook and line, till *Walton*'s time, having hardly ever been reduced to writing, were propagated from age to age chiefly by tradition; but *Walton*, whose benevolent and communicative temper appears in almost every line of his writings, unwilling to conceal from the world those assistances which his long practice and experience enabled him,

* Bishop *King*'s letter to *Walton* before the collection of the Lives, in 1670.

† It is certain that *Hooker*'s life was written about 1664, and *Walton* says, in his epistle before the Lives, that "there was "an interval of twenty years between the writing of *Hooker*'s life "and *Wotton*'s, which fixes the date of the latter to 1644."

perhaps

perhaps the beſt of any man of his time to give, in the year 1653, publiſhed, in a very elegant manner, his *Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, in ſmall *Duodecimo*, adorned with exquiſite cuts of moſt of the fiſh mentioned in it. The artiſt who engraved them, has been ſo modeſt as to conceal his name; but there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe they are the work of *Lombart*, who is mentioned in the *Sculptura* of Mr. *Evelyn*; and alſo that the plates were of *ſteel*.

And let no man imagine, that a work on ſuch a ſubject muſt neceſſarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninſtructive; for the contrary will moſt evidently appear, from a peruſal of this excellent piece, which, whether we conſider the elegant ſimplicity of the ſtyle, the eaſe and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely ſcenes which it delineates, the enchanting paſtoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it ſo ſweetly inculcates, has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages.

The truth is, that there are few ſubjects ſo barren as not to afford matter of delight, and even of inſtruction, if ingeniouſly treated: *Montaigne* has written an eſſay on *Coaches*, and another on *Thumbs*; and our own nation has produced many men, who, from a peculiar felicity in their turn of thinking, and manner of writing, have adorned, and even dignified, themes the moſt dry and unpromiſing. Many would think that time ill employed, which was ſpent in compoſing a treatiſe on the art of *ſhooting in the long bow*; and how few lovers of horticulture would expect entertainment from a *diſcourſe of Sallads?* and yet the *Toxophilus* of *Roger Aſcham*, and the *Acetaria* of Mr. *Evelyn*, have been admired and commended by the beſt judges of literature.

But that the reader may determine for himſelf, how much our author has contributed to the improvement of piſcatory ſcience, and how far his work may be ſaid to be an original, it will be neceſſary for him to take a view of the ſtate of angling at the time when he wrote; and

and that he may be the better able to do this, he will consider, that, till the time of the reformation, although the clergy, as well regular as secular, on account of their leisure, and becaufe the canon law forbad them the use of the *sanguinary* recreations of hunting, hawking, and fowling, were the great proficients in angling, yet none of its precepts were committed to writing; and that, from the time of the introduction of printing into this kingdom, to that of the firft publication of *Walton*'s book, in 1653, an interval of more than one hundred and fifty years, only four books on this subject had been given to the world: of the three laft fome mention is made in the margin *; but the firft of that number, as well on account of its quaintnefs as antiquity, and becaufe it is not a little characteriftic of the age when it was written, deferves to be particularly diftinguifhed. This tract, intitled, *The Treatyfe of Fyfshynge wyth an Angle*, makes part of a book, like many others of that early time, without a title; but which, by the colophon, appears to have

* "A booke of fifhing with hooke and line, and of all other "inftruments thereunto belonging. Another of fundrie engines "and traps to take polecats, buzzards, rats, mice, and all other "kinds of vermine and beafts whatfoever, moft profitable for all "warriners, and fuch as delight in this kind of fport and paftime. "Made by L. M. 4to. *London*, 1590, 1596, 1600."

It appears by a variety of evidence, that the perfon meant by thefe initials was one *Leonard Maficall*, an author who wrote on planting and grafting, and alfo on cattle. *Vide infra*, Chap. IX.

Approved experiments touching Fifh and Fruit, to be regarded by the lovers of Angling, by Mr. *John Taverner*, in Quarto, 1600.

The Secrets of Angling, a poem, in three book, by *J. D.* Efq; Octavo, 1613. Mention is made of this book in a note on a paffage in the enfuing dialogues: and there is reafon to think that it is the foundation of a treatife, intitled, *The whole Art of Angling*, publifhed in Quarto, 1656, by the well-known *Gervafe Markham*, as part of his *Country Contentments, or Husbandman's Recreations*, fince he confeffes, that the fubftance of his book was originally in rhime. Of *Markham*'s book a fpecimen is given in a note on page 19.

been

been printed at *Westminster*, by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1496, in a small folio, containing a treatise on *hawking*, another on *hunting*, in verse; the latter taken, as it seems, from a tract on that subject, written by old Sir *Tristram*, an ancient forester, cited in the forest laws of *Manwood*, chap. iiii. in sundry places; a book wherein is determined the *Lygnage of Cote Armures*, the above-mentioned treatise of fishing, and the method of *Blasynge of Armes*.

The book printed by *Wynkyn de Worde* is, in truth, a republication of one known to the curious by the name of the book of *St. Alban*'s, it appearing by the colophon to have been printed there in 1486, and as it seems, with *Caxton*'s letter *: *Wynkyn de Worde*'s impression has the addition of the treatise of fishing, of which only it concerns us to speak.

The several tracts contained in the above-mentioned two impressions of the same book, were compiled by dame *Julyans*, or *Juliana Berners*, *Bernes*, or *Barnes*, prioress of the nunnery of *Sopwell*, near St. *Alban*'s; a lady of a noble family, and celebrated for her learning and accomplishments, by *Leland*, *Bale*, *Pits*, Bishop *Tanner*, and others; and the reason for her publishing it, in the manner it appears in, she gives us in the following words: And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were enprynted allone by itself, and put in a lytyll plaunflet; therefore I have compylyd it in a greteruolume, of dyuerse bokys, concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshynge, sholde not by this meane utterly dystroye it.

* Vide *Biographia Britannica*, Art. CAXTON, note L, wherein the author, Mr. *Oldys*, has given a copious account of the book, and a character of the lady who compiled it,

And

And as to the treatiſe itſelf, it muſt be deemed a great typographical curioſity, as well for the wooden ſculpture copied from thence, and here exhibited,

and which in the original immediately follows the title, as for the orthography and the character in which it is printed; and, with reſpect to the ſubject matter thereof, it begins with a compariſon of fiſhing, with the diverſions of hunting, hawking, and fowling; which the authoreſs ſhews, are attended with great inconveniencies

and

and diſappointments; whereas in fiſhing, if his ſport fail him, the Angler, ſays ſhe, atte the leeſt hath [illegible] walke, and mery at his eaſe, a fayr ayre of the ſwete ſauoure of the meede flowres, that makyth him hungry; he heereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he ſeeth the ſonge ſwannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other foules, wyth theyr brodes; whyche me ſemyth better than alle the noyſe of houndys, the blaſtes of hornys, and the ſcrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners and foulers can make. And if the Angler take fyſshe, ſurely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his ſpyryte.

At the beginning of the directions, how the angler is to make his harnays, or tackle, he is thus inſtructed to provide a rod: And how ye ſhall make your rodde craftly, here I ſhall teche you. Ye ſhall kytte betweene Myghelmas and Candylmas, a fayr ſtalke, of a ſadom and an halfe longe and arme grete, of haſyll, wyllowe, or aſpe; and bethe hym in an hote ouyn, and ſette hym euyn; thenne lete hym cole and drye a moneth. Take thenne and frette * hym falſe wyth a cockeſhote corde, and bynde hym to a fourme, or an euyn ſquare grete tree. Take thenne a plummer's wire, that is euen and ſtreyte, and ſharpe at the one ende; and hete the ſharpe ende in a charcole fyre tyll it be whyte, and brenne the ſtalke therwyth thorugh, euer ſtreyte in the pythe at bothe endes tyll they mete: and after that brenne hym in the nether end wyth a byrde broche †, and wyth other broches, eche gretter than other, and euer the grettest the laſte; ſo that ye make your hole aye tapre wexe. Thenne lete hym lye ſtyll,

* i. e. *tye it about*: the ſubſtantive plural, *frets* of a lute is formed of this verb.

† A bird-ſpit.

and kele two dayes; unfrette * hym thenne, and lete hym drye in an hous roof, in the smoke tyll he be thrugh drye. In the same season take a fayr yerde of grene hasyll, and beth him euen and streyghte, and lete it drye with the staffe; and whan they ben drye, make the yerde mete unto the hole in the staffe unto halfe the length of the staffe; and to perfourme that other halfe of the croppe, take a fayr shote of blacke thornn, crabbe tree, medeler, or of jenypre, kytte in the same season, and well bethyd and streyghte, and frette theym togyder fetely, soo that the croppe maye justly entre all into the sayd hole; thenne shaue your staffe, and make hym tapre wexe; then vyrell the staffe at bothe endes with long hopis of yren, or laton, in the clennest wise, wyth a Pyke in the nether ende, fastnyd with a rennynge vyce, to take in and out your croppe; thenne set your croppe an handfull within the ouer ende of your staffe, in suche wise that it be as bigge there as in ony other plaee aboue: thenne arme your croppe at thouer ende, downe to the frette, wyth a lyne of vj heeres, and dubbe the lyne, and frette it faste in the toppe wyth a bowe to fasten on your lyne; and thus shall ye make you a rodde soo prevy, that ye maye walke therwyth; and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo.

Speaking of the Barbel she says: The Barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mannys body. For comynly he yeuyth an introduxion to the febres: and yf he be eten rawe †, he may be cause of mannys dethe, whyche

* Untie it.

† The usage of the fourteenth century, at which this caution is levelled, cannot at this day but fill us with astonishment. What is it to manducate and take into our stomachs the flesh of any animal without any kind of culinary preparation, but to feed like canibals! The reflection on this practice operated so strongly on the mind of the Hon. *Robert Boyle*, that he speaks in terms of abhorrence

whyche hath oft be seen. And of the Carp, that it is a deyntous fyfshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an euyll fyfshe to take. For hee is soo stronge enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays hold hym.

And as touchynge his baytes I have but lytyll knowledge of it. And me were loth to wryte more than I knowe and have prouyd. But well I wote that the redde worme and the menow ben good baytys for hym at all tymes, as I have herde saye of persones credyble, and also founde wryten in bokes of credence *.

For taking the Pike, this lady directs her readers in the following terms, *viz.*

Take a codlynge hoke, and take a Roche or a freshe Heeryng, and a wyre wyth an hole in the ende, and put it in at the mouth, and out at the tayle, downe by the ridge of the freshe Heeryng; and thenne put the lyne of your hoke in after, and drawe the hoke into the cheke of the freshe Heeryng; thenn put a plumbe of lede upon your lyne a yerde longe from your hoke, and a flote in myd waye betwene, and caste it in a pytte where the Pyke usyth: and this is the beste and mooste sureste crafte of takynge the Pyke. Another manere takynge of hym there is: take a froshe †,

rence of the *eating of raw oysters*, in a book entitled, Reflections, &c. which hereafter will be mentioned.

The nearest approach, excepting the instance above, which in this age of rational refinement we make to the savage practice that gives occasion to this note, is the eating of *salted* or *pickled herrings* or *anchovies*; but for this it may be said in excuse, that there may possibly be in salt some principle similar in its operation on certain bodies to *fire*; at least we find that the purposes of culinary fire are sufficiently answered in the process of curing herrings.

* Considering the time when this book was written, we may conclude, that these could be hardly any other than Monkish manuscripts.

† Or Frog. *Minshew*'s Dictionary.

and put it on your hoke, at the necke, bytwene the skynne and the body, on the backe halk, and put on a flote a yerde therfro, and caste it where the Pyke haunteth and ye shall haue hym. Another manere: Take the same bayte, and putit in asa fetida, and cast it in the water wyth a corde and a corke, and ye shall not fayl of hym. And yf ye lyst to have a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote, and ye shall se gode halynge, whether the gose or the Pyke shall have the better.

The directions for making flies, contained in this book, are, as one would expect, very inartificial: we shall therefore only add, that the authoress advises the angler to be provided with twelve different sorts, between which and *Walton*'s twelve *, the difference is so very small, as well in the order as the manner of describing them, that there cannot remain the least doubt but he had seen, and attentively perused, this ancient treatise.

The book concludes with some general cautions, among which are these that follow; which at least serve to shew, how long angling has been looked on as an auxiliary to contemplation.

Also, ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte, for no couetysenes, to the encreasynge and sparynge of your money oonly, but pryncypally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule: for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fyshyng, ye woll not desyre gretly many persones wyth you, whiche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serue God deuowtly in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer †, and thus doynge ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices.

* *Vide infra*, Chap. V.

† A note of the pious simplicity of former times, which united prayer with recreation.

But to return to the laſt mentioned work of our author, *The Complete Angler*; it came into the world attended with encomiaſtic verſes by ſeveral writers of that day, and had in the title-page, though *Walton* thought proper to omit it in the future editions, this appoſite motto:

" SIMON PETER ſaid, I go a fiſhing; and they " ſaid, we alſo will go with thee." *John* xxi. 3.

And here occaſion is given us to remark, that the circumſtance of time, and the diſtracted ſtate of the kingdom at the period when the book was written, reaching indeed to the publication of the third edition thereof, are evidences of the author's inward temper and diſpoſition: for who but a man whoſe mind was the habitation of piety, prudence, humility, peace and chearfulneſs, could delineate ſuch a character as that of the principal interlocutor in this dialogue; and make him *reaſon*, *contemplate*, *inſtruct*, *converſe*, *jeſt*, *ſing*, and *recite verſes*, with that *ſober pleaſantry*, that *unlicentious hilarity* that *Piſcator* does? and this too at a time when the whole kingdom was in arms; and confuſion and deſolation were carried to an extreme ſufficient to have excited ſuch a reſentment againſt the authors of them, as might have ſoured the beſt temper, and rendered it, in no ſmall degree, unfit for ſocial intercourſe *.

If it ſhould be objected, that what is here ſaid may be equally true of an *indolent* man, or of a mind inſenſible to all outward accidents, and devoted to its own eaſe and gratification; to this it may be anſwered, that the perſon here ſpoken of was not ſuch a man: on the contrary, in ſundry views of his character, he

* This kind of reſentment we cannot better eſtimate, than by a compariſon thereof with its oppoſite affection, whatever we may call it; which in one inſtance, to wit, the reſtoration of King *Charles* II. had ſuch an effect upon Mr. *Oughtred*, the mathematician, that for joy on receiving the news that the parliament had voted the king's return, he expired.

appears to have been endowed both with *activity* and *induſtry*; an induſtrious tradeſman, induſtrious in collecting biographical memoirs and hiſtorical facts, and in reſcuing from oblivion the memory and writings of many of his learned friends: and ſurely againſt the ſuſpicion of *inſenſibility* he muſt ſtand acquitted, who appears to have had the ſtrongeſt attachments that could conſiſt with chriſtian charity, both to opinions and men; to epiſcopacy, to the doctrines, diſcipline, and the liturgy of the eſtabliſhed church; and to thoſe divines and others that favoured the civil and eccleſiaſtical conſtitution of this country, the ſubverſion whereof it was his misfortune both to ſee and feel. Seeing, therefore, that amidſt the public calamities, and in a ſtate of exile from that city, where the earlieſt and deareſt of his connexions had been formed, he was thus capable of enjoying himſelf in the manner he appears to have done; patiently ſubmitting to thoſe evils which he could not prevent, we muſt pronounce him to have been an illuſtrious exemplar of the private and ſocial virtues, and upon the whole a *wiſe* and *good* man.

To theſe remarks, reſpecting the moral qualities of *Walton*, I add, that his mental endowments were ſo conſiderable as to merit notice: it is true, that his ſtock of learning, properly ſo called, was not great; yet were his attainments in literature far beyond what could be expected from a man bred to trade, and not to a learned profeſſion; for let it be remembered, that beſides being well verſed in the ſtudy of the holy ſcriptures, and the writings of the moſt eminent divines of his time, he appears to have been well acquainted with *hiſtory*, eccleſiaſtical, civil and natural, to have acquired a very correct judgment in *poetry*; and by phraſes of his own combination and invention, to have formed a ſtyle ſo natural, intelligible and elegant, as to have had more admirers than ſucceſsful imitators.

And although in the proſecution of his deſign to teach the contemplative man the art of angling, there is a plainneſs and ſimplicity of diſcourſe, that indicates

dicates little more than bare inſtruction, yet is there intermingled with it wit and gentle reprehenſion; and we may, in ſome inſtances diſcover, that though he profeſſes himſelf no friend to *ſcoffing*, he knew very well how to deal with *ſcoffers*, and to defend his art, as we ſee he does, againſt ſuch as attempted to degrade it; and particularly againſt thoſe two perſons in the dialogue, *Auceps* and *Venator*, who affected to fear a *long* and *watery* diſcourſe in defence of his art, the former of whom he puts to ſilence, and the other he converts and takes for his pupil.

What reception in general the book met with, may be naturally inferred from the dates of the ſubſequent editions thereof; the ſecond came abroad in 1655, the third in 1664, the fourth in 1668, and the fifth and laſt in 1676. It is pleaſing to trace the ſeveral variations which the author from to time made in theſe ſubſequent editions, as well by adding new facts and diſcoveries, as by enlarging on the more entertaining parts of the dialogue: And ſo far did he indulge himſelf in this method of improvement, that beſides that in the ſecond edition he has introduced a new interlocutor, to wit, *Auceps* a *falconer*, and, by that addition, gives a new form to the dialogue, he from thence takes occaſion to urge a variety of reaſons in favour of his art, and to aſſert its preference, as well to *hawking* as *hunting*. The third and fourth editions of his book have ſeveral entire new chapters; and the fifth, the laſt of the editions publiſhed in his life-time, contains no leſs than *eight* chapters more than the firſt, and *twenty* pages more than the fourth.

Not having the advantage of a learned education, it may ſeem unaccountable that *Walton* ſo frequently cites authors that have written only in *Latin*, as *Geſner*, *Cardan*, *Aldrovandus*, *Rondeletius*, and even *Albertus Magnus*; but here it may be obſerved, that the voluminous hiſtory of animals, of which the firſt of theſe was author, is in effect tranſlated into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Edward Topſel*, a learned divine, chaplain, as it ſeems, in the church of St. *Botolph*, *Alderſgate*, to Dr. *Neile*,

dean of *Weſtminſter*: the tranſlation was publiſhed in 1658, and containing in it numberleſs particulars concerning *frogs*, *ſerpents*, *caterpillars*, and other animals, though not of fiſh, extracted from the other writers above named, and others, with their names to the reſpective facts, it furniſhed *Walton* with a great variety of intelligence, of which in the later editions of his book he has carefully availed himſelf: it was therefore through the medium of this tranſlation alone, that he was enabled to cite the other authors mentioned above; vouching the authority of the original writers in like manner as he elſewhere does Sir *Francis Bacon*, whenever occaſion occurs to mention his natural hiſtory, or any other of his works. *Pliny* was tranſlated to his hand by Dr. *Philemon Holland*, as were alſo *Janus Dubravius de Piſcinis & Piſcium naturâ*, and *Lebault*'s *Maiſon Ruſtique*, ſo often referred to by him in the courſe of his work.

Nor did the reputation of the *Complete Angler* ſubſiſt only in the opinions of thoſe for whoſe uſe it was more peculiarly calculated; but even the learned, either from the known character of the author, or thoſe internal evidences of judgment and veracity contained in it, conſidered it as a work of merit, and for various purpoſes referred to its authority. Doctor *Thomas Fuller* in his *Worthies*, whenever he has occaſion to ſpeak of fiſh, uſes his very words. Doctor *Plot*, in his hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, has, on the authority of our author, related two of the inſtances of the voracity of the Pike, mentioned Part I. Chap. 8. and confirmed them by two other ſignal ones, that had then lately fallen out in that county.

Theſe are teſtimonies in favour of *Walton*'s authority in matters reſpecting fiſh and fiſhing; and it will hardly be thought a diminution of that of *Fuller* to ſay, that he was acquainted with, and a friend of the perſon whom he thus implicitly commends: a fact which the following relation of a conference between them ſufficiently proves.

Fuller,

Fuller, as we all know, wrote a *Church Hiſtory*, which, ſoon after its publication, *Walton* having read, applied to the author for ſome information touching *Hooker*, whoſe life he was then about to write: upon this occaſion *Fuller*, knowing how intimate *Walton* was with ſeveral of the biſhops and ancient clergy, aſked his opinion of it, and what reception it met with among his friends? *Walton* anſwered, that "he thought it "would be acceptable to all tempers, becauſe there were "*ſhades* in it for the warm, and *ſunſhine* for thoſe of a "cold conſtitution: that with *youthful readers*, the "facetious parts would be profitable to make the "ſerious more palatable, while ſome reverend *old* "*readers* might fancy themſelves in his hiſtory of the "church as in a flower garden, or one full of ever-"greens."—"And why not, ſaid *Fuller*, the *church* "*hiſtory* ſo decked, as well as the *church* itſelf at a moſt "*holy ſeaſon*, or the *tabernacle* of old at the *feaſt of* "*boughs*. That was but for a *ſeaſon*, ſaid *Walton*, in your "*feaſt of boughs*, they may conceive we are ſo overſha-"dowed throughout, that the parſon is more ſeen than "his congregation, and this ſometimes inviſible to its "own acquaintance, who may wander in the ſearch till "they are loſt in the labyrinth."—"Oh, ſaid *Fuller*, "the very children of our *Iſrael* may find their way "out of this wilderneſs."—"True, replied *Walton*, "as indeed they have here ſuch a *Moſes* to conduct "them*."

To purſue the ſubject of his *biographical* writings, about two years after the reſtoration *Walton* wrote the life of Mr. *Richard Hooker*, author of the *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*; he was enjoined to undertake this work by his friend Doctor *Gilbert Sheldon* †, afterwards archbiſhop

* From a manuſcript collection of diverting ſayings, ſtories, characters, *&c.* in verſe and proſe, made about the year 1686, by *Charles Cotton*, eſq; ſome time in the library of the earl of *Halifax*. *Vide* Biographia Britannica 2061, note P. *in margine*.

The editors of the above work have ſtyled this colloquy a *witty confabulation*, but it ſeems remarkable for nothing but its ſingularity, which conſiſts in the ſtarting of a metaphor, and hunting it down.

† *Walton*'s Epiſt. to the reader of the Lives, in 8vo, 1670.

of

of *Canterbury*; who, by the way, was an angler. Biſhop *King*, in a letter to the author *, ſays of this life; "I have often ſeen Mr. *Hooker* with my father, "who was after biſhop of *London*, from whom, and "others at that time, I have heard moſt of the mate-"rial paſſages which you relate in the hiſtory of his "life." Sir *William Dugdale*, ſpeaking of the three poſthumous books of the *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, refers the reader "to that ſeaſonable hiſtorical diſcourſe lately "compiled and publiſhed, with great judgment and "integrity, by that much-deſerving perſon, Mr. "*Iſaac Walton* †." In this life we are told, that *Hooker*, while he was at college, made a viſit to the famous Doctor *Jewel*, then biſhop of *Saliſbury*, his good friend and patron: an account of the biſhop's reception of him and behaviour at his departure, as it contains a lively picture of his ſimplicity and goodneſs, and of the plain manners of thoſe times, is given in the note ‡.

The

* Before the Lives.

† *Short View of the late Troubles in* England, fol. 1681, pag. 39.

‡ "As ſoon as he was perfectly recovered from this ſickneſs, "he took a journey from *Oxford* to *Exeter*, to ſatisfy and ſee his "good mother; being accompanied with a countryman and com-"panion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then "either more in faſhion, or want of money, or their humility "made it ſo: but on foot they went, and took *Saliſbury* in their "way, purpoſely to ſee the good biſhop, who made Mr. *Hooker* "and his companion dine with him at his own table; which Mr. "*Hooker* boaſted of with much joy and gratitude, when he ſaw his "mother and friends. And, at the biſhop's parting with him, "the biſhop gave him good counſel, and his benediction, but for-"got to give him money; which, when the biſhop had conſidered, "he ſent a ſervant, in all haſte, to call *Richard* back to him; and "at *Richard*'s return, the biſhop ſaid to him, *Richard*, I ſent for "you back to lend you a horſe, which hath carried me many a "mile, and, I thank God, with much eaſe; and preſently deli-"vered into his hand a walking-ſtaff, with which he profeſſed he "had travelled through many parts of *Germany*; and he ſaid, "RICHARD, *I do not give, but lend you my horſe: be ſure you be* "*honeſt, and bring my horſe back to me at your return this way to* "OXFORD. *And I do now give you* ten groats, *to bear your* "*charges to* Exeter; *and here is* ten groats *more, which I charge*

"*you*

The life of Mr. *George Herbert*, as it ſtands the fourth and laſt in the volume wherein that and the three former are collected, ſeems to have been written the next after *Hooker*'s: it was firſt publiſhed in *duodecimo*, 1670. *Walton* profeſſes himſelf to have been a ſtranger as to the perſon of *Herbert* *; and though he aſſures us his life of him was a free-will-offering †, it abounds with curious information, and is no way inferior to any of the former.

Two of theſe lives, *viz.* thoſe of *Hooker* and *Herbert*, we are told, were written under the roof of *Walton*'s good friend and patron, Dr. *George Morley*, biſhop of *Wincheſter* ‡; which particular ſeems to agree with *Wood*'s account, that, "after his quitting *London*, "he lived moſtly in the families of the eminent clergy "of that time;" and who that conſiders the inoffenſiveneſs of his manners, and the pains he took in celebrating the lives and actions of good men, can doubt his being much beloved by them?

In the year 1670, theſe lives were collected and publiſhed in octavo, with a dedication to the above biſhop of *Wincheſter*, and a preface, containing the motives for writing them; this preface is followed by a copy of verſes, by his intimate friend and adopted ſon, *Charles Cotton*, of *Beresford* in *Staffordſhire*, Eſq; the author of the ſecond part of the *Complete Angler*, of whom further mention will hereafter be made; and the letter from biſhop *King*, ſo often referred to in the courſe of this life.

The *Complete Angler* having, in the ſpace of twenty-three years, gone through four editions, *Walton* in the

"*you to deliver to your mother; and tell her, I ſend her a biſhop's* "*benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me.* "*And if you bring my horſe back to me, I will give you* ten groats "*more to carry you on foot to the college; and ſo God bleſs you, good* "RICHARD." Life of *Hooker*, in the Collection of Lives, edit. 1670.

* Introd. to *Herbert*'s Life.

† Epiſtle to the reader of the Collection of Lives.

‡ Dedication of the Lives.

year

year 1676, and in the eighty-third of his age, was preparing a fifth, with additions, for the preſs; when Mr. *Cotton* wrote a ſecond part of that work. It ſeems Mr. *Cotton* ſubmitted the manuſcript to *Walton*'s peruſal, who returned it with his approbation *, and a few marginal ſtrictures; and in that year they came abroad together. Mr. *Cotton*'s book had the title of the COMPLETE ANGLER; *being Inſtructions how to angle for a* Trout *or* Grayling, *in a clear ſtream*, Part II. and it has ever ſince been received as a ſecond part of *Walton*'s book. In the title page is a cypher, compoſed of the initial letters of both their names; which cypher, Mr. *Cotton* tells us, he had cauſed to be cut in ſtone, and ſet up over a fiſhing-houſe †, that he had erected near his dwelling, on the bank of the little river *Dove*, which divides the counties of *Stafford* and *Derby*.

Mr. *Cotton*'s book is a judicious ſupplement to *Walton*'s; for it muſt not be concealed, that *Walton*, though he was ſo expert an angler, knew but little of fly-fiſhing; and indeed he is ſo ingenuous as to confeſs, that the greater part of what he has ſaid on that ſubject, was communicated to him by Mr. *Thomas Barker* ‡, and not the reſult of his own experience. This Mr. *Barker* was a good-humoured goſſiping old man, and ſeems to have been a cook; for he ſays, "he had been "admitted into the moſt ambaſſadors kitchens, that "had come to *England* for forty years, and dreſt "fiſh for them;" for which, he ſays, "he was "duly paid by the lord protector ‖." He ſpent a great deal of time, and, it ſeems, money too, in fiſhing; and, in the latter part of his life, dwelt in an alms-houſe near the *Gatehouſe*, at *Weſtminſter*. A few years after the firſt publication of *Walton*'s book, *viz.* in 1659, he publiſhed a book, entitled *Barker*'s *Delight*, or the

1653 Sr. P. XIV.

* See *Walton*'s letter to *Cotton*, before the 2d Part.
† *Vide infra* Part II. Page 9.
‡ *Vide infra* Page 95.
‖ *Barker*'s *Delight*, Page 20.

Art of Angling. And, for that ſingular vein of humour that runs through it, a moſt diverting book it is. The dedication of this performance to *Edward*, lord *Montague*, general of the navy, is given in the margin * ; and the reader will meet with ſome further ſpecimens of the author's ſtyle and manner of writing, in the notes on the preſent edition.

* " Noble Lord,

" I do preſent this my book as I have named it, *Barker's Delight*, " to your honour, *I pray God ſend you ſafe home, to your good lady* " *and ſweet babes. Amen, Amen.* If you ſhall find any thing de- " lightful in the reading of it, I ſhall heartily rejoice ; for I know " you are one who takes delight in that pleaſure, and have good " judgment and experience, as many noble perſons and gentlemen " of true piety and honour do and have. The favour that I have " found from you, and a great many more, that did and do love " that pleaſure, ſhall never be bury'd in oblivion by me. I am " now grown old, and am willing to enlarge my little book. I " have written no more but my own experience and practice ; " and have ſet forth the true ground of angling, which I have " been gathering theſe threeſcore years ; having ſpent many " pounds in the gaining of it, as is well known in the place where " I was born and educated, which is *Bracemeale*, in the liberty of " *Salop* ; being a freeman and burgeſs of the ſame city. *If any* " *noble or gentle angler, of what degree ſoever he be, have a mind to* " *diſcourſe of any of theſe ways and experiments*, I live in *Henry* the " VIIth's *Gifts*, the next door to the *Gatehouſe*, in *Weſtminſter* ; " my name is *Barker* ; where I ſhall be ready, as long as pleaſe " God, to ſatisfy them, and maintain my art during life, which " is not like to be long ; that the younger fry may have my expe- " riments at a ſmaller charge than I had them ; for, it would be " too heavy for every one that loveth that exerciſe, to be at the " charge as I was at firſt in my youth, the loſs of my time, with " great expences. Therefore I took it in conſideration, and " thought fit to let it be underſtood, and to take pains to ſet " forth the true grounds and ways that I have found, by expe- " rience, both for fitting of the rods and tackles, both for ground- " baits and flies ; with directions for the making thereof ; with " obſervations for times and ſeaſons, for the ground-baits and " flies, both for day and night, with the dreſſing ; wherein I take " as much delight as in the taking of them ; and to ſhew how I " can perform it, to furniſh any lord's table only with Trouts, as " it is furniſhed with fleſh, for ſixteen or twenty diſhes. And I " have a deſire to preſerve their health (with help of God) " to go dry in their boots and ſhoes in angling * ; for age taketh " the pleaſure from me."

* See his recipe for this purpoſe, in the Notes on Chap. XVII.

And

And of *Cotton* it muſt be ſaid, that living in a country, where fly-fiſhing was, and is, almoſt the only practice, he had not only the means of acquiring, but actually poſſeſſed more ſkill in the art, as alſo in the method of making flies, than moſt men of his time.

His book is in fact a continuation of *Walton*'s, not only as it teaches at large that branch of the art of angling which *Walton* had but ſlightly treated on, but as it takes up *Venator*, *Walton*'s piſcatory diſciple, juſt where his maſter had left him; and this connexion between the two parts will be clearly ſeen, when it is remarked, that the traveller whom *Cotton* invites to his houſe, and ſo hoſpitably entertains, and alſo inſtructs in the art of fly-fiſhing. I ſay this traveller and *Venator*, the pupil of *Walton*, come out to be one and the ſame perſon.

Not further to anticipate what will be found in the ſecond part, it ſhall here ſuffice to ſay, that there is great ſpirit in the dialogue; and that the ſame converſable, communicative temper appears in it, that ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes the piece it accompanies.

The deſcriptions of flies, with the materials for, and different methods of making them, though they may admit of ſome improvement, and accordingly the reader will meet with ſeveral valuable ones in the notes on the chapter of artificial flies, are indiſputably the moſt exact and copious of all that have ever yet been publiſhed.

At the end of the ſecond part, though in this edition it has been thought proper to tranſpoſe them, are ſome verſes of *Cotton*'s writing, which he calls *The Retirement*, or *Stanzes Irreguliers*: of them, and alſo of the book, take this character from *Langbaine*: "This book is not unworthy the peruſal of the graveſt "men that are lovers of this innocent recreation; "and thoſe who are not anglers, but have a taſte for "poetry, may find Mr. *Cotton*'s character better de- "ſcribed by himſelf, in a copy of verſes, printed at "the end of that book, called *The Retirement*, than "any I might preſent the reader from Col. *Lovelace*,

"Sir

" Sir *Aſton Cockaine*, *Robert Herrick*, Eſq; or Mr. " *Alexander Brome*; all which have writ verſes in our " author's praiſe; but in my poor judgment, far ſhort " of theſe *Stanzes Irregaliers* *."

In ſhort, theſe books contain a great number of excellent rules and valuable diſcoveries; and it may, with truth be ſaid, that few have ever peruſed them, but have, unleſs it was their own fault, found themſelves not only better anglers, but better men.

A book which had been publiſhed by Col. *Robert Venables*, ſome years before, called the *Experienced Angler*, or *Angling improved*, which has its merit, was alſo now reprinted, and the bookſellers prefixed to it a general title of the *Univerſal Angler*; under which they ſometimes ſold the three, bound together: but the book being written in a manner very different from that of the *Complete Angler*, it was not thought proper to let it accompany the preſent edition; however, ſome uſe has been made of it in the notes. It has a preface ſigned *I. W.* undoubtedly of *Walton*'s writing.

And here it may not be amiſs to remark, that between the two parts of the *Complete Angler* there is an obvious difference; the latter, though it abounds in deſcriptions of a wild and romantic country, and exemplifies the intercourſes of hoſpitable urbanity, is of a *didactic* form, and contains in it more of *inſtruction* in the art it profeſſes to teach than of moral *reflection:* whereas the former, beſides the paſtoral ſimplicity that diſtinguiſhes it, is replete with ſentiments that edify, and precepts that recommend in the moſt perſuaſive manner, the practice of religion and the exerciſe of patience, humility, contentedneſs, and other moral virtues. In this view of it the book might be ſaid to be the only one of the kind, but that I find ſomewhat like an imitation of it extant in a tract entitled *Angling improved to ſpiritual uſes*, part of an octavo volume written by that eminent perſon the Hon. *Robert Boyle*, an angler, as himſelf confeſſes, and publiſhed in 1665, with this title, " Occaſional Re-

* Lives of the *Engliſh* dramatic Poets, Art. *Cha. Cotton*, Eſq;

" flections upon several subjects, whereto is premised a " discourse about such kind of thoughts."

Great names are entitled to great respect. The character of Mr. *Boyle* as a devout christian and deep philosopher is deservedly in high estimation; and a comparison between his Reflections and those of *Walton* might seem an invidious labour; but see the irresistible impulse of wit! the book here referred to was written in the very younger years of the author, and *Swift*, who had but little learning himself, and was better skilled in *party-politics* than in *mathematics* or *physics*, respected no man for his proficiency in either, and accordingly has not spared to turn the whole of it into ridicule *.

Walton was now in his eighty-third year, an age, which, to use his own words, " might have procured " him a writ of ease †, and secured him from all fur- " ther trouble in that kind;" when he undertook to write the life of Doctor *Robert Sanderson*, bishop of *Lincoln* ‡, which was published, together with several of the bishop's pieces, and a sermon of *Hooker*'s, in *Octavo*, 1677 ‖.

* See his Meditation on a *Broomstick*.

† A discharge from the office of a judge, or the state and degree of a serjeant at law. *Dugdale*'s *Origines Juridiciales* 139. That good man, and learned judge, Sir *George Croke*, had obtained it some time before the writing of *Sanderson*'s life. Life of Sir *George Croke*, in the preface to his Reports, Vol. III.

‡ See the letter from bishop *Barlow* to *Walton*, at the end of *Sanderson*'s life.

‖ The following curious particular, relating to king *Charles* the First, is mentioned in this life of *Sanderson*; which, as none of our historians have taken notice of it, is here given in *Walton*'s own words: " And let me here take occasion to tell the reader " this truth, not commonly known, that in one of these confe- " rences this conscientious king told Dr. *Sanderson*, or one of " them that then waited with him, that the remembrance of two " errors did much afflict him; which were, his assent to the earl " of *Strafford*'s death, and the abolishing episcopacy in *Scotland*: " and that, if God ever restored him to be in a peaceable posses- " sion of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a " public confession, and a voluntary penance, (I think barefoot) " from the *Tower* of *London*, or *Whitehall*, to St. *Paul*'s church, " and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon. I " am sure one of them told it me, lives still, and will witness it." Life of *Sanderson*.

And,

And, since little has been said of the subjects of these several lives, it may not be amiss just to mention what kind of men they were whom *Walton*, and indeed, mankind in general, thought so well worthy to be signalized by him.

Doctor *John Donne* was born in *London*, about the year 1573. At the age of eleven he was sent to *Oxford*, from thence he was transplanted to *Cambridge*; where he applied himself very assiduously to the study of divinity. At seventeen he was admitted of *Lincoln's-Inn*; but not having determined what profession to follow, and being besides not thoroughly settled in his notions of religion, he made himself master of the *Romish* controversy, and became deeply skilled in the civil and canon law. He was one of the many young gentlemen that attended the earl of *Essex* on the *Cales* expedition; at his return from which, he became secretary to the lord chancellor *Ellesmere*. Being very young, he was betrayed into some irregularities, the reflexion on which gave him frequent uneasiness, during the whole of his future life; but a violent passion which he entertained for a beautiful young woman, a niece of lady *Ellesmere*, cured him of these, though it was for a time the ruin of his fortunes; for he privately married her, and by so imprudent a conduct brought on himself and his wife the most pungent affliction that two young persons could possibly experience, he being, upon the representation of Sir *George Moor*, the lady's father, dismissed from his attendance on the lord chancellor, and in consequence thereof involved in extreme distress and poverty *, in which he continued till about 1614,

* In a letter of his to an intimate friend, is the following most affecting passage: "There is not one person but myself well "of my family: I have already lost half a child, and with that "mischance of her's, my wife is fallen into such a discomposure, "as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all "her other children stupifies her; of one of which, in good "faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so "ill provided for physick, and such relief, that if God should "ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that.

1614, when having been perfuaded to enter into holy orders, he was choſen preacher to the honourable ſociety of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and ſoon after appointed a King's chaplain. His attachment to the above ſociety, and his love of a town reſidence among his friends were ſo ſtrong, that although, as *Walton* aſſures us, he had within the firſt year after his ordination, offers of no fewer than *fourteen* country benefices, he declined them all. In his ſtation of chaplain he drew on him the eyes of the king, who, with ſome peculiar marks of favour, preferred him to the deanery of St. *Paul's*; and ſhortly after he was, on the preſentation of his friend the earl of *Dorſet*, inducted into the vicarage of St. *Dunſtan's* in the Weſt; but the misfortunes attending his marriage had not only broke his ſpirit, but ſo impaired his conſtitution, that he fell into a lingering conſumption, of which he died in 1631. Beſides a great number of ſermons, and a diſcourſe on ſuicide, he has left of his writing, letters to ſeveral perſons of honour, in *Quarto*, 1651, and a volume of poems firſt publiſhed, and as there is reaſon to ſuppoſe, by *Walton* himſelf, in 1635, but laſt, in 1719, among which are ſix moſt ſpirited ſatires, ſeveral whereof Mr. *Pope* has modernized. *Walton* compares him to St. *Auſtin*, as having, like him, been converted to a life of piety and holineſs; and adds, that for the greatneſs of his natural endowments, he had been ſaid to reſemble *Picus* of *Mirandula*, of whom ſtory ſays, that he was rather *born than* made *wiſe by ſtudy*.

Sir *Henry Wotton* was born in 1568. After he had finiſhed his ſtudies at *Oxford*, he reſided in *France*, *Germany*, and *Italy*; and at his return attended the earl of *Eſſex*. He was employed by king *James* the Firſt in ſeveral foreign negotiations, and went ambaſſador to *Venice*. Towards the end of his life he was made, having firſt been admitted to deacon's or-

" But I flatter myſelf with this hope, that I am dying too; for I " cannot waſte faſter than by ſuch griefs." Life of *Donne*, in the collection of lives, edit. 1670, page 29.

ders,

ders, provoſt of *Eton* College, a dignity well ſuited to a mind like his, that had withdrawn itſelf from the world for the purpoſe of religious contemplation. He was ſkilled in *painting*, *ſculpture*, *muſic*, *architecture*, *medals*, *chemiſtry*, and *languages*. In the arts of *negociation* he had few equals *, and in the propenſities and attainments of a well-bred gentleman no ſuperior. To which character it may be added, that he poſſeſſed a *rich vein of poetry*, which he occaſionally exerciſed in compoſitions of the deſcriptive and elegiac kind, ſpecimens whereof occur in the courſe of this book. There is extant of his writing the volume of *Remains*, heretofore mentioned, collected and publiſhed as the dedication tells us, by *Walton* himſelf, containing, among other valuable tracts, his *Elements of Architecture* †, but the author's long reſidence abroad had in ſome degree corrupted his ſtyle, which, though in many particulars original and elegant, is like Sir *William Temple*'s, overcharged with *Galliciſms*, and other foreign modes of expreſſion ‡. He was a *lover* of *angling*, and ſuch a proficient in the art, that, as he once told *Walton*, he intended to write a diſcourſe on it, but death prevented him. His reaſons for the choice of this recreation were, that it was, "after tedious ſtudy, a reſt to his mind, a "chearer of his ſpirits, a diverter of ſadneſs, a calmer "of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of paſſions, a pro-

* To a perſon intended for a foreign embaſſy that came to him for inſtruction, he gave this ſhrewd advice: "Ever," ſaid he, "*ſpeak truth*, for if you do, you ſhall *never be believed*, and "'twill put your adverſaries, (who will ſtill *hunt counter*) to a "loſs in all their diſquiſitions and undertakings." See alſo his advice to *Milton*, concerning travel, in his letter prefixed to *Milton*'s *Comus*.

† This treatiſe of Sir *Henry*'s is, undoubtedly, the beſt on the ſubject, of any in the modern languages: a few years after his death it was tranſlated into *Latin*, and printed at the end of *Vitruvius*, with an eulogium on the author.

‡ As where he ſays, "*At* Auguſta *I took language* that the "princes and ſtates of the union had deferred that aſſembly." *Reliq.* Wotton. edit. 1635. 1685.

"surer of contentedneſs; and begat habits of peace "and patience *."

Theſe ſentiments of Sir *Henry Wotton*, which are given in his very words, beſpeak a mind habituated to reflexion, and at eaſe in the enjoyment of its faculties; but they fall ſhort of that lovely portrait of human happineſs, doubtleſs taken from the image in his own breaſt, which he has exhibited in the following beautiful ſtanzas, and I here publiſh without thoſe variations from the original that in ſome copies have greatly injured the ſenſe and abated the energy of them:

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he, born or taught,
That ſerveth not another's will!
Whoſe armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſimple truth his utmoſt ſkill;

Whoſe paſſions not his maſters are;
Whoſe ſoul is ſtill prepar'd for death;
Unty'd unto the world with care
Of public fame *or* private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raiſe,
Nor vice: who never underſtood
How deepeſt wounds are given by praiſe,
Nor rules of ſtate, *but rules of* good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreat;
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppreſſors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace *than* gifts *to lend;*
And entertains the harmleſs day
With a religious book or friend.

* Vide *Walton*'s epiſtle dedicatory, & *infra*, cap. I.

This

This man is freed from ſervile hands
Of hope to riſe or fear to fall;
Lord of himſelf, though not of lands;
And having nothing, *yet hath* all.

This worthy and accompliſhed gentleman died in the year 1639, and is celebrated by Mr. *Cowley*, in an elegiac poem, beginning with theſe lines:

What ſhall we ſay ſince ſilent *now is* He,
Who, when he ſpoke, *all things would* ſilent *be*;
Who had ſo many languages *in ſtore*,
That only Fame *ſhall ſpeak of him in* more.

Hooker, one of the greateſt of *Engliſh* divines, is ſufficiently known and celebrated as a learned, able, and judicious writer and defender of our church, in his treatiſe of *the laws of eccleſiaſtical polity:* the occaſion of writing which is at this day but little known, and, to ſay the truth, has never been related with the clearneſs and perſpicuity neceſſary to render the controverſy intelligible. In or about the year 1570 were publiſhed two ſmall tracts, ſeverally entitled, a firſt and ſecond *Admonition to the Parliament*, containing, under the form of a remonſtrance, a moſt virulent invective againſt the eſtabliſhment and diſcipline of the church of *England*, which were anſwered by Dr. *Whitgift*, afterwards archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and defended by one *Thomas Cartwright*, the author of the ſecond Admonition; but the order and progreſs of the controverſy will beſt appear by the following ſtate of it:

Admonition, firſt and ſecond.
Anſwer thereto by *Whitgift*.
1. Replie to the Anſwer by *T. C.* [*Thomas Cartwright.*]
Defence of the Anſwer againſt the Reply, by *Whitgift*.
2. A Second Replie of *Cartwright* againſt *Whitgift*'s Second [Defence of the] Anſwer.
3. The reſt of the Second Reply.

Whitgift being, it ſeems, weary of the diſpute, remitted the future conduct of it to *Hooker*, who took it up with an examination of the two Admonitions, and continued it through the ſubſequent books of *Cartwright*, referring to the latter (a particular worthy to be known, for without it, no one can tell who or what he is refuting) by the initials *T. C.* and the adjunct lib. above-mentioned.

Here the matter reſted till the re-eſtabliſhment of epiſcopacy and the liturgy (both which, it is well known, were aboliſhed by the uſurpers under *Cromwell*) revived the queſtion of the lawfulneſs of both the one and the other, and gave riſe to a controverſy that is likely never to end.

The praiſe of *Hooker*'s book is, that it is written with great force of argument, and in a truly chriſtian temper; that it contains a wonderful variety of learning and curious information; and for richneſs, correctneſs, and elegance of ſtyle, may be juſtly deemed the ſtandard of perfection in the *Engliſh* language *.

This

* It is worth remarking upon this diſpute, how the ſeparatiſts have ſhifted their ground: at firſt both parties ſeemed to be agreed, that without an *eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment* of ſome kind or other, and a diſcipline in the church to be exerciſed over its miniſters and members, the chriſtian religion could not ſubſiſt; and the only queſtion was, which of the two had the beſt warrant from ſcripture and the uſage of the primitive church, a government by *biſhops*, *prieſts*, and *deacons*, or by *preſbyters* and *lay elders*, exerciſing juriſdiction in provincial and parochial *ſynods* and *claſſes*, over the ſeveral congregations within counties, or particular diviſions of the kingdoms; but of this kind of church government we now hear nothing, except in the church of *Scotland*; all congregations are now *independent* of each other, and every congregation is ſtyled a church. The father of this tenet was *Robinſon*, a paſtor of an *Engliſh* church at *Leyden*, if not the original founder of the ſect called *Browniſts*, now extinct; and the great maintainers of it were the divines moſt favoured by *Cromwell* in his uſurpation, *Goodwin*, *Owen*, *Nye*, *Caryl*, and others. The *preſbyterians*, it ſeems, have approved it, and giving up their ſcheme of church government, have joined the *independents*, and both have choſen to be comprehended under the general denomination of *Diſſenters*. Vide

This excellent man, *Hooker*, was by a crafty woman, betrayed into a marriage with her daughter, a homely ill-bred wench, and when married a ſhrew; who is more than ſuſpected, at the inſtigation of his adverſaries, to have deſtroyed the corrected copy of the three laſt books of his invaluable work, of which only the former five were publiſhed by himſelf. He was ſometime maſter of the *Temple*; but his laſt preferment was to the rectory of *Biſhop's Bourne*, near *Canterbury*. In his paſſage from *Graveſend* to *London*, in the tilt-boat, he caught a cold, which brought on a ſickneſs that put an end to his days, in 1600, when he had but juſt completed his forty-ſeventh year.

Herbert was of the noble family of that name, and a younger brother of the firſt of modern deiſts †, the famous *Edward* lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury*: he was a king's ſcholar at *Weſtminſter*, and after that a fellow of *Trinity* College, in *Cambridge*. In 1619, he was choſen univerſity orator, and while in that ſtation ſtudied the modern languages, with a view to the office of ſecretary of ſtate; but being of a conſtitution that

Vide *Quick*'s Synodicon, Vol. II. 467. *Calamy*'s Life of *Baxter*, Vol. I. 476. Preface to Dr. *Grey*'s Hudibras.

† So truly termed, as being the author of a treatiſe *De veritate prout diſtinguitur à revelatione, à veriſimili, à poſſibili, à falſa*, touching which book, and the religious opinions of the author, I ſhall here take occaſion to mention a fact that I find related in a collection of periodical papers, entitled the *Weekly Miſcellany*, publiſhed in 1736, in two vols. 8vo. Lord *Herbert*, of *Cherbury*, being dangerouſly ill, and apprehenſive that his end was approaching, ſent for Dr. *Jeremy Taylor*, and ſignified a deſire of receiving the ſacrament at his hands; the doctor objected to him the tenets contained in his writings, particularly thoſe wherein he aſſerts the ſufficiency and abſolute perfection of natural religion, with a view to ſhew that any extraordinary revelation is needleſs; and exhorted him to retract them; but his lordſhip refuſing, the doctor declared that he could not adminiſter ſo holy and ſolemn a rite to an *unbeliever*.

The doctor upon this left him, and conceiving hopes that his lordſhip's ſickneſs was not mortal, he wrote that diſcourſe, proving that the religion of *Jeſus Chriſt* is from God; which is printed in his *Doctor Dubitantium*, and has lately been republiſhed by the truly reverend and learned Dr. *Hurd*, now biſhop of *Worceſter*.

indicated a consumption, and withal of an ascetic turn of mind, he gave up the thoughts of a court life, and entered into holy orders: his first preferment in the church was a prebend in the cathedral of *Lincoln*, and his next and last, the rectory of *Bemerton*, near *Salisbury:* about 1630, he married a near relation of the earl of *Danby*, and died about 1635, aged forty-two, without issue.

His elder brother, lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury*, mentions him in his own life, and gives his character in the following words: "My brother *George* was so "excellent a scholar, that he was made the public "orator of the university in *Cambridge*, some of whose "*English* works are extant; which, though they be "rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing "those perfections he had in the *Greek* and *Latin* "tongues, and all divine and human literature: his "life was most holy and exemplary, in so much that "about *Salisbury*, where he lived beneficed for many "years, he was little less than sainted: he was not "exempt from passion and choler, being infirmities to "which all our race is subject, but that one excepted, "without reproach in his actions."

During his residence in the university, he was greatly celebrated for his learning and parts. Bishop *Hacket*, in his life of the lord keeper *Williams*, page 175, mentions a strange circumstance of him; which, for the singular manner of relating it, take in his own words: "Mr. *George Herbert*, being prælector in the "rhetorick school at *Cambridge*, *anno* 1618, passed by "those fluent orators that *domineered* in the pulpits of "*Athens* and *Rome*, and insisted to read upon an ora- "tion of King *James*; which he analysed, shewed "the concinnity of the parts; the propriety of the "phrase; the height and power of it, to move affec- "tions; the style, UTTERLY UNKNOWN TO THE "ANTIENTS, who could not conceive what kingly "eloquence was; in respect of which, those noted "*Demagogi* were but *hirelings*, and *triobolary* rheto- "riticians."

A col-

A collection of religious poems, entitled the *Temple*, and a small tract, "*The Priest to the Temple*; *or*, *The* "*Country Parson his Character*," with his *Remains*, are all of his works that are generally known to be in print; but I have lately learned, that not many months before his decease, *Herbert* translated *Cornaro*'s book of temperance and long life; and that the same is to be found printed in 12mo, *Cambridge*, 1639, together with a translation, by another hand, of the *Hygiasticon* of *Leonard Lessius*. Among *Herbert*'s *Remains* is a collection of foreign proverbs translated into *English*, well worthy of a place in some future edition of those of *Ray*. Lord *Bacon* dedicated to him a translation of certain of the Psalms into *English* metre. *Vide* Lord *Bacon*'s Works, 4to, Vol. III. page 163.

In this life, occasion is taken by the author to introduce an account of an intimate friend of *Herbert*, Mr. *Nicholas Farrar*, and of a religious establishment in his house, little less than *monastic*, from which, and some scattered memoirs concerning it, the following account is compiled.

This singularly eminent person was the son of a wealthy *East India* merchant, and was born in *London* in the year 1591; at the age of six years, for the signs of a pious disposition observed in him, he was called St. *Nicholas* *. From school he was, in his thirteenth year, sent to *Cambridge*, and after some time spent there, was elected a fellow of *Clare-Hall*. About the age of twenty-six he betook himself to travel, and visiting *France*, *Italy*, *Spain*, and the *Low Countries*, obtained a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of Christendom; as also of the principles and reasons of religion, and manner of worship therein: in these his travels, he resisted the persuasions of many who tempted him to join in communion with the church of *Rome*, and remained sted-

* St. *Nicholas* was Bishop of *Myra* in *Lycia*, and famous for his early piety, which as the *Romish* legendaries tell us, he manifested, by *forbearing to suck* on *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*.

fast

faſt in his obedience to the church of *England*. Upon his return home, he, by the death of his father, became enabled to buy land at *Little Gidding*, near *Huntingdon*, to the value of 500*l.* a year *, where was a manor-houſe and a hall, to which the pariſh-church or chapel adjoined: here he ſettled, and his father having been intimate with *Sir Walter Raleigh*, *Sir John Hawkins*, and *Sir Francis Drake*, and other famous navigators, he was, in 1624, by means of ſome lords in the *Virginia* company, choſen a member of the houſe of commons, in which capacity he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his eloquence and activity; but having, in a ſhort trial of a public life, experienced the folly and vanity of worldly purſuits, he took a reſolution to abandon them: and firſt he made ſuit to his dioceſan, that his mother and he might be permitted to reſtore the tithes of the rectory which had been impropriated, and accordingly the church was endowed therewith; which was no ſooner done, than he, with the reſt of the family, entered into a courſe of mortification, devotion, and charity. The ſociety conſiſted of himſelf, *a very aged mother*, *four nieces*, and *other kindred and ſervants*, and amounted in number to *about thirty*, excluſive of the neighbouring clergy, who frequently reſorted thither, and for a week together would join with, and aſſiſt, and eaſe them in their watchings and devotions. And this was their regimen:

The ſeaſon of *Lent*, the *Ember weeks*, *Fridays*, and the vigils of ſaints they obſerved ſtrictly; exerciſing abſtinence and prayer.

Mr. *Farrar* himſelf, who had been admitted to deacon's orders, took upon him to be paſtor of this little flock; and accordingly at ten and four every day,

* This is a miſtake of *Walton*'s, and is corrected in a collection of papers relating to the *proteſtant nunnery* of *Little Gidding*, at the end of *Caii Vindiciæ*, edit. *Hearne*. The mother in her widowhood, about the year 1625, and *not the ſon*, made the purchaſe. Among theſe papers are ſundry curious converſations of the young women.

red *common prayer* in the church, which for the purpoſe he had both repaired and adorned; beſides which he, at the hour of ſix in the morning, conſtantly red mattins either in the church or an oratory in their common dwelling, the manor-houſe.

Theſe were but the ordinary exerciſes of devotion; the account of their ſeverities in watching is to come; for we are told, that after theſe early prayers were ended, many of the family were accuſtomed to ſpend ſome hours in *ſinging hymns or anthems*, ſometimes in church, and often to an organ in the oratory; farther, thoſe that ſlept were oftentimes, by the ringing of a watch-bell in the night, ſummoned to the church or oratory, or in extreme cold nights to a parlour in the houſe that had a fire in it, where they betook themſelves to *prayers*, and *lauding God*, and reading thoſe pſalms that had not been red in the day; for it ſeems their rule required, that among them the whole Pſalter ſhould be gone through once in every twenty-four hours; and when any grew faint, the bell was rung, ſometimes after midnight, and at the call thereof the weary were relieved by others, who continued this exerciſe until morning; and this courſe of piety, accompanied with great liberality to the poor, was maintained till the death of Mr. *Farrar*, in 1639.

The recreations of this ſociety were ſuited to the different ſexes; for the males, *running*, *vaulting*, and *ſhooting at buts with the long bow*; for the females, *walking*, *gardening*, *embroidery*, and other *needle-works*; and for both, *muſic*, vocal and inſtrumental, reading *voyages*, *travels*, and *deſcriptions of countries*, *hiſtories*, and the *book of martyrs:* moreover, they had attained to great proficiency in the art of *binding* and *gilding books*, and with ſingular ingenuity and induſtry compiled a kind of *harmony* of ſundry parts of the holy ſcriptures, by cutting out from different copies the parallel paſſages, paſting them in their order on blank paper, and afterwards binding them with ſuitable cuts

in

in a volume *. And that their benevolence might be as diffusive as possible, a school was kept in the house for *grammar*, *arithmetic*, and *music*, to which all the neighbouring parents had permission to send their children.

It is true, that this society excited a notion in some, that it was little better than a *Popish seminary*; and there are extant, in the preface to *Peter Langtoft*'s Chronicle, edit. *Hearne*, two tracts, in which it is termed a *reputed nunnery*; but upon a visit made to it by some inquisitive persons, nothing to warrant this suspicion appeared. Whoever would know more of this singular institution is referred to the authorities

* They made three such books: one they presented to king *Charles* the First; another to *Charles* the Second, one of which is now in the library of St. *John*'s college, *Oxford*; a third was in the custody of the family in 1740.

This is the account which the authors of the supplement to the *Biographia Britannica*, wherever they got it, give of these books [Art. MAPLETOFT]; but one more accurate is to be found at the end of *Hearne*'s *Caii Vindiciæ*, which makes them seven in number: the third in order was by the compilers called "The "whole law of God;" but *Hearne*, in *loc. cit.* has given the title in terms that more fully declare its contents. The book consists of sundry chapters of the Pentateuch, and other parts of the Bible of the last translation, pasted down on leaves equal in size to the largest Atlas, together with such commentaries thereon as they could find in the printed works of Mr. *Farrar*'s friend, Dr. *Tho. Jackson*, and other expositors: to these were added, and pasted in the margin, from a small impression of the New Testament, all such passages in St. *Paul*'s Epistles as tend to the explanation of the law, and particularly of the types; and, for the better illustration of the whole, were inserted cuts taken out of printed books, and otherwise collected, referring to the subject matter of the book, amounting in number to upwards of *twelve hundred*. This stupendous work was, in the month of *March*, 1776, purchased by the Rev. Mr. *Bourdillon*, minister of the *French* protestant church in *Spitalfields*, at a sale of the library of the Rev. Mr. *De Missy*; and is now, *January*, 1784, in his possession. At the same auction was also sold to a bookseller, for four guineas, another book of the like kind, compiled by the same persons, entitled, "Actions, Doctrines, and other Passages touching our Blessed Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*." The title at length of this also is given by *Hearne* in *loc. cit.*

men-

mentioned at the bottom of this page *, in some of which it will be found, that king *Charles* I. once honoured the house with a visit; and that *Little Gidding* being in the diocese of *Lincoln*, *Williams* at that time being bishop thereof, and their neighbour at *Bugden*, induced by motives of charity, (at first perhaps mingled with curiosity,) frequently did the same; when finding there *nothing to blame*, and *much to commend*, he more than once preached, and exercised his episcopal function of confirmation on the young people there assembled. Two nieces of Mr. *Farrar* offered to make a vow of perpetual chastity, with the solemnity of episcopal blessing and ratification; but the bishop, doubtless considering that vows which oblige us to a perpetual conflict with our natural affections, do oftner prove snares to the conscience of the votary than acceptable services in the sight of God, dissuaded them from such an engagement; and, being thus left at liberty, one of them was afterwards well bestowed on a husband.

Mr. *Nicholas Farrar*, though the younger of two brothers, had, it seems, the government of this fraternity: he is, by all that have written of him, celebrated as well for his learning as his piety; yet has he left nothing of his writing, save a short preface to his friend *Herbert*'s poems, and a translation of a book much applauded in his day, "The Hundred and Ten *Consi-*" *derations* of *Signior John Valdesso* †.

It is needless to add what was the subsequent fate of this harmless society. Mr. *Farrar* died: the rebellion broke

* Preface to *Peter Langtoft*'s Chron. edit. *Hearne*. Papers at the end of *Caii Vindiciæ*. *Hacket*'s Life of Archbishop *Williams*, Part II. page 50. *Biogr. Brit.* Supplement, Art. MAPLETOFT. Life of Mr. *Nicholas Farrar*, written by Dr. *Turner*, Bishop of *Ely*, in the *Christian*'s *Magazine*, for the months of *July*, *August*, *September*, and *October*, 1761.

† *John Valdesso* was of noble extraction, by birth a *Spaniard*, a soldier by profession, and a follower of the emperor *Charles* the Fifth. Grown old, he obtained leave of the emperor to quit his service, assigning as a reason for his request, this most sage and pious aphorism, "*Oportet inter vitæ negotia & diem mortis spatium* "*aliquod*

broke out, and when *popery* and *superſtition* was the cry, alas! how could *Little Gidding* hope to eſcape the calamities of the times? in ſhort, it was plundered and deſolated!

All that the *Farrars* had reſtored to the church, all that they had beſtowed in ſacred comelineſs, was ſeized upon as lawful prey taken from ſuperſtitious perſons; and finally, the owners themſelves were compelled to flee away and diſperſe; in all which perſecutions we are told that, applying to their wretched circumſtances the words of the apoſtle, "they took joyfully the ſpoil-"ing of their goods †."

Sanderſon was a man of very acute parts, and famous for his deep ſkill in caſuiſtry: that ſort of learning was formerly much cultivated among the *Romiſh* divines, with a view to qualify the younger clergy for the office of confeſſion; and it continued in faſhion here, longer after the reformation than it was uſeful. In the year 1647 he drew up the famous *Oxford* reaſons againſt the covenant, which diſcover amazing penetration and ſagacity; and ſo diſtinguiſhed him, that, at the reſtoration, he was promoted to the biſhoprick of *Lincoln*. In 1671 he, by virtue of a commiſſion from king *Charles* the Second, aſſiſted at a conference at the *Savoy*, between the epiſcopal clergy and nonconforming divines, for ſettling a liturgy; and upon a review of the book of Common Prayer that followed it, compoſed ſundry of the new collects and additional offices; it is ſaid, that the form of general thankſgiving is in the number of the former; and drew up the pre-

" *aliquod intercederę*;" or, to give it in *Engliſh*, "It is fit that be-"tween the buſineſs of life and the day of death, ſome ſpace "ſhould intervene." The reflection on which is ſuppoſed to have moved the emperor to reſign his dignities, and betake himſelf to an aſcetic life. In his retirement, which was to the city of *Naples*, *Valdeſſo* wrote the book above-mentioned in the *Caſtilian* language; and the ſame being tranſlated into *Italian* by *Cælius Secundus Curio* of *Baſil*, was out of that language tranſlated into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Farrar*. It was printed in 4to, at *Oxford*, 1638, and is often enough to be met with.

† Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, chap. x. verſe 34.

face,

" Thus this pattern of *meekneſs* and primitive *inno-*
" *cence*, changed this for a better life; 'tis now too
" late to wiſh that mine may be like his; (for I am in
" the *eighty-fifth* year of my age; and God knows it
" hath not) but *I moſt humbly beſeech Almighty God that*
" *my death may:* and I do as earneſtly beg, that if any
" reader ſhall receive any ſatisfaction from this very
" plain, and as true relation, he will be ſo charitable as
" to ſay *Amen*."

Such were the perſons, whoſe virtues *Walton* was ſo laudably employed in celebrating; and ſurely he has done but juſtice in ſaying, that

" Theſe were honourable men in their genera-
" tions." *Ecclus* xliv. 7. ‡

And yet ſo far was he from arrogating to himſelf any merit in this his labour, that in the inſtance of Dr. *Donne*'s life he compares himſelf to *Pompey*'s bondman, who being found on the ſea-ſhore, gathering up the ſcattered fragments of an old broken boat, in order to burn the body of his dead maſter, was aſked, " Who " art thou that prepareſt the funerals of *Pompey* the " Great?" hoping, as he ſays, that if a like queſtion ſhould be put to him, it would be thought to have in it more of *wonder* than *diſdain*.

The above paſſage in ſcripture aſſumed by *Walton* as a motto to the collection of lives, may, with equal propriety, be applied to moſt of his friends and intimates, who were men of ſuch diſtinguiſhed characters for learning and piety, and ſo many in number ‖, that it is matter of wonder by what means a man in his ſtation, could obtain admittance among ſo illuſtrious a ſociety; unleſs we will ſuppoſe, as doubtleſs was the caſe, that his integrity and amiable diſpoſition attracted the notice, and conciliated the affections of all with whom he had any concern.

It is obſervable, that not only theſe, but the reſt of *Walton*'s friends, were eminent *royaliſts*; and that he

‡ Motto to the Collection of Lives.

‖ In the number of his intimate friends we find Archbiſhop *Uſher*, Archbiſhop *Sheldon*, Biſhop *Morton*, Biſhop *King*, Biſhop *Barlow*, Dr. *Fuller*, Dr. *Price*, Dr. *Woodford*, Dr. *Featly*, Dr. *Holdſworth*, Dr. *Hammond*, Sir *Edwin Sandys*, Sir *Edzo. Byſh*, Mr. *Cranmer*, Mr. *Chillingworth*, *Mich. Drayton*, and that celebrated ſcholar and critic Mr. *John Hales*, of *Eton*.

himſelf

face, "It hath been the wisdom of the church," &c. This great man died in 1662. There are extant of his works, besides a volume of sermons, in *Folio*, a treatise, *De Juramenti promissorii obligatione*, which was translated into *English* by King *Charles* the 1st, while a prisoner in the Isle of *Wight*, and several other pieces, the titles whereof may be seen in the Catalogue of the *Bodleian* Library. *Walton*'s acquaintance with him had a very early commencement; and what degree of intimacy subsisted between them, will appear by the following account, which sufficiently characterizes the humility of the good doctor, and the simplicity of honest *Isaac*. "About the time of his printing this excellent preface [to "his sermons first printed in 1655] I met him accidentally in *London*, in sad-coloured cloaths, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to *Little Britain*; where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently; and therefore turned to stand *in a corner*, under a *penthouse* (for it began to rain) and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a *cleanly house*; where we had *bread*, *cheese*, *ale*, and a *fire*, for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there, for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time, he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom *."

It was not till long after that period when the faculties of men begin to decline, that *Walton* undertook to write the life of *Sanderson*; nevertheless, far from being deficient in any of those excellencies that distinguish the former lives, this abounds with the evidences of a vigorous imagination, a sound judgment, and a memory unimpaired; and for the nervous sentiments and pious simplicity therein displayed, let the concluding paragraph thereof, pointed out to me by an eminent writer †, and here given, serve as a specimen.

* Life of *Sanderson*. † Dr. *Samuel Johnson*.

"Thus

himſelf was in great repute for his attachment to the royal cauſe, will appear by the following relation, taken from *Aſhmole*'s Hiſtory of the order of the garter, page 228; where the author, ſpeaking of the enſigns of the order, ſays; "Nor will it be unfitly here remembered, by what good fortune the preſent ſovereign's leſſer *George*, ſet with fair diamonds, was preſerved, after the defeat given to the *Scotch* forces at *Worceſter*, *ann.* 4 Car. II. Among the reſt of his attendants then diſperſed, Colonel *Blague* was one; who taking ſhelter at *Blore-pipe-houſe* in *Staffordſhire*, where one Mr. *George Barlow* then dwelt, delivered his wife this *George* to ſecure. Within a week after Mr. *Barlow* himſelf carried it to *Robert Milward*, Eſq; he being then a priſoner to the parliament, in the garriſon of *Stafford*; and by his means was it happily preſerved and reſtored; for not long after he delivered it to Mr. *Iſaac Walton* (a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men; and will be better known to poſterity by his ingenious pen, in the lives of Dr. *Donne*, Sir *Henry Wotton*, Mr. *Richard Hooker*, and Mr. *George Herbert*) to be given to Colonel *Blague*, then a priſoner in the *Tower*; who, conſidering it had already paſt ſo many dangers, was perſuaded it could yet ſecure one hazardous attempt of his own; and thereupon leaving the *Tower*, without leave-taking, haſted the preſentation of it to the preſent ſovereign's hand *."

The religious opinions of good men are of little importance to others, any farther than they neceſſarily conduce to virtuous practice; ſince we ſee that, as well the different perſuaſions of papiſt and proteſtant, as the ſeveral no leſs differing parties into which the reformed religion is unhappily ſubdivided, have produced men equally remarkable for their endowments, ſincere in their profeſſions, and exemplary in their lives †; but were it neceſſary, after what

* See alſo Dr. *Plot*'s *Staffordſhire*, 311.

† If the intelligent reader doubts the truth of this poſition, let him reflect on and compare with each other the characters of *Hooker*, father *Paul*, and Mr. *Richard Baxter*.

has been above remarked of him, to be particular on this head, with reſpect to our author we ſhould ſay that he was a very dutiful ſon of the church of *England*: nay further, that he was a friend to an *hierarchy*, or, as we ſhould now call ſuch a one, a *high churchman*; for which propenſity of his, if it needs an apology, it may be ſaid, that he had lived to ſee *hypocriſy* and *fanaticiſm* triumph in the ſubverſion of both our *eccleſiaſtical* and *civil* conſtitution; the important queſtion of toleration had not been diſcuſſed; the extent of *regal prerogative*, and the bounds of *civil* and *religious liberty*, had never been aſcertained; and he, like many other good men, might look on the intereſts of the church, and thoſe of religion, as inſeparable.

Beſides the works of *Walton* above-mentioned, there are extant of his writing, verſes on the death of Dr. *Donne*, beginning, "Our *Donne* is dead," verſes to his reverend friend the author of the *Synagogue*, printed together with *Herbert*'s Temple*. Verſes before *Alexander Brome*'s poems, *octavo*, 1646, and before *Shirley*'s poems, *octavo*, 1646, and before *Cartwright*'s plays and poems, *octavo*, 1651. He wrote alſo the following lines under an engraving of Dr. *Donne*, before his poems, publiſhed in 1635.

This was for youth, ſtrength, mirth, and wit, that time
Moſt count their golden age †; *but was not thine:*
Thine was thy later years, ſo much refin'd
From youth's droſs, mirth, and wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praiſe
Of thy Creator, in thoſe laſt, beſt days.
Witneſs this book, (thy emblem) which begins
With love; but ends with ſighs and tears for ſins.

* *Vide infra* the ſecond copy of commendatory verſes to this book, and page 23 of the book itſelf, *in notis*.

† Alluding to his age, *viz. eighteen*, when the picture was painted from which the print was taken.

Dr. *Henry King*, biſhop of *Chicheſter*, in a letter to *Walton*, dated in *November*, 1664, and in which is contained the judgment herein before inſerted of *Hales* of *Eton* on the life of Dr. *Donne*, ſays, that *Walton* had in the life of *Hooker* given a more ſhort and ſignificant account of the character of his time, and alſo of archbiſhop *Whitgift*, than he had received from any other pen; and that he had alſo *done much* for Sir *Henry Savile*, his contemporary and familiar friend; which fact does very well connect with what the late Mr. *Des Maizeaux*, ſome years ſince related to a gentleman now deceaſed, * from whom myſelf had it, *viz.* that there were then ſeveral letters of *Walton* extant, in the *Aſhmolean* Muſeum, relating to a life of Sir *Henry Savile*, which *Walton* had entertained thoughts of writing.

I alſo find, that he undertook to collect materials for a life of *Hales:* it ſeems that Mr. *Anthony Farringdon*, miniſter of St. *Mary Magdalen*, *Milk-ſtreet*, *London*, had begun to write the life of this memorable perſon, but dying before he had completed it, his papers were ſent to *Walton*, with a requeſt from Mr. *Fulman* †, who had propoſed to himſelf to continue and finiſh it, that *Walton* would furniſh him with ſuch information as was to his purpoſe: Mr. *Fulman* did not live to complete his de-

* *William Oldys*, Eſq; *Norroy* king at arms, author of the life of Mr. *Cotton*, prefixed to the ſecond part in the former editions of this work.

† Mr. *William Fulman*, amanuenſis to Dr. *Hen. Hammond*. See him in *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. 823. Some ſpecious arguments have been urged to prove that this perſon was the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, and I once thought they had finally ſettled that long agitated queſtion, to whom is the world obliged for that excellent work; but I find a full and ample refutation of them in a book entitled, *Memoirs of ſeveral Ladies* of Great Britain, by *George Ballard*, 4to. 1752, p. 318, and that the weight of evidence is greatly in favour of a lady deſervedly celebrated by him, *viz. Dorothy*, the wife of Sir *John Pakington*, Bart. and daughter of *Thomas* lord *Coventry*, lord keeper of the great ſeal, temp. *Car.* I.

ſign, but a life of Mr. *Hales*, from other materials, was compiled by the late Mr. *Des Maizeaux*, and publiſhed by him in 1719, as a ſpecimen of a new biographical dictionary.

A letter of *Walton* to *Marriott*, his bookſeller, upon this occaſion, was ſent me by the late Rev. Dr. *Birch*, ſoon after the publication of my firſt edition of the *Complete Angler*, containing the above facts; to which the Doctor added, that after the year 1719, Mr. *Fulman*'s papers came to the hands of Mr. *Des Maizeaux*, who intended, in ſome way or other, to avail himſelf of them; but he never publiſhed a ſecond edition of his life of *Hales*, nor, for aught that I can hear, have they ever yet found their way into the world.

In 1683, when he was ninety years old, *Walton* publiſhed *Thealma and Clearchus, a paſtoral hiſtory, in ſmooth and eaſy verſe, written long ſince by* John Chalkhill, *Eſq; an acquaintant and friend of* Edmund Spenſer: to this poem he wrote a preface, containing a very amiable character of the author.

He lived but a very little time after the publication of this poem, for, as *Wood* ſays, he ended his days on the fifteenth day of *December*, 1683, in the great froſt, at *Wincheſter*, in the houſe of Dr. *William Hawkins*, a prebendary of the church there, where he lies buried *.

In the cathedral of *Wincheſter*, *viz.* in a chapel in the ſouth aile, called prior *Silkſteed*'s chapel, on a large black flat marble ſtone is this inſcription to his memory, the poetry whereof has very little to recommend it:

Here reſteth the body of
Mr. ISAAC WALTON,
Who dyed the 15th of December,
1683.

* Athen. Oxon. Vol I. col. 305.

Alas!

Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more;
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crown'd with eternal bliss
We wish our souls with his.
Votis modestis sic fierunt liberi.

The issue of *Walton*'s marriage were a son, named *Isaac*, and a daughter, named, after her mother, *Anne*. This son was placed in *Christ* Church college, *Oxford**, and having taken his degree of bachelor of arts, travelled, together with his uncle, Mr. afterwards bishop *Ken*, in the year 1674, being the year of the jubilee, into *France* and *Italy*, and, as *Cotton* says, visited *Rome* and *Venice*. Of this son mention is made in the remarkable will of Dr. *Donne*, the younger, printed on a half sheet, in 1662, whereby he bequeathed to the elder *Walton* all his father's writings, as also his common-place book, which he says may be of use to him if he makes him a scholar: upon the return of the younger *Walton*, he prosecuted his studies; and having finished the same entered into holy orders, and became chaplain to Dr. *Seth Ward*, bishop of *Sarum*, by whose favour he attained to the dignity of a canon residentiary of that cathedral: upon the decease of bishop *Ward*, and the promotion of Dr. *Gilbert Burnet* to the vacant see, Mr. *Walton* was taken into the friendship and confidence of that prelate, and being a man of great temper and discretion, and for his candour and sincerity much respected by all the clergy of the diocese, he became very useful to him in conducting the affairs of the chapter.

Old *Isaac Walton* having by his will bequeathed a farm and land near *Stafford*, of about the yearly value

* *Vide* Part II. page 45. Athen. Oxon. Vol. II. 989. Biogr. Brit. Art. KEN.

of 20*l.* to this his ſon and his heirs for ever, upon condition, that if his ſaid ſon ſhould not marry before he ſhould be of the age of forty-one, or being married, ſhould die before the ſaid age, and leave no ſon that ſhould live to the age of twenty-one, then the ſame ſhould go to the corporation of *Stafford*, for certain charitable purpoſes; this ſon, upon his attainment of that age, without having married, ſent to the mayor of *Stafford*, acquainting him, that the eſtate was improved to almoſt double it's former value, and that upon his deceaſe the corporation would become entitled thereto.

This worthy perſon died, at the age of ſixty-nine, on the 29th day of *December*, 1719, and lies interred in the cathedral church of *Saliſbury*.

Anne, the daughter of old *Iſaac Walton*, and ſiſter of the above perſon, was married to Dr. *William Hawkins*, a divine and a prebendary of *Wincheſter*, mentioned above, for whom *Walton*, in his will, expreſſes great affection, declaring that he loved him as his own ſon: he died the 17th day of *July*, 1691, aged fifty-eight, leaving iſſue by his ſaid wife a daughter, named *Anne*, and a ſon, named *William:* the daughter was never married, but lived with her uncle, the canon, as his houſekeeper, and the manager of his domeſtic concerns: ſhe remained ſettled at *Saliſbury* after his deceaſe, and till the 27th of *November*, 1728, when ſhe died, and lies buried in the cathedral.

William, the ſon of Dr. *Hawkins*, and brother of the laſt mentioned *Anne*, was bred to the ſtudy of the law, and from the *Middle Temple* called to the bar; but attained to no degree of eminence in his profeſſion: he wrote and publiſhed in 8*vo.* anno 1713, *A ſhort account of the life of biſhop* Ken, with a ſmall ſpecimen in order to a publication of his works at large, and accordingly, in the year 1721, they were publiſhed in four volumes 8*vo.* From this account ſome of the above particulars reſpecting the family connections of *Walton* are taken.

I am

I am informed, that this gentleman for several years laboured under the affliction of incurable blindness, and that he died on the 29th day of *November*, 1748.

A few months before his death our author made his will, which appears by the peculiarity of many expressions contained in it, as well as by the hand, to be of his own writing. As there is something characteristic in this last solemn act of his life, it has been thought proper to insert an authentic copy thereof in this account of him, postponing it only to the following reflections on his life and character.

Upon a retrospect to the foregoing particulars, and a view of some others mentioned in a subsequent letter * and in his will, it will appear that *Walton* possessed that essential ingredient in human felicity, *mens sana in corpore sano*; for in his *eighty-third* year he professes a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a *hundred miles* into a country the most difficult and hazardous that can be conceived for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend *Cotton* †, and doubtless to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the *Dove*, and on the *ninetieth* anniversary of his birth-

* See his letter to *Charles Cotton*, Esq; prefixed to the second part.

† To this journey he seems to have been invited by Mr. *Cotton*, in the following beautiful stanzas, printed with other of his poems in 1689, 8*vo*. and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend Mr. *Isaac Walton*.

Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time,
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

birth-day he, by his will, declares himſelf to be of *perfect memory* *.

As to his worldly circumſtances, notwithſtanding the adverſe accident of his being obliged by the troubles

Whilſt all the ills are ſo improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, ſo much belov'd,
We would not now wiſh with us here;

In this eſtate, I ſay, it is
Some comfort to us to ſuppoſe,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repoſe;

And ſome delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have ſeen her ſmile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power pleaſe
We live to ſee another May,
We'll recompenſe an age of theſe
Foul days in one fine fiſhing day.

We then ſhall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the beſt maſter's hand can do
With the moſt deadly killing flie:

A day, with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a ſcorching ſun,
A ſouthern gale to curl the ſtream,
And, maſter, half our work is done.

There whilſt behind ſome buſh we wait,
The ſcaly people to betray,
We'll prove it juſt, with treach'rous bait,
To make the preying Trout *our prey.*

And think ourſelves, in ſuch an hour,
Happier than thoſe, though not ſo high,
Who, like Leviathans *devour,*
Of meaner men the ſmaller fry.

This, my beſt friend, at my poor home
Shall be our paſtime and our theme;
But then ſhould you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

* Theſe it muſt be owned are words of courſe in a will, but had the fact been otherwiſe, he would have been unable to make ſuch a judicious diſpoſition of his worldly eſtate as he has done, or with his own hand to write ſo long an inſtrument as his will.

of

of the times to quit *London* and his occupation, they appear to have been commenſurate, as well to the *wiſhes* as the *wants* of any but a *covetous* and *intemperate* man; and in his relations and connections ſuch a concurrence of circumſtances is viſible, as it would be almoſt preſumption to pray for.

For, not to mention the patronage of thoſe many prelates and dignitaries of the church, men of piety and learning, with whom he lived in a cloſe intimacy and friendſhip, or the many ingenious and worthy perſons with whom he correſponded and converſed, or the eſteem and reſpect teſtified by printed letters and eulogiums, which his writings had procured him; to be matched with a woman of an exalted underſtanding, and a mild and humble temper, to have children of good inclinations and ſweet and amiable diſpoſitions, and to ſee them well ſettled, is not the lot of every man, that preferring a ſocial to a ſolitary life, chuſes to become the head of a family.

But bleſſings like theſe are comparatively light, when weighed againſt thoſe of a mind ſtored like his with a great variety of uſeful knowlege, and a temper that could harbour no *malevolent* thought or *inſidious* deſign; nor ſtoop to the arts of *fraud* or *flattery**, but diſpoſed him to love and virtuous friendſhip, to the enjoyment of innocent delights and recreations, to the contemplation of the works of nature, and the ways of providence, and to the ſtill ſublimer pleaſures of rational piety.

If, poſſeſſing all theſe benefits and advantages, external and internal, together with a mental conſtitution, ſo happily attempered as to have been to him a *perpetual fountain of cheerfulneſs* †, we can entertain a doubt that *Walton* was one of the happieſt of men, we eſtimate them at a rate too low, and ſhew ourſelves ignorant of the nature of that felicity, to which it is poſſible, even in this life, for virtuous and good men with the bleſſing of God, to arrive.

* *Vide infra* in his will.

† See his preface, wherein he declares that though he can be ſerious at ſeaſonable times, he is a lover of innocent, harmleſs mirth, and that his book is a *picture of his own diſpoſition*.

Auguſt the ninth, one thouſand ſix hundred eighty three.

IN the Name of God, Amen. I IZAAK WALTON, the elder, of *Wincheſter*, being this preſent day, in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praiſed be God, but conſidering how ſuddainly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my laſt will and teſtament as followeth: And firſt, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me and all mankind, to whom I ſhall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be juſtified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour *Jeſus*; and becauſe the profeſſion of Chriſtianity does, at this time, ſeem to be ſubdivided into Papiſt and Proteſtante, I take it, at leaſt, to be convenient to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the church of *England* now profeſſeth: and this I do the rather, becauſe of a very long and very true friendſhip with ſome of the *Roman* church. And for my worldly eſtate (which I have neither got by falſhood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation*) I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth: Firſt, I give my ſon-in-law, Doctor *Hawkins*, and to his wife, to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a houſe and ſhop in *Pater-noſter-row*, in *London*, which I hold by leaſe from the lord biſhop of *London* for about fifty years to come. And I do alſo give to them all my right and title of or to a houſe in *Chancery-lane*, *London*, wherein Mrs. *Greinwood* now dwelleth, in which is now about ſixteen years to come: I give theſe two leaſes to them, they ſaving my executor from all damage concerning the ſame. And I give to my ſon *Izaak*, all my right and title to a leaſe of *Norington* farme, which I hold from the lord biſhop of *Winton*; and I do alſo give him all my right and

* Alluding, perhaps, to that fundamental maxim of our law, *Summum jus eſt ſumma injuria.*

title

title to a farme or land near to *Stafford*, which I bought of Mr. *Walter Noell*; I ſay, I give it to him and his heirs for ever; but upon the condition following, namely: if my ſon ſhall not marry before he ſhall be of the age of forty and one years, or, being married, ſhall dye before the ſaid age, and leave no ſon to inherit the ſaid farme or land; or if his ſon or ſons ſhall not live to attain the age of twenty and one years, to diſpoſe otherways of it; then I give the ſaid farme or land to the towne or corporation of *Stafford*, in which I was borne, for the good and benefit of ſome of the ſaid towne, as I ſhall direct, and as followeth: but firſt note, that it is at this preſent time rented for twenty one pounds ten ſhillings a year, and is like to hold the ſaid rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and houſing in repair; and I would have, and do give ten pound of the ſaid rent, to bind out yearly, two boys, the ſons of honeſt and poor parents, to be apprentices to ſome tradeſmen or handycraft-men, to the intent the ſaid boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do alſo give five pound yearly, out of the ſaid rent, to be given to ſome maid-ſervant, that hath attained the age of twenty and one years, not leſs, and dwelt long in one ſervice, or to ſome honeſt poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage: and this being done, my will is, that what rent ſhall remain of the ſaid farme or land, ſhall be diſpoſed of as followeth: firſt I do give twenty ſhillings yearly, to be ſpent by the major of *Stafford*, and thoſe that ſhall collect the ſaid rent, and diſpoſe of it as I have and ſhall hereafter direct; and that what money or rent ſhall remain undiſpoſed of, ſhall be imployed to buy coals for ſome poor people, that ſhall moſt need them, in the ſaid towne; the ſaid coals to be delivered the firſt weeke in *January*, or in every firſt weeke in *February*; I ſay *then*, becauſe I take that time to be the hardeſt and moſt pinching times with poor people; and God reward thoſe that ſhall do this without partialitie, and with honeſty, and a good conſcience. And if the ſaid major and others

of

of the ſaid towne of *Stafford*, ſhall prove ſo negligent, or diſhoneſt, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and expreſt in this my will, which God forbid, then I give the ſaid rents and profits of the ſaid farme or land to the town and chief magiſtrates, or governors of *Eccleſhall*, to be diſpoſed of by them in ſuch manner as I have ordered the diſpoſal of it by the town of *Stafford*, the ſaid farme or land being near the town of *Eccleſhall:* and I give to my ſon-in-law, Dr. *Hawkins*, whom I love as my own ſon, and to my daughter, his wife, and my ſon *Izaak*, to each of them a ring, with theſe words or motto; " *Love my memory*, " *I. W. obiit* "
to the lord biſhop of *Winton* a ring, with this motto; " *A mite for a million*, *I. W. obiit* "
and to his friends hereafter named, I give to each of them a ring with this motto; " *A friend's farewell*, " *I. W. obiit* " and my will is, the ſaid rings be delivered within forty days after my death: and that the price or value of all the ſaid rings ſhall be thirteen ſhillings and four pence a piece. I give to Doctor *Hawkins*, Doctor *Donne*'s ſermons, which I have heard preacht, and read with much content. To my ſon *Izaak*, I give Doctor *Sibbs* his *Soul's Conflict*; and to my daughter his *Bruiſed Reed**, deſiring them to read them ſo as to be well acquainted with them. And I alſo give unto her all my books at *Wincheſter* and *Droxford*, and whatever in thoſe two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linnen, which I give to my ſon *Izaak*; but if he do not live to marry, or make uſe of it, then I give the ſame to my granddaughter, *Anne Hawkins*; and I give my daughter, Doctor *Hall*'s works, which be now at *Farnham*. To my ſon *Izaak* I give all my books, not yet given, at *Farnham* Caſtell, and a deſke of prints and pictures; alſo a cabinett near my bed's head, in which are ſome little things that he will value, though of no great

* This book was an inſtrument in the converſion of Mr. *Richard Baxter*. See Dr. *Calamy*'s Life of him, page 7.

worth,

worth. And my will and desire is, that he will be kind to his aunt *Beachame*, and his aunt *Rose Ken*, by allowing the first about fifty shillings a year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr. *John Whitehead*; for his aunt *Ken*, I desire him to be kind to her, according to her necessity and his own abilitie; and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr. *John Darbyshire* the sermons of Mr. *Anthony Farringdon*, or of Dr. *Sanderson*, which my executor thinks fit. To my servant, *Thomas Edgill*, I give five pound in money, and all my cloths, linnen and woollen, except one suit of cloths, which I give to Mr. *Holinshed*, and forty shillings, if the said *Thomas* be my servant at my death; if not, my cloths only. And I give my old friend, Mr. *Richard Marriot* *, ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it: and I do hereby will and declare my son *Izaak* to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament, and Doctor *Hawkins* to see that he performs it; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my last will, to which I shall only add the codicil for rings, this sixteenth day of *August*, one thousand six hundred eighty three, *Izaak Walton*, witness to this will.

The rings I give are as on the other side: to my brother *John Ken*, to my sister his wife, to my brother Doctor *Ken*, to my sister *Pye*, to Mr. *Francis Morley*, to Mr. *George Vernon*, to his wife, to his three daughters, to Mrs. *Nelson*, to Mr. *Richard Walton*, to Mr. *Palmer*, to Mr. *Taylor*, to Mr. *Tho. Garrard*, to the

* Bookseller, and his Publisher.

lord

lord biſhop of *Sarum*, to Mr. *Rede* his ſervant, to my cozen *Dorothy Kenrick*, to my couſin *Lewin*, to Mr. *Walter Higgs*, to Mr. *Charles Cotton*, to Mr. *Richard Marryot* 22, to my brother *Beacham*, to my ſiſter his wife, to the lady *Anne How*, to Mrs. *King*, Doctor *Phillips*'s wife, to Mr. *Valentine Harecourt*, to Mrs. *Eliza Johnſon*, to Mrs. *Mary Rogers*, to Mrs. *Eliza Milward*, to Mrs. *Dorothy Wollop*, to Mr. *Will. Milward*, of *Chriſt-church*, *Oxford*, to Mr. *John Darbyſhire*, to Mr. *Undevill*, to Mrs. *Rock*, to Mr. *Peter White*, to Mr. *John Lloyde*, to my couſin *Creinſell*'s widow, Mrs. *Dalbin* muſt not be forgotten 16, *Izaak Walton*. Note, that ſeveral lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated; and that this will is now ſigned and ſealed this twenty and fourth day of *October*, one thouſand ſix hundred eighty three, in the preſence of us: witneſs, *Abraham Markland*, *Joſ. Taylor*, *Thomas Crawley*.

To

To the Right Worſhipful

JOHN OFFLEY,

OF

MADELEY MANOR, in the County of STAFFORD, Eſq;

My Moſt HONOURED FRIEND.

SIR,

I HAVE made ſo ill uſe of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to intreat that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this book; and I have put on a modeſt confidence, that I ſhall not be denied, becauſe it is a diſcourſe of fiſh and fiſhing, which you know ſo well, and both love and practiſe ſo much.

You

You are aſſured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that angling is an art, and you know that art better than others; and that this truth is demonſtrated by the fruits of that pleaſant labour which you enjoy, when you purpoſe to give reſt to your mind, and diveſt yourſelf of your more ſerious buſineſs, and, which is often, dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

At which time, if common anglers ſhould attend you, and be eye-witneſſes of the ſucceſs, not of your fortune but your ſkill, it would doubtleſs beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an induſtrious diligence to be ſo; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities. And there be now many men of great wiſdom, learning and experience, which love and practiſe this art, that know I ſpeak the truth.

Sir,

Sir, this pleaſant curioſity of fiſh and fiſhing, of which you are ſo great a maſter, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wiſdom; and amongſt thoſe of this nation, I remember Sir *Henry Wotton* (a dear lover of this art) has told me, that his intentions were to write a diſcourſe of the art, and in praiſe of angling; and doubtleſs he had done ſo, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me ſorry; for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned angler had ſeen ſome better treatiſe of this art, a treatiſe that might have proved worthy his peruſal, which, though ſome have undertaken, I could never yet ſee in *Engliſh*.

But mine may be thought as weak, and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confeſs, that I

ſhould rather excuſe myſelf, than cenſure others, my own diſcourſe being liable to ſo many exceptions; againſt which you, Sir, might make this one, that it can contribute nothing to your knowledge. And leſt a longer epiſtle may diminiſh your pleaſure, I ſhall make this no longer than to add this following truth, that I am really,

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

and moſt humble Servant,

IZ. WA.

TO ALL

READERS

OF THIS

DISCOURSE,

But especially to the

HONEST ANGLER.

I Think fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this discourse to please myself: and having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I proposed not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a

severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. *and* R. Roe; *but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away, and returns not.*

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the Trout, *and some of the other fish; which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself*.*

Next let me tell the reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must intreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know, that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, *namely,* Severn, Wye, *and* Usk, *where* Camden Brit. f. 633. *observes, that in the river* Wye, *Salmon are in season from* September *to* April; *and we are certain, that in* Thames *and* Trent, *and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.*

* Of these cuts, mention is made at large in *Walton*'s life; the plates having long since been worn out, those in the present edition are new engraved; and if money could have procured engravings equal to the former, that inducement would not have been spared. The great encouragement given in this country to the arts of designing and engraving, has operated to the disadvantage of printing, and rendered it at this time nearly impossible to publish here any large work with the illustration of plates, such for example as *Dugdale*'s history of St. *Paul*'s, and many others. The fact is, that our artists in this way are extravagant and idle: in *France* they are otherwise. *Hollar*, *Guernier* and *Vertue* laboured incessantly, and were satisfied with moderate gains; the person who engraved the cuts to this book, worked but little, and was not content with an income of a *thousand pounds* a year.

Now

Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an angler by a book; he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, *a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called,* A private School of Defence, *undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be learnt by that book, but he was laughed at, because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must angling. And note also, that in this discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For angling may be said to be so like the mathematicks, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.*

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure: I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave, but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, *the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanack, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter; and yet in the following discourse I have set down the twelve*

flies that are in reputation with many anglers, and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales *and other countries peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it: but for the generality, three or four flies, neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a* Trout *in most rivers all the summer. And for winter fly-fishing, it is as useful as an almanack out of date. And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.*

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth * *impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.*

I. W.

* The fifth, as it is the last of the editions published in the author's life-time, has been carefully followed in the present publication. *See* the Author's Life.

To

To my dear BROTHER

Mr. IZAAK WALTON,

UPON HIS

COMPLETE ANGLER.

ERASMUS in his learned Colloquies
Has mixt ſome toys, that by varieties
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or talleſt giant ſwim.
And ſuch is this diſcourſe: there's none ſo low,
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleaſure and information: both which are
Taught us with ſo much art, that I might ſwear
Safely, the choiceſt critick cannot tell,
Whether your matchleſs judgment moſt excell
In angling or its praiſe: where commendation
Firſt charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas ſo to me; who ſaw the chearful ſpring
Pictur'd in every meadow, heard birds ſing
Sonnets in every grove, ſaw fiſhes play
In the cool cryſtal ſtreams, like lambs in *May*:
And they may play, till anglers read this book;
But after, 'tis a wiſe fiſh 'ſcapes a hook.

JO. FLOUD, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO THE

READER of the COMPLETE ANGLER.

FIRST mark the title well; my friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deſerves to have it,
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines and hooks.
The world the river is, both you and I,
And all mankind are either fiſh or fry:
If we pretend to reaſon, firſt or laſt
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold faſt,
Pleaſure or profit, either proſe or rhime,
If not at firſt, will doubtleſs take's in time.
Here ſits in ſecret bleſt theology,
Waited upon by grave philoſophy
Both natural and moral, hiſtory
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of poetry,
The matter and expreſſion ſtriving which
Shall moſt excel in worth, yet not ſeem rich;
There is no danger in his baits, that hook
Will prove the ſafeſt, that is ſureſt took.
Nor are we caught alone, but, which is beſt,
We ſhall be wholſome, and be toothſome dreſt:
Dreſt to be fed, not to be fed upon;
And danger of a ſurfeit here is none.
The ſolid food of ſerious contemplation
Is ſauc'd here with ſuch harmleſs recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire for more than it may find
Ready at once prepared, either t'excite
Or ſatisfy a curious appetite.

More

More praiſe is due; for 'tis both poſitive
And truth, which once was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet then in jeſt,
Et piſcatorem piſcis amare poteſt.

CH. HARVIE, *Mr. of Arts.* *

To my dear FRIEND

Mr. IZ. WALTON,

IN

PRAISE of ANGLING,

Which we both love.

DOWN by this ſmooth ſtream's wand'ring ſide,
Adorn'd and perfum'd with the pride
Of *Flora*'s wardrobe, where the ſhrill
Aerial choir expreſs their ſkill,
Firſt in alternate melody,
And then in chorus all agree,
Whilſt the charm'd fiſh, as extaſy'd
With ſounds, to his own throat deny'd
Scorns his dull element, and ſprings
I'th' air, as if his fins were wings.
'Tis here that pleaſures ſweet and high
Proſtrate to our embraces lie.
Such as to body, ſoul or fame,
Create no ſickneſs, ſin or ſhame.

* Supposed to be *Chriſtopher Harvie*, for whom ſee *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 267. *& vide infra*, 123.

Roſes

Roſes not fenc'd with pricks grow here,
No ſting to th' honey-bag is near.
But, what's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twiſt of hair,
With hook hid in an inſect, are
Engines of ſport, would fit the wiſh
O' th' Epicure and fill his diſh.
In this clear ſtream let fall a grub,
And ſtraight take up a *Dace* or *Chub*,
I'th' mud your worm provokes a *ſnig*,
Which being faſt, if it prove big
The *Gotham* folly will be found
Diſcreet, ere ta'en ſhe muſt be drown'd.
The *Tench*, phyſician of the brook,
In yon dead hole expects your hook,
Which having firſt your paſtime been,
Serves then for meat or medicine.
Ambuſh'd behind that root doth ſtay
A *Pike*, to catch and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this ſlow ſtream
Betrays the hunger of a *Bream*.
And at that nimbler ford, no doubt,
Your falſe fly cheats a ſpeckled *Trout*.
When you theſe creatures wiſely chuſe
To practiſe on, which to your uſe
Owe their creation, and when
Fiſh from your arts do reſcue men;
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Enſnare and ſpoil, is innocent.
Here by theſe cryſtal ſtreams you may
Preſerve a conſcience clear as they;
And when by ſullen thoughts you find
Your harraſſed, not buſied, mind
In ſable melancholy clad,
Diſtemper'd, ſerious, turning ſad;
Hence fetch your cure, caſt in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will ſtraight
Fly with ſuch ſpeed, they'll ſeem to be
Poſſeſt with the *Hydrophobie*.

The water's calmneſs in your breaſt,
And ſmoothneſs on your brow ſhall reſt.
Away with ſports of charge and noiſe,
And give me cheap and ſilent joys:
Such as *Actæon*'s game purſue,
Their fate oft makes the tale ſeem true.
The ſick or ſullen hawk to-day
Flies not; to-morrow, quite away.
Patience and purſe to cards and dice
Too oft are made a ſacrifice:
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' ſon, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and miſchiefs which th' abuſe
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the *Turks*,
That in each grape a devil lurks.
And by yon fading ſapleſs tree,
'Bout which the ivy twin'd you ſee,
His fate's foretold, who fondly places
His bliſs in woman's ſoft embraces.
All pleaſures, but the angler's, bring
I' th' tail repentance like a ſting.
Then on theſe banks let me ſit down,
Free from the toilſome ſword and gown,
And pity thoſe that do affect
To conquer nations and protect.
My reed affords ſuch true content,
Delights ſo ſweet and innocent,
As ſeldom fall unto the lot
Of ſcepters, though they're juſtly got.

1649 THO. WEAVER, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO THE

READERS

OF

My moſt ingenious FRIEND'S BOOK,

The COMPLETE ANGLER.

HE that both knew and writ the lives of men,
Such as were once, but muſt not be again:
Witneſs his matchleſs *Donne* and *Wotton*, by
Whoſe aid he could their ſpeculations try:
He that convers'd with angels, ſuch as were
Ouldſworth * and *Featly* †, each a ſhining ſtar
Shewing the way to *Bethlem*; each a ſaint;
Compar'd to whom our zealots now but paint.
He that our pious and learn'd *Morley* ‡ knew,
And from him ſuck'd wit and devotion too.
He that from theſe ſuch excellencies fetch'd,
That *He* could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had;
And in what ſeveral dreſs each ſoul was clad.

Reader, this *He*, this fiſherman, comes forth,
And in theſe fiſher's weeds would ſhroud his worth.

* Dr. *Richard Holdſworth*. See an account of him in the *Faſt. Oxon.* 207; and in *Ward's Lives of the Greſham Profeſſors*.

† Dr. *Daniel Featly*, for whom ſee *Athen. Oxon.* 603.

‡ Dr. *George Morley*, biſhop of *Wincheſter*.

Now

Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which when finely touch'd, and fitly ſtrung,
He could friend's paſſions for theſe times allay,
Or chain his fellow anglers from their prey.
But now the muſick of his pen is ſtill,
And he ſits by a brook watching a quill:
Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,
He ſtudies firſt to hook, and then to land
Some *Trout*, or *Pearch*, or *Pike*; and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,
And that eſcap'd his hook; which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and fiſherman beguile.
Thus whilſt ſome vex they from their lands are thrown,
He joys to think the waters are his own.
And like the *Dutch*, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fiſhing free.

April 3, 1650. EDW. POWEL, *Mr. of Arts.*

To my dear BROTHER

Mr. IZ. WALTON,

ON HIS

COMPLETE ANGLER.

THIS book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art and wit,
That I protest ingenuously 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book and you.

ROB. FLOUD, C.

Clarissimo

Clariſſimo amiciſſimoque Fratri,

Domino ISAACO WALTON

Artis piſcatoriæ peritiſſimo.

UNicus eſt medicus reliquorum piſcis, & iſtis,
Fas quibus eſt medicum tangere, certa ſalus.
Hic typus eſt Salvatoris mirandus Jeſu,
** Litera myſterium quælibet hujus habet.*

Hunc cupio, hunc capias, bone frater arundinis, ἰχθὺν ;
† Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.
Piſcis is eſt, & piſcator, mihi credito, qualem
Vel piſcatorem piſcis amare velit.

* Ἰ Χ Θ Ϋ Σ, *Piſcis.*

Ι Ἰησοῦς, *Jeſus.*
Χ Χριστὸς, *Chriſtus.*
Θ Θεοῦ, *Dei.*
Υ Ὑιὸς, *Filius.*
Σ Σωτὴρ, *Salvator.*

† Matt. xvii. 27. the laſt words of the chapter.

HENRY BAYLEY, *Artium Magiſter.*

Ad

Ad Virum optimum, & Piſcatorem peritiſſimum,

ISAACUM WALTONUM.

Magiſter artis docte piſcatoriæ,
Waltone *ſalve, magne dux arundinis,*
Seu tu reductâ valle ſolus ambulas,
Præterfluentes interim obſervans aquas,
Seu fortè puri ſtans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine & ripâ ſedens,
Fallis peritâ ſquameum pecus manu;
O te beatum! qui procul negotiis,
Forique & urbis pulvere & ſtrepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lenè manantes aquas
Vagos honeſtâ fraude piſces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo pænè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem ſibi & technas ſtruunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant ſenes,
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos,
Voracem ineſcas advenam hamo lucium,
Avidamvè percam *parvulo alburno capis,*
Aut verme ruffo, muſculâ aut truttam *levi,*
Cautumvè cyprinum, *& ferè indocilem capi*
Calamoque linoque, ars at hunc ſuperat tua,
Medicamvè tincam, gobium *aut eſcâ trahis,*
Gratum palato gobium, *parvum licet,*
Prædamvè, non æque ſalubrem barbulum,
Etſi ampliorem, & myſtace inſignem gravi.
Hæ ſunt tibi artes, dum annus & tempus ſinunt,
Et nulla tranſit abſque lineâ dies.
Nec ſola praxis, ſed theoria & tibi
Nota artis hujus; unde tu ſimul bonus
Piſcator, idem & ſcriptor; & calami potens

Utriuſque

Utriusque necdum & ictus, & tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas!
Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus *alter artis & methodum tuæ, &*
Præcepta promis rite piscatoria,
Varias & escas piscium, indolem & genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam,
(Virtutis est & hæc tamen quædam schola
Patientiamque & temperantiam docet)
Documenta quin majora das, & regulas
Sublimioris artis, & perennia
Monimenta morum, vitæ & exempla optima;
Dum tu profundum scribis Hookerum, *& pium*
Donnum *ac disertum, sanctum &* Herbertum, *sacrum*
Vatem; hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, & peritâ, Isace, *depictos manu,*
Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.*
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.

* Virbius, *quasi bis vir*, is an epithet applied to *Hippolytus*, because he was by *Diana* restored to life, after his death. *Vide* Ovidii *Met.* lib. xv. v. 536 *& seq.* Hoffmanni *Lexicon Universale* art. VIRBIUS. In this place it is meant to express that by *Walton*'s skill in biography those persons whose lives he has written, are so accurately represented, as that even after their deaths, they are again, as it were, brought to life.

ALIUD

ALIUD AD

ISAACUM WALTONUM,

Virum & Piſcatorem optimum.

ISACE, *Macte hâc arte piſcatoriâ;*
Hâc arte Petrus *principi cenſum dedit;*
Hâc arte princeps nec Petro *multò prior,*
Tranquillus ille, teſte Tranquillo *, pater*
Patriæ, ſolebat recreare ſe lubens
Auguſtus, *hamo inſtructus ac arundine.*
Tu nunc, Amice, proximum clari es decus
Poſt Cæſarem *hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ:*
Euge O profeſſor artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, perlegens piſcariam!
Nec tu magiſter, & ego diſcipulus tuus,
Nam candidatum & me ferunt arundinis,
Socium hâc in arte nobilem nacti ſumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, *nam dici poteſt?*
Ipſe hamiota *Dominus en orbis fuit!*

JACO. DUP. D. D. †

* i. e. *Suetonius Tranquillus.*

† The contracting of ſurnames is a faulty practice: the above might ſtand for *Duppa*, but ſignifies *Duport*. This perſon was a Fellow of *Trinity* College, *Cambridge*, and Profeſſor of *Greek* in that Univerſity. His father *John* had a hand in the tranſlation of king *James*'s Bible. *Fuller*'s Ch. Hiſt. Book X. p. 46. Dr. *James Duport* wrote alſo the *Latin* verſes preceding theſe, and both copies are extant in a volume of *Latin* poems by him, entitled *Muſæ ſubſecivæ*, printed at *Cambridge*, in 8vo. 1676.

Plate 1. to Front Page 1.

J. Wale Inv. Ryland Sc.

Pub.ª According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER:

OR, THE Contemplative Man's Recreation.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

A Conference betwixt an ANGLER, *a* HUNTER, *and a* FALCONER; *each commending his Recreation.*

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.

PISCATOR.

YOU are well overtaken, Gentlemen, a good morning to you both; I have ſtretched my legs up *Tottenham* hill to overtake you, hoping your buſineſs may occaſion you towards *Ware*, whither I am going this fine, freſh *May* morning.

Venat. Sir, I for my part ſhall almoſt anſwer your hopes; for my purpoſe is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatch'd-houſe in *Hodſden*, and I think

not to reſt till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you ſee with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came ſo lately into my company, that I have ſcarce had time to aſk him the queſtion.

Auceps. Sir, I ſhall by your favour bear you company as far as *Theobalds* *, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's houſe who mews a Hawk for me, which I now long to ſee.

Venat. Sir, we are all ſo happy as to have a fine, freſh, cool morning, and I hope we ſhall each be the happier in the others' company. And, gentlemen, that I may not loſe yours, I ſhall either abate, or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing that, as the *Italians* ſay, Good company in a journey makes the way to ſeem the ſhorter.

Auceps. It may do ſo, Sir, with the help of good diſcourſe, which methinks we may promiſe from you that both look and ſpeak ſo chearfully: and for my part I promiſe you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted, as diſcretion will allow me to be with ſtrangers.

Ven. And, Sir, I promiſe the like.

Piſc. I am right glad to hear your anſwers, and in confidence you ſpeak the truth, I ſhall put on a boldneſs to aſk you, Sir, whether buſineſs or pleaſure cauſed you to be ſo early up, and walk ſo faſt; for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to ſee a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

Ven. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little buſineſs and more pleaſure; for I intend this day to do all my buſineſs, and then beſtow another day or two in

* *Theobalds*, in the county of *Hertford*; a houſe built by Lord *Burleigh*, and much improved by his ſon, *Robert* Earl of *Salisbury*; who exchanged it with King *James* the Firſt for *Hatfield*. *Camd. Brit.* HERTFORDSHIRE. See alſo Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Char. of King James*, 51.

hunting

hunting the Otter, which a friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleaſanter than any other chaſe whatſoever; howſoever I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we ſhall meet a pack of Otter-dogs of noble Mr. *Sadler*'s, upon *Amwell-hill*, who will be there ſo early, that they intend to prevent the ſun-riſing.

Piſc. Sir, my fortune has anſwered my deſires, and my purpoſe is to beſtow a day or two in helping to deſtroy ſome of thoſe villainous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, becauſe they love fiſh ſo well, or rather, becauſe they deſtroy ſo much; indeed ſo much, that in my judgment all men that keep Otter-dogs ought to have penſions from the King to encourage them to deſtroy the breed of theſe baſe Otters, they do ſo much miſchief.

Ven. But what ſay you to the Foxes of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them deſtroyed? for doubtleſs they do as much miſchief as Otters do.

Piſc. Oh Sir, if they do, it is not ſo much to me and my fraternity, as thoſe baſe vermin the Otters do.

Auc. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are ſo angry with the poor Otters?

Piſc. I am, Sir, a brother of the Angle, and therefore an enemy to the Otter: for you are to note, that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the Otter both for my own and for their ſakes who are of my brotherhood.

Ven. And I am a lover of Hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntſmen make ſport and ſcoff at Anglers.

Auc. And I profeſs myſelf a Falconer, and have heard many grave ſerious men pity them, it is ſuch a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

Piſc. You know, Gentlemen, it is an eaſy thing to ſcoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixt with ill nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often

caught, even in their own trap, according to that of *Lucian*, the father of the family of Scoffers:

Lucian *well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,*
Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:
This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what *Solomon* says of Scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me, and to all that love virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave serious men pity Anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor, rich men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous *Montaigne** says like himself freely, "When "my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual "apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows "but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes "me? shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her "time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself "have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my "not understanding her language (for doubtless Cats "talk and reason with one another) that we agree no "better: and who knows but that she pities me for "being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs

* In Apol. for *Raim. de Sebonde.*

"and

" and cenſures my folly for making ſport for her when " we two play together ?"

Thus freely ſpeaks *Montaigne* concerning Cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never ſo grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can ſay in the juſtification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you is ſo full of pleaſure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourſelves happy.

Ven. Sir, you have almoſt amazed me, for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me ſpeak it without offence, always looked upon Anglers as more patient and more ſimple men, than I fear I ſhall find you to be.

Piſc. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earneſtneſs to be impatience: and for my ſimplicity, if by that you mean a harmleſſneſs, or that ſimplicity which was uſually found in the primitive Chriſtians, who were, as moſt Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were ſo ſimply wiſe, as not to ſell their Conſciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean ſuch ſimple men as lived in thoſe times when there were fewer Lawyers; when men might have had a Lordſhip ſafely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though ſeveral ſheets will not do it ſafely in this wiſer age; I ſay, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be ſuch ſimple men as I have ſpoke of, then myſelf and thoſe of my profeſſion will be glad to be ſo underſtood: But if by ſimplicity you meant to expreſs a general defect in thoſe that profeſs and practiſe the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to diſabuſe you, and make the contrary appear ſo evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I ſhall remove all the anticipations that diſcourſe, or time, or prejudice have poſſeſſed you with againſt that laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wiſe man.

But, Gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not ſo unmannerly as to engroſs all the diſcourſe to

myſelf; and therefore, you two having declared yourſelves, the one to be a lover of Hawks, the other of Hounds, I ſhall be moſt glad to hear what you can ſay in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practiſe; and having heard what you can ſay, I ſhall be glad to exerciſe your attention with what I can ſay concerning my own recreation and art of Angling, and by this means, we ſhall make the way to ſeem the ſhorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. *Falconer* to begin.

Auc. Your motion is conſented to with all my heart, and to teſtify it, I will begin as you have deſired me.

And firſt, for the Element that I uſe to trade in, which is the Air, an Element of more worth than weight, an Element that doubtleſs exceeds both the Earth and Water; for though I ſometimes deal in both, yet the Air is moſt properly mine, I and my Hawks uſe that, and it yields us moſt recreation; it ſtops not the high ſoaring of my noble generous Falcon; in it ſhe aſcends to ſuch an height, as the dull eyes of beaſts and fiſh are not able to reach to; their bodies are too groſs for ſuch high elevations: in the Air my troops of Hawks ſoar up on high, and when they are loſt in the ſight of men, then they attend upon and converſe with the gods; therefore I think my Eagle is ſo juſtly ſtiled, *Jove*'s ſervant in ordinary: and that very Falcon, that I am now going to ſee deſerves no meaner a title, for ſhe uſually in her flight endangers herſelf, like the ſon of *Dædalus*, to have her wings ſcorched by the Sun's heat, ſhe flies ſo near it, but her mettle makes her careleſs of danger; for then ſhe heeds nothing, but makes her nimble Pinions cut the fluid air, and ſo makes her highway over the ſteepeſt mountains and deepeſt rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon thoſe high Steeples and magnificent Palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to deſcend by a word from my mouth (which ſhe both knows and obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for

for her Maſter, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profeſs to trade in, the worth of it is ſuch, and it is of ſuch neceſſity, that no creature whatſoever, not only thoſe numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but thoſe various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its noſtrils ſtands in need of my element. The waters cannot preſerve the Fiſh without air, witneſs the not breaking of ice in an extreme froſt; the reaſon is, for that if the inſpiring and expiring organ of any animal be ſtopt, it ſuddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus neceſſary is air to the exiſtence both of Fiſh and Beaſts, nay, even to Man himſelf; that air or breath of life with which God at firſt inſpired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies preſently, becomes a ſad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an inſtant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more, the very birds of the air, thoſe that be not Hawks, are both ſo many and ſo uſeful and pleaſant to mankind, that I muſt not let them paſs without ſome obſervations: they both feed and refreſh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refreſh him with their heavenly voices *. I will not undertake to mention the ſeveral kinds of Fowl by which this is done; and his curious palate pleaſed by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a ſoft lodging at night: Theſe I will paſs by, but not thoſe little nimble Muſicians of the air, that warble

* To theſe particulars, which reſpect both the recreation of Hawking and the Birds of the Air here mentioned, the following may be added, viz. that the Kings of *Perſia* were wont to hawk after Butterflies with Sparrows and Stares, or Starlings, trained for the purpoſe. *Burton* on Melancholy, 169 from the relations of Sir *Anthony Shirley*. And we are alſo told that Monſieur *de Luiſnes*, afterwards Prime Miniſter of *France*, in the nonage of *Lewis* XIII. gained much upon him by making little birds catch Butterflies. Life of Lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury*, 183.

forth their curious Ditties, with which nature hath furniſhed them to the ſhame of art.

As firſt the Lark, when ſhe means to rejoice; to chear herſelf and thoſe that hear her, ſhe then quits the earth, and ſings as ſhe aſcends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and ſad to think ſhe muſt deſcend to the dull earth, which ſhe would not touch but for neceſſity.

How do the Blackbird and Thraſſel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the chearful Spring, and in their fixed Months warble forth ſuch ditties as no art or inſtrument can reach to!

Nay, the ſmaller birds alſo do the like in their particular ſeaſons, as namely the Leverock, the Tit-lark, the little Linnet, and the honeſt Robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes ſuch ſweet loud muſick out of her little inſtrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceaſed. He that at midnight, when the very labourer ſleeps ſecurely, ſhould hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the ſweet deſcants, the natural riſing and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and ſay, Lord, what muſick haſt thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordeſt bad men ſuch muſick on Earth!

And this makes me the leſs to wonder at the many Aviaries in *Italy*, or at the great charge of *Varro* his Aviarie, the ruins of which are yet to be ſeen in *Rome*, and is ſtill ſo famous there, that it is reckoned for one of thoſe notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleaſure, of which very much more might be ſaid. My next ſhall be of birds of political uſe; I think 'tis not to be doubted that Swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But 'tis certain that when the *Turks* beſieged

beſieged *Malta* or *Rhodes*, I now remember not which it was, Pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters: And Mr. *G. Sandys**, in his Travels, relates it to be done betwixt *Aleppo* and *Babylon*. But if that be diſbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the Dove was ſent out of the ark by *Noah*, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be ſea, and the Dove proved a faithful and comfortable meſſenger. And for the ſacrifices of the law, a pair of Turtle-doves or young Pigeons, were as well accepted as coſtly Bulls and Rams. And when God would feed the Prophet *Elijah*, 1 *Kings* xvii. 6. after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by Ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Laſtly, the Holy Ghoſt, when he deſcended viſibly upon our Saviour, did it by aſſuming the ſhape of a Dove †. And, to conclude this part of my diſcourſe, pray remember theſe wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they and I take ſo much pleaſure.

There is alſo a little contemptible winged Creature, an inhabitant of my aereal element, namely the laborious Bee, of whoſe Prudence, Policy, and regular Government of their own commonwealth, I might ſay much, as alſo of their ſeveral kinds, and how uſeful their honey and wax is both for meat and

* Mr. *George Sandys*, a very pious, learned, and accompliſhed gentleman, was the youngeſt ſon of Dr. *Edwin Sandys*, Archbiſhop of *York*. He publiſhed his Travels to the *Holy Land*, *Egypt*, and elſewhere, in folio, 1615, and made an excellent Paraphraſe on the *Pſalms*, *Canticles*, and *Eccleſiaſtes*, in verſe; and alſo tranſlated *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*. He was one of the beſt verſifiers of that age, and died in 1642.

† *Walton* here miſtakes the ſenſe of two paſſages in Scripture, viz. *Matt.* iii. 16. and *Luke* iii. 22. in which the baptiſm of our Lord is related; the meaning of both is, that the holy Spirit deſcended, not *in the bodily ſhape of a Dove*, but as a Dove uſes to deſcend upon any thing, hovering and overſhadowing it. Vide *Whitby* on *Luke* iii. 22.

medicines

medicines to mankind*; but I will leave them to their ſweet labour, without the leaſt diſturbance, believing them to be all very buſy at this very time amongſt the herbs and flowers that we ſee nature puts forth this *May* morning.

And now to return to my Hawks, from whom I have made too long a digreſſion; you are to note, that they are uſually diſtinguiſhed into two kinds; namely, the long-winged and the ſhort-winged Hawk: of the firſt kind, there be chiefly in uſe amongſt us in this nation,

The Gerfalcon and Jerkin,
The Falcon and Taſſel-gentel,
The Laner and Laneret.
The Bockerel and Bockeret,
The Saker and Sacaret,
The Merlin and Jack Merlin,
The Hobby and Jack,
There is the Stelletto of *Spain*,
The Blood-red Rook from *Turkey*,
The Waſkite from *Virginia*:
And there is of ſhort-winged Hawks,
The Eagle and Iron,
The Goſhawk and Tarcel,
The Sparhawk and Muſket,
The *French* Pye of two ſorts:

Theſe are reckoned Hawks of note and worth, but we have alſo of an inferior rank,

The Stanyel, the Ringtail,
The Raven, the Buzzard,
The forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard,
The Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name†.

* See the Feminine Monarchy; or, Hiſtory of Bees, by *Charles Butler*, 4to, 1634.

† See *Turberville*, *Latham*, and *Markham*, on Falconry.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, if I ſhould enlarge my diſcourſe to the obſervation of the Eires, the Brancher, the Ramiſh Hawk, the Haggard, and the two ſorts of Lentners, and then treat of their ſeveral Ayries, their Mewings, rare order of caſting, and the renovation of their feathers; their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare ſtories of practice; I ſay, if I ſhould enter into theſe, and many other obſervations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleaſure to me: but leſt I ſhould break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr. *Venator*, to ſay what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are ſo much affected; and if time will ſerve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of ſome of thoſe ſeveral heads of which I have ſpoken. But no more at preſent.

Venat. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will firſt begin with a commendation of the Earth, as you have done moſt excellently of the Air; the Earth being that element upon which I drive my pleaſant, wholſome, hungry trade. The Earth is a ſolid, ſettled element; an element moſt univerſally beneficial both to man and beaſt: to men who have their ſeveral recreations upon it, as horſe-races, hunting, ſweet ſmells, pleaſant walks: the earth feeds man, and all thoſe ſeveral beaſts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleaſure doth man take in hunting the ſtately Stag, the generous Buck, the Wild Boar, the cunning Otter, the crafty Fox, and the fearful Hare! And if I may deſcend to a lower game, what pleaſure is it ſometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth! as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart*, the Ferret, the Pole-cat, the Mouldwarp,

* Dr. *Skinner* in his *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ*, Lond. fol. 1671, voce *Fulimart*, gives us to underſtand, that this word is *Vox quæ nuſquam, niſi in libro* the Complete Angler *dicto, occurit*. Upon which it may be obſerved, that Dame *Juliana Barnes*, in her Book of Hunting, ranks the *Fulmarde* among the beaſts of chace; and

and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers and fruits, both for phyſick and the pleaſure of mankind! and above all, to me at leaſt, the fruitful vine, of which, when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, chears my heart, and ſharpens my wit. How could *Cleopatra* have feaſted *Mark Antony* with eight Wild Boars roaſted whole at one ſupper, and other meat ſuitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to paſs by the mighty Elephant, which the earth breeds and nouriſheth, and deſcend to the leaſt of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Piſmire, who in the ſummer provides and lays up her winter proviſion, and teaches man to do the like*! The earth feeds and carries thoſe horſes that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I ſay in commendations of the earth? that puts limits to the proud and raging ſea, and by that means preſerves both man and beaſt, that it deſtroys them not, as we ſee it daily doth thoſe that venture upon the ſea, and are there ſhipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed Haddocks; when we that are ſo wiſe as to keep ourſelves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will ſay a little, and then leave Mr. *Piſcator* to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble perſons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that *Xenophon* beſtowed on his *Cyrus*, that he was a hunter of wild beaſts. Hunting

and that both in the Dictionary of Dr. *Adam Littleton*, and that of *Phillips*, entitled the *World of Words*, it occurs; the firſt renders it *Putorius mus Ponticus*; the latter a kind of Polecat. In *Junius* it is *Fullmer*, and ſaid to be *idem quod* Polecat; but in this interpretation they ſeem all to be miſtaken, for *Walton* here mentions the Polecat by name, as does alſo Dame *Juliana Barnes* in her book.

* See a very curious and entertaining account of the induſtry and ſagacity of this little inſect in the *Guardian*, N° 156.

trains up the younger nobility to the uſe of manly exerciſes in their riper age. What more manly exerciſe than hunting the Wild Boar, the Stag, the Buck, the Fox or the Hare? how doth it preſerve health, and increaſe ſtrength and activity!

And for the dogs that we uſe, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deſerve? How perfect is the hound at ſmelling, who never leaves or forſakes his firſt ſcent, but follows it through ſo many changes and varieties of other ſcents, even over, and in the water, and into the earth! What muſick doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whoſe heart and ears are ſo happy as to be ſet to the tune of ſuch inſtruments! How will a right Greyhound fix his eye on the beſt Buck in a herd, ſingle him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of raſcal game, and ſtill know and then kill him! For my Hounds I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of thoſe with whom we diſcourſe daily.

I might enlarge myſelf in the commendation of Hunting, and of the noble Hound eſpecially, as alſo of the docibleneſs of dogs in general; and I might make many obſervations of land-creatures, that for compoſition, order, figure, and conſtitution, approach neareſt to the compleatneſs and underſtanding of man; eſpecially of thoſe creatures which *Moſes* in the law permitted to the *Jews*, which have cloven hoofs and chew the cud; which I ſhall forbear to name, becauſe I will not be ſo uncivil to Mr. *Piſcator*, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of Angling, which he calls an art; but doubtleſs it is an eaſy one: and Mr. *Auceps*, I doubt we ſhall hear a watery diſcourſe of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

Aut. And I hope ſo too, though I fear it will.

Piſc. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepoſſeſs you. I confeſs my diſcourſe is like to prove ſuitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we ſeldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praiſe him

or

or pray to him; if others uſe it vainly in the midſt of their recreations, ſo vainly as if they meant to conjure, I muſt tell you, it is neither our fault or our cuſtom; we proteſt againſt it. But, pray remember I accuſe no-body; for as I would not make a watery diſcourſe, ſo I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raiſe the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's*. And ſo much for the prologue to what I mean to ſay.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldeſt daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did firſt move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, thoſe that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their noſtrils, muſt ſuddenly return to putrefaction. *Moſes*, the great lawgiver and chief philoſopher, ſkilled in all the learning of the *Egyptians*, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the firſt in the creation; this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did firſt move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philoſophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and moſt allow it the chiefeſt in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profeſs to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonſtrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like ſpeedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh them all together after the tree is increaſed from its firſt rooting, to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was firſt rooted and weighed; and you ſhall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increaſe of wood to

* A handſome reproof of *Venator* for the ſarcaſm at the end of his diſcourſe, and of *Auceps* for adopting it.

be

be from water or rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm alſo the ſame may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair teſtimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulneſs without ſhowers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruits are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by ſtreams that run under ground, whoſe natural courſe carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we ſee by ſeveral ſprings breaking forth on the tops of the higheſt hills; and this is alſo witneſſed by the daily trial and teſtimony of ſeveral miners.

Nay, the increaſe of thoſe creatures that are bred and fed in the water, are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of ſickneſs; for it is obſerved by the moſt learned phyſicians, that the caſting off of Lent, and other fiſh-days, which hath not only given the lye to ſo many learned, pious, wiſe founders of colleges, for which we ſhould be aſhamed, has doubtleſs been the chief cauſe of thoſe many putrid, ſhaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more ſubject than thoſe wiſer countries that feed on herbs, ſallets, and plenty of fiſh; of which it is obſerved in ſtory, that the greateſt part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that *Moſes*, *Lev.* xi. 9. *Deut.* xiv. 9. appointed fiſh to be the chief diet for the beſt commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is obſervable, not only that there are fiſh, as namely the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is ſo fierce in battle, but that the mighticſt feaſts have been of fiſh. The *Romans*, in the height of their glory, have made fiſh the miſtreſs of all their entertainments; they have had muſick to uſher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which

they

they would purchaſe at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that ſhall view the writings of *Macrobius* * or *Varro* †, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fiſh and fiſh-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almoſt loſt myſelf, which I confeſs I may eaſily do in this philoſophical diſcourſe; I met with moſt of it very lately, and, I hope, happily, in a conference with a moſt learned phyſician, Dr. *Wharton* ‡, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of angling. But however, I will wade no deeper in theſe myſterious arguments, but paſs to ſuch obſervations as I can manage with more pleaſure, and leſs fear of running into error. But I muſt not yet forſake the waters, by whoſe help we have ſo many known advantages.

And firſt, to paſs by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the ſea for our daily traffick, without which we could not now ſubſiſt! How does it not only furniſh us with food and phyſick for the bodies, but with ſuch obſervations for the mind as ingenious perſons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of *Florence*, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in, and near unto old and new *Rome*, ſo many as it is ſaid will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient conſideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that ſo learned and devout a father as St. *Jerome*, after his

* *Aurelius Macrobius*, a learned writer of the fourth century; he was chamberlain to the Emperor *Theodoſius*. *Fabricius* makes it a queſtion whether he was a Chriſtian, or a Pagan. His works are, A Commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis* of *Cicero*, in two books; and *Saturnalia Convivia*, in ſeven. Beſides theſe, he was the Author of many, which are loſt.

† *Marcus Terentius Varro*, a moſt learned *Roman*, contemporary with *Cicero*, and author, as it is ſaid, of near five hundred volumes. He is one of the beſt writers on agriculture.

‡ Dr. *Thomas Wharton*, an eminent phyſician and excellent anatomiſt, and *Greſham* profeſſor of phyſick. He lived in *Aldersgate-ſtreet*, *London*, and died 1673. *Athen. Oxon.* 522.

wiſh

wish to have seen *Christ* in the *flesh*, and to have heard St. *Paul* preach, makes his third wish, to *have seen Rome in her glory*; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of *Livy*, the choicest of the historians; of *Tully*, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of *Virgil!* These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian, to see there the humble house in which St. *Paul* was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honour of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. *Peter* * and he lie buried together! These are in and near to *Rome*. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see mount *Sion*, *Jerusalem*, and the very sepulchre of our Lord *Jesus!* How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place!

* The Protestants deny not only that St. *Peter* lies buried in the *Vatican*, as the *Romish* writers assert, but that he ever was at *Rome*. See the *Historia Apostolica* of *Lud. Capellus*.—The sense of the Protestants on this point is expressed in the following epigram, alluding to the prænomen of *Peter*, *Simon*, and to the simony practised in that city:

An *Petrus* fuerat *Romæ* sub judice lis est,
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.

Many that *Peter* ne'er saw *Rome* declare,
But all must own that *Simon* hath been there.

Of which that may be observed which I have heard said of libels, "the more true the more provoking;" and this the author, *John Owen*, the famous epigrammatist, found to his cost; for his uncle, a Papist, was so stung by these lines, that, in revenge, he disinherited him, and doomed him to extreme poverty the remainder of his life. *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 471. The Romanists have also taken their revenge on the book that contains them, by inserting it in their *Index Expurgatorius*. Ibid.

Gentlemen, leſt I forget myſelf I will ſtop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor iſland muſt remain ignorant that ſuch things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and loſe myſelf in ſuch like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is ſaid to have ſpoken to a fiſh, but never to a beaſt; that he hath made a whale a ſhip to carry and ſet his prophet *Jonah* ſafe on the appointed ſhore. Of theſe I might ſpeak, but I muſt in manners break off, for I ſee *Theobalds* houſe. I cry you mercy for being ſo long, and thank you for your patience.

Auceps. Sir, my pardon is eaſily granted you: I except againſt nothing that you have ſaid; nevertheleſs, I muſt part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very ſorry; but I aſſure you, Mr. *Piſcator*, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourſelf, but your recreation. And ſo gentlemen, God keep you both.

Piſc. Well, now Mr. *Venator*, you ſhall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your diſcourſe concerning hunting.

Venat. Not I, Sir, I remember you ſaid that angling itſelf was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not eaſily attained to; and you have ſo won upon me in your former diſcourſe, that I am very deſirous to hear what you can ſay further concerning thoſe particulars.

Piſc. Sir, I did ſay ſo, and I doubt not but if you and I did converſe together but a few hours, to leave you poſſeſt with the ſame high and happy thoughts that now poſſeſs me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deſerves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wiſe man.

Venat. Pray, Sir, ſpeak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatch'd-houſe, during which walk, I dare promiſe you, my patience and diligent attention ſhall not be wanting. And if you ſhall

make

make that to appear which you have undertaken, firſt, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I ſhall beg that I may attend you a day or two a fiſhing, and that I may become your ſcholar, and be inſtructed in the art itſelf which you ſo much magnify.

Piſc. O, Sir, doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Flie? a Trout! that is more ſharp-ſighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold *? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfaſt: doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning: the queſtion is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is ſomewhat like poetry, men are to be born ſo: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by diſcourſe and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, muſt not only bring an enquiring, ſearching, obſerving wit, but he muſt bring a large meaſure of hope and patience, and a love and propenſity to the art itſelf †; but

* This is a miſtake: it was *Auceps*, and not *Venator*, that named the Hawks; and *Auceps* had before taken his leave of theſe his companions.

† *Markham*, in his *Country Contentments*, has a whole chapter on the ſubject of *the Angler's apparel, and inward qualities*; ſome of which are, "That he be a general ſcholar, and ſeen in all the "liberal ſciences; as a *grammarian*, to know how to write, or diſ-"courſe, of his art in true and fitting terms. He ſhould," ſays he, "have *ſweetneſs of ſpeech*, to entice others to delight in an exerciſe ſo "much laudable. He ſhould have *ſtrength of argument* to de-"fend and maintain his profeſſion againſt envy and ſlander." Thou ſeeſt, reader, how eaſily the author has diſpatched *Grammar*, *Rhetoric*, and *Logic*, three of the liberal ſciences; and his reaſons are not a whit leſs convincing, with reſpect to the other four.

A man would think now, that with proper baits, good tackle in his pannier, and ſo much ſcience in his head, our angler would ſtand a pretty good chance to catch fiſh; but, alas! thoſe are little to the purpoſe, without the Chriſtian virtues of *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*; and unleſs two at leaſt of the *cardinal virtues* can be perſuaded to go a fiſhing, the angler may as well ſtay at home: for hear

but having once got and practiſed it, then doubt not, but angling will prove to be ſo pleaſant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itſelf.

Venat. Sir, I am now become ſo full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propoſe.

Piſc. Then firſt, for the antiquity of angling, of which I ſhall not ſay much, but only this; ſome ſay it is as ancient as *Deucalion*'s flood: others, that *Belus*, who was the firſt inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the firſt inventor of angling: and ſome others ſay, for former times have had their diſquiſitions about the antiquity of it, that *Seth*, one of the ſons of *Adam*, taught it to his ſons, and that by them it was derived to poſterity: others ſay, that he left it engraven on thoſe pillars which he erected, and truſted to preſerve the knowledge of the mathematicks, muſick, and the reſt of that precious knowledge, and thoſe uſeful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble induſtry, were thereby preſerved from periſhing in *Noah*'s flood *.

what Mr. *Markham* ſays as to *fortitude:* "Then muſt he be "*ſtrong* and *valiant*; neither to be amazed with ſtorms, nor af- "frighted with thunder: and if he is not *temperate*, but has a "gnawing ſtomach, that will not endure much faſting, but muſt "obſerve hours; it troubleth the mind and body, and loſeth "that delight which maketh the paſtime only pleaſing."

There is no doubt but *Walton* had this chapter of *Markham* in his eye; and as there is a humourous ſolemnity in thus attempting to dignify an art, which ſurely borrows as little of its perfection from *learning* as any that is practiſed, it was thought it might divert the reader to quote it.

* Thoſe that ſay this are very ſafe in their aſſertion, for there is no remaining evidence to contradict it. It may however be obſerved, that the ſame has been ſaid in favour of many other arts, and if I miſtake not, of the *Hermetic Science* and *Free Maſonry*; concerning the former whereof, *Aſhmole* has the confidence to affirm, that by means of it, *Adam* and the fathers before the Flood, as alſo *Abraham*, *Moſes*, and *Solomon*, wrought many wonders. See the *Prolegomena* to his *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, in which there is more ſuch nonſenſe and abſurdity.

Theſe,

Theſe, Sir, have been the opinions of ſeveral men, that have poſſibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I ſhall content myſelf in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet *Amos*, mention is made of fiſh-hooks; and in the book of *Job*, which was long before the days of *Amos*, for that book is ſaid to be writ by *Moſes*, mention is made alſo of fiſh-hooks, which muſt imply anglers in thoſe times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myſelf a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffenſive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond oſtentation of riches, or wanting thoſe virtues myſelf, boaſt that theſe were in my anceſtors, and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient deſcent and ſuch merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that perſon: ſo if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, ſhall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profeſs to love and practiſe, I ſhall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I ſhall ſay no more, but proceed to that juſt commendation which I think it deſerves.

And for that I ſhall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath riſen, and it remains yet unreſolved, whether the happineſs of man in this world doth conſiſt more in contemplation or action*?

Concerning which ſome have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the firſt, by ſaying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they ſay, that God enjoys himſelf only by a contemplation of his own in-

* This is a queſtion which many perſons of wit, eſpecially among the *Italian* writers, have diſcuſſed; a diſquiſition, in the judgment of Lord *Clarendon*, about as profitable, as whether a long journey is beſt undertaken on a *black* or a *bay* horſe. *See Lord* Clarendon's *Tracts*, pag. 167.

finiteneſs, eternity, power and goodneſs, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloiſteral men of great learning and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers ſeem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to *Martha*, *Luke* x. 41, 42.

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent, as namely experiments in phyſick, and the application of it, both for the eaſe and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to ſerve his country, or do good to particular perſons; and they ſay alſo, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human ſociety; and for theſe, and other like reaſons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I ſhall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and reſt myſelf contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both theſe meet together, and do moſt properly belong to the moſt honeſt, ingenuous, quiet, and harmleſs art of angling.

And firſt, I ſhall tell you what ſome have obſerved, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very ſitting by the river's ſide is not only the quieteſt and fitteſt place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this ſeems to be maintained by the learned *Peter du Moulin* *, who in his diſcourſe of the fulfilling of prophecies, obſerves, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deſarts or the ſea-ſhore, that having ſo ſeparated them from amidſt the preſs of people and buſineſs, and the cares of the world, he might ſettle their mind in a quiet repoſe, and there make them fit for revelation.

* Dr. *Peter du Moulin*, Prebendary of *Canterbury*, and author of ſeveral pieces in the *Romiſh* controverſy.

And

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of *Israel*, *Psal.* cxxxvii. who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and musick from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of *Babylon*, sat down upon those banks bemoaning the ruins of *Sion*, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenuous *Spaniard* † says, that "rivers "and the inhabitants of the watry element were made "for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by "without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sate quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in *Epirus*, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river *Selarus* in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone: and our *Camden* mentions the like in *England*, and the like in *Lochmere* in *Ireland*. There is also a river in *Arabia*, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour.

† It has been said that the person here meant was *John Valdesso*, mentioned in the Life of *Walton* preceding, and that the passage in the text occurs in his *Considerations*; but upon a careful perusal of that book for the purpose, no such sentiment has been found.

And one of no leſs credit than *Ariſtotle*, tells us of a merry river, the river *Eluſina*, that dances at the noiſe of muſick, for with muſick it bubbles, dances, and grows ſandy, and ſo continues till the muſick ceaſes, but then it preſently returns to its wonted calmneſs and clearneſs. And *Camden* tells us of a well near to *Kirby* in *Weſtmoreland*, that ebbs and flows ſeveral times every day: and he tells us of a river in *Surrey*, it is called *Mole*, that after it has run ſeveral miles, being oppoſed by hills, finds or makes itſelf a way under ground, and breaks out again ſo far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boaſt, as the *Spaniards* do of their river *Anus*, that they feed divers flocks of ſheep upon a bridge. And laſtly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no leſs authority than *Joſephus*, that learned *Jew*, tells us of a river in *Judea*, that runs ſwiftly all the ſix days of the week, and ſtands ſtill and reſts all their ſabbath.

But I will lay aſide my diſcourſe of rivers, and tell you ſome things of the monſters, or fiſh, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. *Pliny* the philoſopher ſays, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the *Indian* ſea, the fiſh called the *Balæna* or Whirl-pool, is ſo long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground, and of other fiſh of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river *Ganges*, there be Eels of thirty feet long. He ſays there, that theſe monſters appear in that ſea only when the tempeſtuous winds oppoſe the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and ſo turning what lay at the bottom to be ſeen on the waters top. And he ſays, that the people of *Cadara*, an iſland near this place, make the timber for their houſes of thoſe fiſh-bones. He there tells us, that there are ſometimes a thouſand of theſe great Eels found wrapt, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love muſick, and will come, when called for, by ſome men or boys, that know and uſe to feed them, and that they can ſwim as ſwift as an arrow can be ſhot out of a bow;

and

and much of this is ſpoken concerning the dolphin, and other fiſh, as may be found alſo in the learned Dr. *Caſaubon's* * diſcourſe of credulity and incredulity, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we iſlanders are averſe to the belief of theſe wonders; but, there be ſo many ſtrange creatures to be now ſeen, many collected by *John Tradeſcant* †, and others

* *Meric*, ſon of *Iſaac Caſaubon*, born at *Geneva* in 1599, but educated at *Oxford*, was, for his great learning, preferred to a Prebend in the Cathedral of *Canterbury*, and the Rectory of *Ickham* near that city. *Oliver Cromwell* would have engaged him by a penſion of 300*l.* a year to write the hiſtory of his time, but *Caſaubon* refuſed it. Of many books extant of his writing, that mentioned in the text is one. He died in 1671, leaving behind him the character of a religious man, loyal to his Prince, exemplary in his life and converſation, and very charitable to the poor.—*Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. 485. edit. 1721.

† There were it ſeems three of the *Tradeſcants*, grand-father, father, and ſon: the ſon is the perſon here meant; the two former were Gardeners to Queen *Elizabeth*, and the latter to King *Charles* the Iſt. They were all great botaniſts, and collectors of natural and other curioſities, and dwelt at *South Lambeth* in *Surrey*; and dying there, were buried in *Lambeth* Church-yard. Mr. *Aſhmole* contracted an acquaintance with the laſt of them, and together with his wife boarded at his houſe for a ſummer, during which *Aſhmole* agreed for the purchaſe of *Tradeſcant's* collection, and the ſame was conveyed to him by a deed of gift from *Tradeſcant* and his wife. *Tradeſcant* ſoon after died, and *Aſhmole* was obliged to file a bill in the Court of Chancery for the delivery of the curioſities, and ſucceeded in his ſuit. Mrs. *Tradeſcant* ſhortly after the pronouncing the decree, was found drowned in her pond. This collection, with what additions he afterwards made to it, Mr. *Aſhmole* gave to the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and ſo became the Founder of the *Aſhmolean Muſeum*. A monument for all the three *Tradeſcants*, very curiouſly ornamented with ſculptures, is to be ſeen in *Lambeth* Church-yard; and a repreſentation thereof in four plates, and alſo ſome particulars of the family, is given in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, Volume LXIII. Part I. p. 79, *et ſeq.* The monument, by the contribution of ſome friends to their memory, was in the year 1778 repaired, and the following lines, formerly intended for an epitaph, inſerted thereon:

"Know, ſtranger, e'er thou paſs, beneath this ſtone
Lie *John Tradeſcant*, grandſire, father, ſon.
The laſt dy'd in his ſpring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travelled art and nature thro'.

others added by my friend *Elias Aſhmole*, Eſq; who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his houſe near to *Lambeth* near *London* ‡, as may get ſome belief of ſome of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you ſome of the wonders, that you may now ſee, and not till then believe, unleſs you think fit.

You may there ſee the Hog-fiſh, the Dog-fiſh, the Dolphin, the Coney-fiſh, the Parrot-fiſh, the Shark,

As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in ſeas, in air:
Whilſt they (as *Homer*'s Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one cloſet ſhut.
Theſe famous Antiquarians that had been
Both Gardeners to the roſe and lilly Queen,
Tranſplanted now themſelves, ſleep here; and when
Angels ſhall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire ſhall purge the world, theſe hence ſhall riſe
And change their gardens for a Paradiſe."

The *Tradeſcants* were the firſt collectors of natural curioſities in this kingdom; *Aſhmole* and Sir *Hans Sloane* were the next: the generous ſpirit of theſe perſons ſeems to have been transfuſed into, and at preſent to reſide in, a private Gentleman of unbounded curioſity and liberality, Sir *Aſhton Lever*; whoſe collections for beauty, variety, and copiouſneſs, exceed all deſcription, and ſurpaſs every thing of the kind in the known world.

‡ *Aſhmole* was at firſt a Solicitor in Chancery; but marrying a lady with a large fortune, and being well ſkilled in hiſtory and antiquities, he was promoted to the office of *Windſor* Herald, and wrote the *Hiſtory of the Order of the Garter*, publiſhed in 1672, in folio, but addicting himſelf to the then faſhionable ſtudies of chemiſtry and judicial aſtrology; and aſſociating himſelf with that ſilly, crack-brained enthuſiaſt *John Aubrey*, Eſq; of *Surrey*, and that egregious impoſtor, *Lilly* the Aſtrologer, he became a dupe to the knavery of the one and the follies of both; and loſt in a great meaſure the reputation he had acquired by this, and other of his writings. Of his weakneſs and ſuperſtition he has left on record this memorable inſtance, "11th *April*, 1681, I took, "early in the morning, a good doſe of elixir, and *hung three* "*ſpiders about my neck*; and they drove my ague away. *Deo* "*gratias*." See *Memoirs of the Life of that Antiquarian* Elias Aſhmole, *Eſq; drawn up by himſelf by way of diary, publiſhed by* Charles Burman, *Eſq*; 12mo. 1717.

the

the Poiſon-fiſh, Sword-fiſh, and not only other incredible fiſh; but you may there ſee the Salamander, ſeveral ſorts of Barnacles, of Solan Geeſe, the Bird of Paradiſe, ſuch ſorts of Snakes, and ſuch Bird's-neſts, and of ſo various forms, and ſo wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amuſement in any beholder: and ſo, many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I ſpake of, the leſs incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are nature's ſtore-houſe, in which ſhe locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, leſt this diſcourſe may ſeem tedious, I ſhall give it a ſweet concluſion out of that holy poet Mr. *George Herbert*, his divine contemplation on God's providence.

Lord, who hath praiſe enough, nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are ſo many,
And ſo compleat, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, tranſcendent and divine;
Who doſt ſo ſtrangely and ſo ſweetly move,
Whilſt all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, moſt ſacred Spirit, I here preſent
For me, and all my fellows, praiſe to thee;
And juſt it is that I ſhould pay the rent,
Becauſe the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fiſh, in that pſalm, *Pſal.* civ. wherein for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet *David* ſeems even to exceed himſelf, how doth he there expreſs himſelf in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the ſea, the rivers, and the fiſh therein contained! And the great naturaliſt *Pliny* ſays, "That nature's great "and wonderful power is more demonſtrated in the "ſea than on the land." And this may appear, by the

the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element, as to the readers of *Gesner* *, *Rondeletius* †, *Pliny*, *Ausonius* ‡, *Aristotle*, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine *du Bartas* §, who says,

du Bartas, in the fifth day.

God quickened in the sea and in the rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
For seas as well as skies have Sun, Moon, Stars;
As well as air Swallows, Rooks, and Starrs ‖;

* *Conrade Gesner*, an eminent physician and naturalist, was born at *Zurich* in 1516. His skill in botany and natural history was such as procured him the appellation of the *Pliny* of *Germany*: and *Beza*, who knew him, scruples not to assert, that he concentred in himself the learning of *Pliny* and *Varro*. Nor was he more distinguished for his learning, than esteemed and beloved for that probity and sweetness of manners, which rendered him conspicuous through the course of his life: notwithstanding which, he laboured under the pressure of poverty, to a degree that compelled him to write for sustenance, and that in such haste, that his works, which are very numerous, are not exempt from marks of it. Besides a *Bibliotheca sive Catalogus Scriptorum, Lat. Gr. & Hebr. tam extantium quam non extantium*. Tig. 1545–48. he wrote *Historia Animalium*, and *De Serpentum naturâ*, to both which works *Walton* frequently refers. This excellent person died in 1565.

† *Guillaume Rondelet*, an eminent physician, born at *Montpelier* in *Languedoc*, 1507; he wrote several books, and a treatise *De Piscibus Marinis*, where all that *Walton* has taken from him is to be found. He died very poor, of a surfeit occasioned by eating of figs to excess, in 1566.

‡ *Decius Ausonius*, a native of *Bourdeaux*, was a *Latin* poet, consul of *Rome*, and preceptor to the emperor *Gratian*. He died about 390.

§ *Guillaume* de *Saluste* Sieur *du Bartas*, was a poet of great reputation in *Walton*'s time. He wrote, in *French*, a poem called *Divine Weeks and Works*; from whence the passage in the text, and many others cited in this work, are extracted. This, with his other *delightful* works, was translated into *English* by *Joshua Sylvester*.

‖ Or *Starlings*, Minsheu.

As well earth Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Melons,
Muſhrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions,
Of other plants, more rare, more ſtrange than theſe,
As very fiſhes living in the ſeas:
As alſo Rams, Calves, Horſes, Hares and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants, and Dogs;
Yea men and maids, and which I moſt admire,
The mitred Biſhop, and the cowled Friar ‡.
Of which, examples but a few years ſince,
Were ſhewn the Norway *and* Polonian *prince.*

‡ This ſtory of the Biſhop-fiſh is told by *Rondeletius*, and vouched by *Bellonius*; without taking much pains in the tranſlation, it is as follows: "In the year 1531, a fiſh was taken in *Polonia*, that re- "preſented a biſhop; he was brought to the king; but ſeeming "to deſire to return to his own element, the king commanded "him to be carried back to the ſea, into which he immediately "threw himſelf." *Rondeletius* had before related a ſtory of a Monk-fiſh, which is what *du Bartas* means by the "cowled "Frier." The reader may ſee the portraits of theſe wonderful perſonages in *Rondeletius*, or in the poſthumous works of the reverend and learned Mr. *John Gregory*, in 4to. *Lond.* 1683, pag. 121, 122, where they are thus exhibited:

Stow,

These seem to be wonders, but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them; nor are the number, nor the various shapes of fishes, more strange or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations and actions; concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an Angler doth his line, she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish *, being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it, at which time she by little and little draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason, some have called this fish the Sea-angler.

* *Mont.* Essays, and others, affirm this.

And there is a fish called a Hermit, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and like a hermit dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather,

Stow, in his Annals, p. 157, from the Chronicle of *Radulphus Coggeshale*, gives the following relation of a sea-monster taken on the coast of *Suffolk*, Temp. *Hen.* II.

" Neare unto *Orford* in *Suffolk*, certaine fishers of the sea tooke " in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points, " which fish was kept by *Bartlemew de Glanville*, custos of the " castle of *Orford*, in the same castle, by the space of six moneths " and more, for a wonder: he spake not a word. All manner of " meates he did eate, but most greedily raw fish, after he had " crushed out the moisture. Oftentimes he was brought to the " *church*, where he *shewed no tokens of adoration*." At length, says this author, when he was not well looked to, he stole away to the sea, and never after appeared. The wisdom of these fishermen, in taking the monster to church, calls to remembrance many instances of similar sagacity recorded of the wise men of *Gotham*. Finding him so indevout, we may suppose them to have been ready to exclaim, with *Caliban* in the *Tempest*,

" By this good light a very shallow monster!"

and

and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish, called by *Ælian* † in his 9th book of living creatures, ch. 16. the *Adonis*, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are also lustful and chaste fishes, of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what *du Bartas* says of a fish called the *Sargus:* which because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words, supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse, for he hath gathered this, and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

The adult'rous Sargus *doth not only change*
Wives every day in the deep streams, but strange!
As if the honey of sea-love delight
Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the *Cantharus*, that which you shall also hear in his own words.

But contrary, the constant Cantharus
Is ever constant to his faithful spouse,
In nuptial duties spending his chaste life,
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

† *Claudius Ælianus* was born at *Præneste* in *Italy*, in the reign of the Emperor *Adrian*. He wrote *de Animalium naturâ*, and on martial discipline.

Ven.

Ven. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be musick, and charms me to an attention.

Pisc. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of Turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth and marry; and that then, the survivor scorns, as the *Thracian* women are said to do, to out-live his or her mate, and this is taken for a truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then not only the living but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true Turtle-dove *.

And to parallel this land-rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl; men that violate the law affirmed by St. *Paul*, *Rom.* ii. 14, 15. to be writ in their hearts, and which he says, shall at the last day condemn and leave them without excuse, I pray hearken to what *du Bartas* sings; for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness, will be musick to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what *du Bartas* sings of the Mullet.

du Bartas, fifth day.

But for chaste love the Mullet *hath no peer;*
For, if the fisher hath surpriz'd her pheer †,

* Of *Swans* it is also said, that, if either of a pair die, or be otherwise separated from its mate, the other does not long survive; and that it is chiefly for this reason that the stealing of Swans is by our law made penal; so as that, "he who stealeth a Swan in an open "and common river, lawfully marked, the same Swan shall be "hung in a house by the beak, and he who stole it shall, in recompence thereof, give to the owner so much wheat as may cover "all the Swan, by putting and turning the wheat upon the head "of the Swan, until the head of the Swan be covered with "wheat," *Coke*'s Reports, Part VII. The case of Swans.

† Or Fellow. So Bed-pheer, Bed-fellow.

As

As mad with wo, to ſhore ſhe followeth,
Preſt ‡ *to conſort him both in life and death.*

On the contrary, what ſhall I ſay of the Houſe-cock, which treads any Hen, and then, contrary to the Swan, the Partridge and Pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed or to cheriſh his own brood, but is ſenſeleſs, though they periſh.

And it is conſiderable, that the Hen, which becauſe ſhe alſo takes any Cock expects it not, who is ſure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impreſſion her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to ſuch a height, that our Saviour, in expreſſing his love to *Jeruſalem*, *Matt.* xxiii. 37.* quotes her for an example of tender affection; as his Father had done *Job* for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this Cock, there be divers fiſhes that caſt their ſpawn on flags or ſtones, and then leave it uncovered, and expoſed to become a prey, and be devoured by vermin, or other fiſhes; but other fiſhes, as namely the Barbel, take ſuch care for the preſervation of their ſeed, that, unlike to the Cock or the Cuckoe, they mutually labour, both the ſpawner and the melter, to cover their ſpawn with ſand, or watch it, or hide it in ſome ſecret place, unfrequented by vermin, or by any fiſh but themſelves.

Sir, theſe examples may, to you and others, ſeem ſtrange; but they are teſtified ſome by *Ariſtotle*, ſome by *Pliny*, ſome by *Geſner*, and by many others of credit, and are believed and known by divers, both of wiſdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I ſaid at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a moſt ſerious and a moſt pious man. And doubtleſs this made the prophet *David* ſay, "They that occupy "themſelves in deep waters, ſee the wonderful works "of God:" indeed ſuch wonders and pleaſures too, as the land affords not.

‡ *Preſt* from the French *prêt*, Lat. *paratus*, ready, prepared. So Pſalm CIV. old verſion.

He maketh his ſpirites as heralds to go,
And lightnings to ſerve we ſee alſo *preſt*.

Vide Gloſſarie to *Robert* of *Glouceſter* and to *Peter Langtoft*. Edit. *Hearne*.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the moſt prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, ſeems to be teſtified by the practice of ſo many devout and contemplative men, as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old, and of the Apoſtles of our Saviour in our latter times; of which twelve, we are ſure he choſe four that were ſimple fiſhermen, whom he inſpired and ſent to publiſh his bleſſed will to the *Gentiles*, and inſpired them alſo with a power to ſpeak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving *Jews:* and themſelves to ſuffer for that Saviour, whom their fore-fathers and they had crucified; and, in their ſufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlaſting life. This was the employment of theſe happy fiſhermen, concerning which choice, ſome have made theſe obſervations.

Firſt, That he never reproved theſe for their employment or calling, as he did Scribes and the Money-changers. And ſecondly, He found that the hearts of ſuch men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietneſs; men of mild, and ſweet, and peaceable ſpirits, as indeed moſt Anglers are: theſe men our bleſſed Saviour, who is obſerved to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet theſe men he choſe to call from their irreproveable employment of fiſhing, and gave them grace to be his diſciples, and to follow him and do wonders; I ſay four of twelve.

And it is obſervable, that it was our Saviour's will, that theſe our four fiſhermen ſhould have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apoſtles, *Matt.* x. as namely, firſt St. *Peter*, St. *Andrew*, St. *James*, and St. *John*, and then the reſt in their order.

And it is yet more obſervable, that when our bleſſed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the reſt of his diſciples, and choſe only three to bear him company at his transfiguration, that thoſe three were all fiſhermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other Apoſtles, after they betook themſelves to follow *Chriſt*, betook themſelves to be fiſhermen too; for it is certain, that

that the greater number of them were found together fishing by *Jesus* after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the xxist chapter of St. *John*'s gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man, who observes, that God hath been pleased to allow those, whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in holy writ, yet, to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to; and he brings *Solomon* for an example, who before his conversion was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's appointment, wrote that spiritual dialogue or holy amorous love-song the *Canticles*, betwixt God and his church; in which he says, his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of *Heshbon*.

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that *Moses*, who, I told you before, writ the book of *Job*, and the prophet *Amos*, who was a shepherd, were both Anglers; for you shall in all the Old Testament find fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek *Moses* the friend of God, and by the humble prophet *Amos* *.

Concerning which last, namely, the prophet *Amos*, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet *Isaiah*, though they be both equally true, may easily believe *Amos* to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured, plain fisherman.

* *Walton* was a good scripturist, and therefore can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant of the passage in *Isaiah*, chap. xix. 8. "The fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast *angle* in the "brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters "shall languish." Which words as they do but *imply* the use of *fish-hooks*, he might think not directly to his purpose; but in the translation of the above prophet by the learned Bishop *Lowth*, who himself assures me that the word *hook* is truly rendered, the passage stands thus:

"And the fishers shall mourn and lament;
"All those that cast *the hook* in the river;
"And those that spread nets on the face of the waters shall languish."

Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble epistles of St. *Peter*, St. *James*, and St. *John*, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. *Paul*, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing, it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. *Peter* cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to *Cæsar*. And let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the voyages of *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* *, shall find, that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing.

And he that reads *Plutarch*, shall find that Angling was not contemptible in the days of *Mark Antony* and *Cleopatra*, and that they in the midst of their wonderful glory used Angling as a principal recreation †. And

* A traveller, whose veracity is much questioned.

† I must here so far differ from my author as to say, that if Angling was not contemptible in the days of *Mark Antony* and *Cleopatra*, that illustrious prostitute endeavoured to make it so. The fact related by *Plutarch* is the following:

"It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies; "but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to "angle with *Cleopatra*, and being so unfortunate as to catch no- "thing in the presence of his mistress, he was very much vexed, "and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and "put fishes that had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he "had drawn up two or three, *Cleopatra* perceived the trick; she "pretended, however, to be surprized at his good fortune and "dexterity, told it to all her friends, and invited them to come "and see him fish the next day. Accordingly a very large com- "pany went out in the fishing vessels, and as soon as *Antony* had "let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be be- "fore hand with *Antony*'s, and, diving into the water, to fix upon "his hook a salted fish, one of those which were brought from the "*Euxine Sea*."

The story here told affords matter of serious reflection: behold here two persons of the highest rank, who had exhausted all the sources of sensual delight; their appetites palled, and every gratification rendered tasteless, stooping to partake of the recreations of the meaner sort; and of tyrants, and persecutors of their fellow-creatures to become the deceivers of silly fish, and of each other. Doubtless we may suppose that long before the tragical end which they severally made of a profligate and wicked life, they

let me tell you, that in the Scripture, Angling is always taken in the beſt ſenſe; and that though hunting may be ſometimes ſo taken, yet it is but ſeldom to be ſo underſtood. And let me add this more, he that views the ancient eccleſiaſtical canons, ſhall find hunting to be forbidden to church-men, as being a turbulent, toilſome, perplexing recreation; and ſhall find Angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmleſs recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietneſs.

I might here enlarge myſelf, by telling you what commendations our learned *Perkins* beſtows on Angling; and how dear a lover, and great a practiſer of it our learned Dr. *Whitaker* * was, as indeed many others

were grown tired and ſick of the world; and had frequent occaſion to exclaim; and that with greater reaſon than their predeceſſor in worldly glory, that all the pomp and ſplendor of dominion, all the power and authority reſulting from regal grandeur, all ambitious enterprizes, all merely human projects, purſuits, and pleaſures, without a tranquil and compoſed mind, ſuch as God vouchſafes only to the meek and humble, are vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

* *William Perkins* was a learned divine, and a pious and painful Preacher: Dr. *William Whitaker*, an able writer in the Romiſh controverſy, and Regius Profeſſor of Divinity in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*. They both flouriſhed at the latter end of the ſixteenth century. I remark the extreme caution of our author in this paſſage; for he ſays not of *Perkins*, as he does of *Whitaker*, that he was a practiſer of, but only that he beſtows (in ſome of his writings we muſt conclude) great commendations on angling. *Perkins* had the misfortune to want the uſe of his right hand: as we find intimated in this diſtich on him:

Dextera quantumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
Pollebas mirâ dexteritate tamen.

Though nature hath thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writeſt with thy hand that's left.

And therefore can hardly be ſuppoſed capable of even baiting his hook.

The fact reſpecting *Whitaker* is thus atteſted by Dr. *Fuller*, in his *Holy State*, book iii. chap. 13. "Fiſhing with an angle is to "ſome rather a torture than a pleaſure, to ſtand an hour as mute "as the fiſh they mean to take, yet herewithal Dr. *Whitaker* was "much delighted."

others of great learning have been. But I will content myſelf with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I alſo take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

The firſt is Dr. *Nowel*, ſometimes dean of the cathedral church of St. *Paul*'s in *London*, where
1550. his monument ſtands yet undefaced *; a man that in the reformation of Queen *Elizabeth*, not that of *Henry* VIII. was ſo noted for his meek ſpirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then parliament and convocation both, choſe, enjoined, and truſted him to be the man to make a catechiſm for public uſe, ſuch a one as ſhould ſtand as a rule for faith and manners to their poſterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard queſtions, like an honeſt Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechiſm which is printed with our good old Service-book †. I ſay, this good man was a dear

To theſe examples of divines, lovers of angling, I here add that of Dr. *Leigh*, the preſent Maſter of *Baliol* College, *Oxford*, who, though turned of ninety, makes it the recreation of his vacant hours.

* Dr. *Alexander Nowel*, a learned divine and a famous preacher in the reign of King *Edw.* VI. upon whoſe death he, with many other Proteſtants, fled to *Germany*, where he lived many years. In 1561 he was made dean of St. *Paul*'s; and in 1601 died. The monument mentioned in the text was undoubtedly conſumed with the church in the fire of *London*; but the inſcription thereon is preſerved in *Stow*'s Survey, edit. 1633, page 362. See *Athen. Oxon.* 313. An engraving of the monument itſelf is in *Dugdale*'s Hiſtory of St. *Paul*'s Cathedral.

† The queſtion who was the compiler of our church catechiſm, muſt, I fear, be reckoned among the *deſiderata* of our eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. It is certain that *Nowel* drew up two catechiſms, a greater and a leſs; the latter in the title as it ſtands in the *Engliſh* tranſlation, expreſsly directed "to be learned of all youth, next "after the little Catechiſme appoynted in the Booke of Common "Prayer." But beſides that, both were originally written in *Latin*, and tranſlated by other hands; the leſſer, though declared to be an abridgement of the greater, was at leaſt twenty times longer than that in the common prayer book. And whereas *Walton* ſays, that in the reformation of *Elizabeth*, the then parliament enjoined *Nowel*

dear lover, and conſtant practiſer of Angling, as any age can produce; and his cuſtom was to ſpend beſides his fixed hours of prayer, thoſe hours which by command of the church were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Chriſtians: I ſay, beſides thoſe hours, this good man was obſerved to ſpend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and alſo, for I have converſed with thoſe which have converſed with him, to beſtow a tenth part of his revenue, and uſually all his fiſh, amongſt the poor that inhabited near to thoſe rivers in which it was caught: ſaying often, "That charity gave life to "religion:" and at his return to his houſe, would praiſe God he had ſpent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmleſsly, and in a recreation that be-

Nowel to make a catechiſm, *&c.* and that he made that which is printed in our old ſervice-book, the catechiſm in queſtion is to be found in both the liturgies of *Edw.* VI. the firſt whereof was ſet forth in 1549, and alſo in his primer, printed in 1552; and *Nowel* is not enumerated among the compilers of the ſervice-book. Further, both the catechiſms of *Nowel* contain the doctrine of the ſacraments, but that in the old ſervice-book is ſilent on that head, and ſo continued, till, upon an objection of the puritans in the conference at *Hampton-Court*, an explanation of the ſacraments was drawn up by Dr. *John Overall*, and printed in the next impreſſion of the Book of Common Prayer. It may further be remarked, that in the conference above-mentioned, the two catechiſms are contradiſtinguiſhed in an expreſſion of Dr. *Reynolds*, who objected, that the catechiſm in the Common Prayer Book was too brief, and that by Dean *Nowel* too long for novices to learn by heart. Vide *Fuller*'s Ch. Hiſt. book x. page 14.

So much of *Walton*'s aſſertion as reſpects the ſanction given to a catechiſm of *Nowel*'s is true, but it was the larger catechiſm, drawn up at the requeſt of ſecretary *Cecil*, and other great perſons, that was ſo approved, and that not by parliament, but by a convocation held *anno* 1562, *temp. Eliz.* Vide *Strype*'s Life of Archbiſhop *Parker*, 202.

From all which particulars it muſt be inferred, that *Walton*'s aſſertion, with reſpect to the catechiſm in the Service-Book, *i. e.* the Book of Common Prayer, is a miſtake; and although *Strype*, in his Memorials, Vol. II. page 422, concludes a catechiſm of *Nowel*'s mentioned in the ſaid book, page 368, *& in loc. cit.* to be the church catechiſm joined ordinarily with our Common Prayer, he alſo muſt have miſunderſtood the fact.

came a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler, as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept in *Brazen-nose College*, to which he was a liberal benefactor; in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are his Angle-rods of several sorts *, and by them this is written, "That he died 13 *Feb.* 1601, being "aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been dean of St. "*Paul*'s church; and that his age had neither im-"paired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weak-"ened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of "his mind weak or useless." It is said that Angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of *Eton College*, Sir *Henry Wotton* †, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed; a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and chearfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man,

* *Fuller*, in his Worthies, *Lancashire*, page 115, has thought it worth recording of this pious and learned divine, and that in language so very quaint as to be but just intelligible, that he was accustomed to fish in the *Thames*, and having one day left his bottle of ale in the grass, on the bank of the river, he found it some days after, *no bottle but a gun, such the found at the opening thereof.* And hence, with what degree of sagacity let the reader determine, he seems to derive the original of bottled ale in *England*. Could he have shewn that the bottle was of leather, it is odds but he had attributed to him, the invention of that noble vehicle, and made

——————his soul in heaven to dwell,
For first devising the leathern bottel;

As in a fit of maudlin devotion sings the author of a humourous and well known old ballad.

† Of whom see an account in the life of *Walton*.

whose

whoſe very approbation of Angling were ſufficient to convince any modeſt cenſurer of it, this man was alſo a moſt dear lover, and a frequent practiſer of the art of Angling; of which he would ſay, "It was an em- " ployment for his idle time, which was then not idly " ſpent:" for Angling was, after tedious ſtudy, "a " reſt to his mind, a chearer of his ſpirits, a diverter " of ſadneſs, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a mode- " rator of paſſions, a procurer of contentedneſs:" and " that it begat habits of peace and patience in thoſe " that profeſſed and practiſed it:" Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmneſs of ſpirit, and a world of other bleſſings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the ſaying of that learned man; and I do eaſily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the chearful heart of Sir *Henry Wotton*; becauſe I know that when he was beyond ſeventy years of age, he made this deſcription of a part of the preſent pleaſure that poſſeſſed him, as he ſat quietly in a ſummer's evening on a bank a fiſhing; it is a deſcription of the ſpring, which, becauſe it glided as ſoft and ſweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I ſhall repeat it unto you.

This day dame Nature ſeem'd in love:
The luſty ſap began to move;
Freſh juice did ſtir th' embracing Vines,
And birds had drawn their Valentines.
The jealous Trout, *that low did lie,*
Roſe at a well-diſſembled flie;
There ſtood my friend, with patient ſkill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves poſſeſt
With the ſwift Pilgrim's * *daubed neſt:*
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's *triumphing voice:*

* The Swallow.

The

The ſhowers were ſhort, the weather mild,
The morning freſh, the evening ſmil'd.
Joan *takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now*
She trips to milk the ſand-red Cow;
Where, for ſome ſturdy foot-ball ſwain,
Joan *ſtrokes a ſyllabub or twain.*
The fields and gardens were beſet
With Tulips, Crocus, Violet;
And now, though late, the modeſt Roſe,
Did more than half a bluſh diſcloſe.
Thus all looks gay, and full of chear,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

Theſe were the thoughts that then poſſeſt the undiſturbed mind of Sir *Henry Wotton*. Will you hear the wiſh of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he alſo ſings in verſe? *viz. Jo. Davors*, Eſq;

Let me live harmleſsly, and near the brink
Of Trent *or* Avon *have a dwelling-place;*
Where I may ſee my quill or cork down ſink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace,
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilſt ſome men ſtrive ill-gotten goods t'embrace;
And others ſpend their time in baſe exceſs
Of wine, or worſe, in war and wantonneſs.

Let them that liſt, theſe paſtimes ſtill purſue,
And on ſuch pleaſing fancies feed their fill,
So I the Fields and Meadows green may view,
And daily by freſh Rivers walk at will,
Among the Daiſies, and the Violets blue,
Red Hyacinth, and yellow Daffodil,
Purple Narciſſus like the morning rays
Pale Gander-graſs, and azure Culver-keyes.

I count it higher pleaſure to behold
The ſtately compaſs of the lofty ſky,
And in the midſt thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye,

The

The watry clouds, that in the air up roll'd,
With ſundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora *lifting up her head,*
Still bluſhing, riſe from old Tithonus *bed.*

The hills and mountains raiſed from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into ſundry veins,
The veins inclos'd with rivers running round;
Theſe rivers making way through nature's chains
With headlong courſe into the ſea profound;
The raging ſea, beneath the vallies low,
Where lakes and rills, and rivulets do flow.

The lofty woods, the foreſts wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves, and branches freſh and green,
In whoſe cool bowers the birds with many a ſong,
Do welcome with their quire the ſummer's Queen:
The meadows fair where Flora's *gifts among*
Are intermixt, with verdant graſs between.
The ſilver-ſcaled fiſh that ſoftly ſwim
Within the ſweet brook's cryſtal, watry ſtream,

All theſe, and many more of his creation,
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth ſee;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how ſtrange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To ſet his heart from other fancies free;
And whilſt he looks on theſe with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the ſtarry ſky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not loſt theſe laſt verſes, becauſe they are ſomewhat more pleaſant and more ſuitable to *May-day*, than my harſh diſcourſe; and I am glad your patience hath held out ſo long, as to hear them and me; for both together, have brought us within the ſight of the *Thatch'd-houſe:* and I muſt be your Debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for

for the reſt of my promiſed diſcourſe, till ſome other opportunity, and a like time of leiſure.

Ven. Sir, you have Angled me on with much pleaſure to the *Thatch'd-houſe*; and I now find your words true, "That good company makes the way ſeem "ſhort;" for truſt me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this houſe till you ſhewed it to me: but now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refreſh ourſelves with a cup of drink and a little reſt.

Piſc. Moſt gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

Ven. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myſelf; for by the help of your good diſcourſe and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the art of Angling, and of all that profeſs it: and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and beſtow one day with me and my friends in hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you, and we two will for that time do nothing but angle, and talk of fiſh and fiſhing.

Piſc. It is a match, Sir, I will not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwell-hill* to-morrow morning before ſun-riſing.

CHAP. II.

Obſervations of the OTTER *and* CHUB.

VENATOR.

MY friend *Piſcator*, you have kept time with my thoughts, for the ſun is juſt riſing, and I myſelf juſt now come to this place, and the dogs have juſt now put down an Otter. Look down at the bottom of the hill there in that meadow, chequered with Water-lilies and Lady-ſmocks; there you may ſee what

what work they make: look, look, you may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.

Pisc. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men all in pursuit of the Otter; let us compliment no longer, but join unto them; come honest *Venator*, let us be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing: no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

Ven. Gentleman Huntsman, where found you this Otter?

Hunt. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place a fishing: she has this morning eaten the greatest part of this Trout; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sun-rise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

Ven. Why, Sir, what is the skin worth?

Hunt. It is worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an Otter, are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

Pisc. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question, Do you hunt a beast or a fish?

Hunt. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of *Carthusians*, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say, that a fish will walk upon land, for an Otter does so sometimes five or six, or ten miles in a night to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish, and I can tell you that Pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast; but Sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats: and I can tell you, that this dog-fisher, for so the *Latins* call him, can smell a fish in the water an hundred yards from him: *Gesner* says much farther, and that his stones are good against the falling

falling ſickneſs: and that there is an herb *Benione*, which being hung in a linen cloth near a fiſh-pond, or any haunt that he uſes, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he ſmells both by water and land; and I can tell you there is brave hunting this water-dog in *Cornwall*, where there have been ſo many, that our learned *Camden* ſays, there is a river called *Otterſey*, which was ſo named, by reaſon of the abundance of Otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter, which you may now ſee above water at vent, and the dogs cloſe with him; I now ſee he will not laſt long, follow therefore, my maſters, follow, for *Sweetlips* was like to have him at this laſt vent.

Ven. Oh me, all the horſe are got over the river, what ſhall we do now? ſhall we follow them over the water?

Hunt. No, Sir, no, be not ſo eager, ſtay a little and follow me, for both they and the dogs will be ſuddenly on this ſide again, I warrant you, and the Otter too, it may be: now have at him with *Kilbuck*, for he vents again.

Ven. Marry ſo he does, for look he vents in that corner. Now, now *Ringwood* has him; now he is gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now *Sweetlips* has her; hold her *Sweetlips!* now all the dogs have her, ſome above and ſome under water; but now, now ſhe is tired, and paſt loſing: come bring her to me, *Sweetlips*. Look, it is a Bitch-otter, and ſhe has lately whelped, let's go to the place where ſhe was put down, and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all to.

Hunt. Come, gentlemen, come all, let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you, hereabout it was that ſhe kennelled; look you, here it was indeed, for here is her young ones, no leſs than five; come let us kill them all.

Piſc. No, I pray, Sir, ſave me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in *Leiceſterſhire*, Mr. *Nich. Seagrave*, has done; who

who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

Hunt. Take one with all my heart, but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley-wine, and sing Old Rose, and all of us rejoice together.

Venat. Come, my friend *Piscator*, let me invite you along with us; I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

Pisc. Sir, your request is granted, and I shall be right glad, both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

Venat. Well, now let's go to your sport of angling.

Pisc. Let's be going with all my heart. God keep you all, gentlemen, and send you meet this day with another Bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Venat. Now, *Piscator*, where will you begin to fish?

Pisc. We are not yet come to a likely place, I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

Venat. Well then, I pray, as we walk tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host, and the company? is not mine host a witty man?

Pisc. Sir, I will tell you presently what I think of your host; but first I will tell you, I am glad these Otters were killed, and I am sorry there are no more Otter-killers: for I know that the want of Otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will in time prove the destruction of all rivers; and those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniencies than are yet foreseen.

Venat. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the fence months?

Pisc. Sir, they be principally three, namely, *March*, *April*, and *May*; for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers, and their fry would about a certain time return back to the salt-water, if they were not hindered by wires

wires and unlawful gins, which the greedy fiſhermen ſet, and ſo deſtroy them by thouſands, as they would, being ſo taught by nature, change the freſh for ſalt water. He that ſhall view the wiſe ſtatutes made in the 13th of *Edward* I. and the like in *Richard* III. may ſee ſeveral proviſions made againſt the deſtruction of fiſh: and though I profeſs no knowledge of the law, yet I am ſure the regulation of theſe defects might be eaſily mended. But I remember that a wiſe friend of mine did uſually ſay, "That which is every body's "buſineſs is nobody's buſineſs." If it were otherwiſe, there could not be ſo many nets and fiſh that are under the ſtatute-ſize ſold daily amongſt us, and of which the conſervators of the waters ſhould be aſhamed *.

But above all, the taking fiſh in ſpawning-time, may be ſaid to be againſt nature; it is like the taking the dam on the neſt when ſhe hatches her young: a ſin ſo againſt nature, that Almighty God hath in the *Levitical* law made a law againſt it.

But the poor fiſh have enemies enough beſide ſuch unnatural fiſhermen, as namely, the Otters that I ſpake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Oſpray, the Sea-gull, the Hern, the King-fiſher, the Gorara, the Puet, the Swan, Gooſe, Ducks, and the Craber, which ſome call the Water-rat: againſt all which, any honeſt man may make a juſt quarrel; but I will not, I will leave them to be quarrelled with, and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fiſh.

And now to your queſtion concerning your hoſt; to ſpeak truly, he is not to me a good companion: for moſt of his conceits were either ſcripture jeſts, or laſcivious jeſts; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the firſt; and his own corrupt nature, which he always

* About the year 1770, upon the trial of an indictment before me at *Hicks*'s Hall, a baſket was produced in evidence, containing flounders that had been taken with unlawful nets in the river *Thames*, ſo ſmall that ſcarce any one of them would cover a half-crown-piece. The indictment was for an affray and an aſſault on a perſon authorized to ſeize unſtatutable nets, and the ſentence of the offender a year's impriſonment in *Newgate*.

carries

carries with him, to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at *Trout-hall*, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company: and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue: but for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility;

——————many a one
Owes to his country his religion:
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures: I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a Chub, and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner.

Ven. Oh, Sir, a Chub is the worst fish that swims, I hoped for a Trout to my dinner.

Pisc. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout, and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening; and though a Chub be by you and many others reckoned the

worſt of fiſh, yet you ſhall ſee I'll make it a good fiſh, by dreſſing it.

Ven. Why, how will you dreſs him?

Piſc. I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you ſee? but you muſt ſtand very cloſe, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty Chubs, I'll catch only one, and that ſhall be the biggeſt of them all: and that I will do ſo, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you ſhall ſee it done.

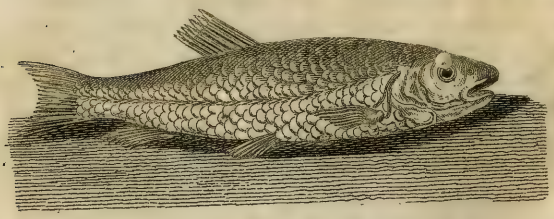
Ven. Ay, marry Sir, now you talk like an artiſt, and I'll ſay you are one, when I ſhall ſee you perform what you ſay you can do; but I yet doubt it.

Piſc. You ſhall not doubt it long, for you ſhall ſee me do it preſently: look, the biggeſt of theſe Chubs has had ſome bruiſe upon his tail, by a Pike or ſome other accident, and that looks like a white ſpot; that very Chub I mean to put into your hands preſently; ſit you but down in the ſhade, and ſtay but a little while, and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

Ven. I'll ſit down and hope well, becauſe you ſeem to be ſo confident.

Piſc. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my ſkill, there he is:

CHUB



That

Plate II. to Front Page. 51

S. Wale Inv.t. Ryland Sc.r.

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

That very Chub that I ſhewed you, with the white ſpot on his tail; and I'll be as certain to make him a good diſh of meat, as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honeſt ale-houſe, where we ſhall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads ſtuck about the wall *; there my hoſteſs, which I may tell you, is both cleanly, and handſome, and civil, hath dreſſed many a one for me, and ſhall now dreſs it after my faſhion, and I warrant it good meat.

Ven. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to reſt myſelf too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yeſterday's hunting hangs ſtill upon me.

Piſc. Well, Sir, and you ſhall quickly be at reſt, for yonder is the houſe I mean to bring you to.

Come, hoſteſs, how do you? Will you firſt give us a cup of your beſt drink, and then dreſs this Chub, as you dreſſed my laſt, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? but you muſt do me one courteſy, it muſt be done inſtantly.

Hoſt. I will do it, Mr. *Piſcator*, and with all the ſpeed I can.

Piſc. Now, Sir, has not my hoſteſs made haſte? and does not the fiſh look lovely?

Ven. Both, upon my word, Sir, and therefore let's ſay grace, and fall to eating of it.

Piſc. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

Ven. Truſt me, 'tis as good meat as I ever taſted: now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courteſy of you; but it muſt not be denied me.

Piſc. What is it, I pray, Sir? you are ſo modeſt, that methinks I may promiſe to grant it before it is aſked.

Ven. Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you maſter, and that really I

* A very homely, artleſs, and yet a pictureſque ſcene: and I wiſh the honeſt angler no worſe entertainment than many ſuch houſes as this afford.

may be your ſcholar; for you are ſuch a companion, and have ſo quickly caught, and ſo excellently cooked this fiſh, as makes me ambitious to be your ſcholar.

Piſc. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your maſter, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you deſire me, tell you ſomewhat of the nature of moſt of the fiſh that we are to angle for, and I am ſure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.

CHAP. III.

How to fiſh for, and to dreſs the CHAVENDER, *or* CHUB.

PISCATOR.

THE Chub, though he eat well thus dreſſed, yet as he is uſually dreſſed, he does not: he is objected againſt, not only for being full of ſmall forked bones, diſperſed through all his body, but that he eats wateriſh, and that the fleſh of him is not firm, but ſhort and taſteleſs. The *French* eſteem him ſo mean, as to call him *Un Villain*; nevertheleſs he may be ſo dreſſed, as to make him very good meat; as namely, if he be a large Chub, then dreſs him thus:

Firſt ſcale him, and then waſh him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little and near to his gills as you may conveniently; and eſpecially make clean his throat from the graſs and weeds that are uſually in it, for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taſte very ſour; having ſo done, put ſome ſweet herbs into his belly, and then tie him with two or three ſplinters to a ſpit, and roaſt him, baſted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good ſtore of ſalt mixed with it.

Being thus dreſſed, you will find him a much better diſh of meat than you, or moſt folk, even than anglers themſelves,

themſelves, do imagine; for this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all Chubs do abound.

But take this rule with you, that a Chub, newly taken and newly dreſſed, is ſo much better than a Chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing ſo fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruiſed and lain a day or two in water. But the Chub being thus uſed and dreſſed preſently, and not waſhed after he is gutted; for note, that lying long in water, and waſhing the blood out of any fiſh after they be gutted, abates much of their ſweetneſs, you will find the Chub, being dreſſed in the blood and quickly, to be ſuch meat as will recompenſe your labour, and diſabuſe your opinion.

Or you may dreſs the Chavender or Chub thus:

When you have ſcaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and waſhed him very clean, then chine or ſlit him through the middle, as a ſalt-fiſh is uſually cut; then give him three or four cuts or ſcotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood-coal, that are free from ſmoke; and all the time he is a broiling, baſte him with the beſt ſweet butter, and good ſtore of ſalt mixed with it; and to this add a little thyme cut exceeding ſmall, or bruiſed into the butter. The Cheven thus dreſſed, hath the watery taſte taken away, for which ſo many except againſt him. Thus was the Cheven dreſſed that you now liked ſo well, and commended ſo much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of, had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a ruſh. And remember that his throat be waſhed very clean, I ſay very clean, and his body not waſhed after he is gutted, as indeed no fiſh ſhould be.

Well, ſcholar, you ſee what pains I have taken to recover the loſt credit of the poor deſpiſed Chub. And now I will give you ſome rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the art of fiſhing by catching a Chub, for there is no fiſh better to enter a young

angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way.

Go to the same hole in which I caught my Chub, where in most hot days you will find a dozen or twenty Chevens floating near the top of the water; get two or three grashoppers as you go over the meadow, and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible; then put a grashopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree; but it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your rod, for a Chub is the fearfulest of fishes, and will do so if but a bird flies over him, and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again; I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best Chub, which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod as softly as a snail moves, to that Chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold, and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently, take my rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

Ven. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done! that which joys my heart, caught just such another Chub as your's was.

Pisc. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it, and I'll warrant you.

Ven.

Ven. But, maſter, what if I could not have found a graſhopper?

Piſc. Then I may tell you, that a black ſnail, with his belly ſlit, to ſhew his white; or a piece of ſoft cheeſe, will uſually do as well: nay, ſometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the fleſh-fly, or wall-fly, or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-dung, or a bob, which you will find in the ſame place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a ſhort white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm, or a caſe-worm; any of theſe will do very well to fiſh in ſuch a manner. And after this manner you may catch a Trout in a hot evening: when, as you walk by a brook, and ſhall ſee or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a graſhopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long, ſtanding behind a buſh or tree where his hole is, and make your bait ſtir up and down on the top of the water: you may, if you ſtand cloſe, be ſure of a bite, but not ſure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fiſh: and after this manner you may fiſh for him with almoſt any kind of live fly, but eſpecially with a graſhopper.

Ven. But before you go further, I pray, good maſter, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fiſh?

Piſc. By a leather-mouthed fiſh, I mean ſuch as have their teeth in their throat, as the Chub or Cheven, and ſo the Barbel, the Gudgeon and Carp, and divers others have; and the hook being ſtuck into the leather or ſkin of the mouth of ſuch fiſh, does very ſeldom or never loſe its hold: but, on the contrary, a Pike, a Pearch, or Trout, and ſo ſome other fiſh, which have not their teeth in their throats but in their mouths, which you ſhall obſerve to be very full of bones, and the ſkin very thin, and little of it: I ſay, of theſe fiſh the hook never takes ſo ſure hold, but you often loſe your fiſh, unleſs he have gorged it.

Ven. I thank you, good maſter, for this obſervation; but now, what ſhall be done with my Chub or Cheven that I have caught?

Pisc. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body, for I'll warrant you I'll give you a Trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning Chub-fishing: you are to note, that in *March* and *April* he is usually taken with worms; in *May*, *June*, and *July* he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay-walls; and he never refuses a grashopper on the top of a swift stream*, nor at the bottom the young humble bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In *August*, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar with a little butter and saffron, so much of it, as being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste for the winter months, at which time the Chub is accounted best; for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked, of cheese and turpentine; he will bite also at a minnow or penk, as a Trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that in hot weather he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large Cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no

* In the *Thames*, above *Richmond*, the best way of using the grashopper for Chub, is to fish with it as with an artificial fly; the first joints of the legs must be pinched off: and in this way, when the weed is rotten, which is seldom till *September*, the largest Dace are taken.

more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the Chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in *Seneca*'s Natural Questions, *Lib.* III. *Cap.* 17. that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says, that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms; and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colours, when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt I have staid too long from giving you some observations of the Trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time *.

* The haunts of the Chub are streams shaded with trees; in summer deep holes, where they will sometimes float near the surface of the water, and under the boughs on the side of a bank.

Their spawning-time is towards the beginning of *April*: they are in season from about the middle of *May*, till the middle of *February*; but are best in winter.

At mid-water, and at bottom, use a float; at top, either dib, or if you have room, use the fly-line as for Trout.

They are so eager in biting, that, when they take the bait, you may hear their jaws chop like those of a dog.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Obſervations of the NATURE *and* BREEDING *of the* TROUT, *and how to fiſh for him. And the Milk-maid's* Song.

PISCATOR.

THE Trout is a fiſh highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be juſtly ſaid, as the old poet ſaid of wine, and we *Engliſh* ſay of veniſon, to be a generous fiſh: a fiſh that is ſo like the buck, that he alſo has his ſeaſons; for it is obſerved, that he comes in and goes out of ſeaſon with the ſtag and buck: *Geſner* ſays, his name is of a *German* offspring, and ſays he is a fiſh that feeds clean and purely, in the ſwifteſt ſtreams, and on the hardeſt gravel; and that he may juſtly contend with all freſh-water fiſh, as the Mullet may with all ſea-fiſh for precedency and daintineſs of taſte; and that being in right ſeaſon, the moſt dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther in my diſcourſe, let me tell you, that you are to obſerve, that as there be ſome barren does that are good in ſummer, ſo there be ſome barren Trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are ſo, for uſually they be in their perfection in the month of *May*, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in ſeveral countries, as in *Germany*, and in other parts, compared to our's, fiſh do differ much in their bigneſs, and ſhape, and other ways, and ſo do Trouts; it is well known, that in the Lake *Leman*, the Lake of *Geneva*, there are Trouts taken of three cubits long, as is affirmed by *Geſner*, a writer of good credit; and *Mercator* * ſays, the

* *Gerard Mercator*, of *Ruremond* in *Flanders*, a man of ſo intenſe application to mathematical ſtudies, that he neglected the neceſſary refreſhments of nature. He engraved with his own hand, and coloured, the maps to his geographical writings. He wrote ſeveral books of theology and died 1594.

Trouts

Trouts that are taken in the Lake of *Geneva*, are a great part of the merchandize of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed Trouts, remarkable both for their number and ſmallneſs. I know a little brook in *Kent*, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the ſize of a Gudgeon: there are alſo, in divers rivers, eſpecially that relate to, or be near to the ſea, as *Wincheſter*, or the *Thames* about *Windſor*, a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout; in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a ſtanding, that will bite as faſt and as freely as Minnows; theſe be by ſome taken to be young Salmons, but in thoſe waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is alſo in *Kent*, near to *Canterbury*, a Trout called there a *Fordidge* Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is uſually caught, that is accounted the rareſt of fiſh; many of them near the bigneſs of a Salmon, but known by their different colour, and in their beſt ſeaſon they cut very white; and none of theſe have been known to be caught with an angle, unleſs it were one that was caught by Sir *George Haſtings*, an excellent angler, and now with God; and he hath told me, he thought that Trout bit not for hunger but wantonneſs; and it is the rather to be believed, becauſe both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to ſearch into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might ſatisfy their curioſity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that graſhoppers * and ſome

* It has been ſaid by naturaliſts, particularly by Sir *Theodore Mayerne*, in an epiſtle to Sir *William Paddy*, prefixed to the tranſlation of *Mouffet*'s Inſect. Theatr. printed with *Topſel*'s Hiſtory of four-footed Beaſts and Serpents, that the graſhopper has no mouth, but a pipe in his breaſt, through which it ſucks the dew, which is its nutriment. There are two ſorts, the

ſome fiſh have no mouths, but are nouriſhed and take breath by the porouſneſs of their gills, man knows not how; and this may be believed, if we conſider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, ſhe takes no farther care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is ſaid in the *Pſalms*, "To "feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive, and fed by a dew, or worms that breed in their neſts, or ſome other ways that we mortals know not; and this may be believed of the *Fordidge* Trout, which, as it is ſaid of the ſtork, that he knows his ſeaſon, ſo he knows his times, I think almoſt his day of coming into that river out of the ſea, where he lives, and it is like, feeds nine months of the year, and faſts three in the river of *Fordidge*. And you are to note, that thoſe townſmen are very punctual in obſerving the time of beginning to fiſh for them; and boaſt much that their river affords a Trout, that exceeds all others. And juſt ſo does *Suſſex* boaſt of ſeveral fiſh; as namely, a *Shelſey* Cockle, a *Chichefter* Lobſter, an *Arundel* Mullet, and an *Amerley* Trout.

And now for ſome confirmation of the *Fordidge* Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the freſh water; and it may be the better believed, becauſe it is well known, that ſwallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not ſeen to fly in *England* for ſix months in the year, but about *Michaelmas* leave us for a hotter climate; yet ſome of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thouſands at a

View Sir Fran. Bacon, *Exper.* 899.

the green and the dun; ſome ſay there is a third, of a yellowiſh green. They are found in long graſs, from *June* to the end of *September*, and even in *October*, if the weather be mild. In the middle of *May* you will ſee in the joints of roſemary, thiſtles, and almoſt all the larger weeds, a white fermented froth, which the country people call *Cuckow's Spit*; in theſe the eggs of the graſhopper are depoſited; and if you examine them, you ſhall never fail of finding a yellowiſh inſect, of about the ſize and ſhape of a grain of wheat, which, doubtleſs, is the young graſhopper. A paſſage to this purpoſe is in *Leigh*'s Hiſtory of *Lancaſhire*, page 148.

time,

time, in hollow trees, or clay caves; where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat; and so *Albertus* * observes, that there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of *August*, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted ‡. *See* Topsel † *of Frogs.*

And so much for these *Fordidge* Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or as the birds of *Paradise*, and the cameleon are said to live by the sun and the air ‖.

There is also in *Northumberland* a Trout called a Bull-trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts: and there are in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool: and certainly, as some pastures breed larger

* *Albertus Magnus*, a *German Dominican*, and a very learned man: *Urban* IV. compelled him to accept of the bishoprick of *Ratisbon*. He wrote a treatise on the secrets of nature, and twenty other volumes in folio; and died at *Cologne* 1280.

† *Edward Topsel* was the author of a History of four-footed Beasts and Serpents, collected out of the works of *Gesner* and other authors, in folio, *Lond.* 1658. In this history he describes the several kinds of frogs, and in page 721 thereof, cites from *Albertus* the fact here related. See an account of him in *Walton*'s life.

‡ See Chap. VIII.

‖ That the *Cameleon* lives by the air alone is a vulgar error, it being well known that its food is flies and other insects. See Sir *Tho. Brown*'s Enquiry into vulgar and common Errors, Book III. Chap. 21. About the year 1780 a living *Cameleon* was to be seen in the garden of the Company of Apothecaries at *Chelsea*; and at this time an exanimated one, in a state of excellent preservation, is open to public view among the quadrupeds in Sir *Ashton Lever*'s inestimable collection of natural curiosities.

sheep,

ſheep, ſo do ſome rivers, by reaſon of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your conſideration is, that the Trout is of a more ſudden growth than other fiſh: concerning which you are alſo to take notice, that he lives not ſo long as the Pearch and divers other fiſhes do, as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath obſerved in his hiſtory of life and death.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never ſo long, yet always thrives till his death: but it is not ſo with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigneſs, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about (eſpecially before) the time of his ſpawning, get almoſt miraculouſly through weirs and flood-gates againſt the ſtreams, even through ſuch high and ſwift places as is almoſt incredible. Next, that the Trout uſually ſpawns about *October* or *November*, but in ſome rivers a little ſooner or later: which is the more obſervable, becauſe moſt other fiſh ſpawn in the ſpring or ſummer, when the ſun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of ſeaſon: for it may be obſerved of the Trout, that he is like the buck or the ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very ſame paſtures that horſes do, which will be fat in one month; and ſo you may obſerve, that moſt other fiſhes recover ſtrength, and grow ſooner fat and in ſeaſon than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, that till the ſun gets to ſuch a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is ſick and lean, and louſy, and unwholſome: for you ſhall in winter find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, and lean; at which time many of them have ſticking on them ſugs, or Trout-lice, which is a kind of a worm, in ſhape like a clove or pin with a big head, and ſticks cloſe to him, and ſucks his moiſture; thoſe, I think, the Trout breeds himſelf, and never thrives till he free himſelf from them,

them, which is when warm weather comes; and then, as he grows ſtronger, he gets from the dead ſtill water, into the ſharp ſtreams, and the gravel, and there rubs off theſe worms or lice; and then, as he grows ſtronger, ſo he gets him into ſwifter and ſwifter ſtreams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he eſpecially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis, and theſe make the Trout bold and luſty; and he is uſually fatter and better meat at the end of that month, than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know, that it is obſerved, that uſually the beſt Trouts are either red or yellow; though ſome, as the *Fordidge* Trout, be white and yet good; but that is not uſual: and it is a note obſervable, that the female Trout hath uſually a leſs head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is uſually the better meat: and note, that a hog-back, and a little head to either Trout, Salmon, or any other fiſh, is a ſign that that fiſh is in ſeaſon.

But yet you are to note, that as you ſee ſome willows or palm-trees bud and bloſſom ſooner than others do, ſo ſome Trouts be in rivers ſooner in ſeaſon: and as ſome hollies or oaks are longer before they caſt their leaves, ſo are ſome Trouts in rivers longer before they go out of ſeaſon.

And you are to note, that there are ſeveral kinds of Trouts, but theſe ſeveral kinds are not conſidered but by very few men, for they go under the general name of Trouts: juſt as pigeons do in moſt places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons: and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and publiſhed lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of ſpiders: and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of ſpider. And it is ſo with many kinds of fiſh, and of Trouts eſpecially, which differ in their bigneſs and ſhape, and ſpots and colour. The great *Kentiſh* hens may be an inſtance compared to other hens; and doubtleſs

doubtleſs there is a kind of ſmall Trout, which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger ſize; which you may rather believe, if you conſider, that the little wren and titmouſe will have twenty young ones at a time, when uſually the noble hawk, or the muſical thraſſel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you ſhall ſee me try my ſkill to catch a Trout; and at my next walking, either this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourſelf ſhall fiſh for him.

Ven. Truſt me, maſter, I ſee now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub: for I have put on patience, and followed you theſe two hours, and not ſeen a fiſh ſtir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piſc. Well, ſcholar, you muſt endure worſe luck ſometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what ſay you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him: now you ſee he lies ſtill, and the ſleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net: ſo, Sir, now he is mine own, what ſay you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

Ven. On my word, maſter, this is a gallant Trout, what ſhall we do with him?

Piſc. Marry, e'en eat him to ſupper: we'll go to my hoſteſs from whence we came; ſhe told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother *Peter*, a good angler, and a chearful companion, had ſent word he would lodge there to night, and bring a friend with him. My hoſteſs has two beds, and I know you and I may have the beſt: we'll rejoice with my brother *Peter* and his friend, tell tales, or ſing ballads, or make a catch, or find ſome harmleſs ſport to content us, and paſs away a little time without offence to God or man.

Ven. A match, good maſter, let's go to that houſe, for the linen looks white, and ſmells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of ſheets that ſmell ſo: let's be going, good maſter, for I am hungry again with fiſhing.

Piſc. Nay, ſtay a little, good ſcholar; I caught my laſt Trout with a worm, now I will put on a minnow,

minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and ſo walk towards our lodging. Look you, ſcholar, thereabout we ſhall have a bite preſently, or not at all: have with you, Sir: o'my word I have hold of him. Oh it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good ſcholar, towards yonder high honeyſuckle hedge; there we'll ſit and ſing, whilſt this ſhower falls ſo gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a ſweeter ſmell to the lovely flowers that adorn theſe verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad beech-tree, I ſat down, when I was laſt this way a fiſhing, and the birds in the adjoining grove ſeemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whoſe dead voice ſeemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primroſe-hill; there I ſat viewing the ſilver ſtreams glide ſilently towards their center, the tempeſtuous ſea; yet ſometimes oppoſed by rugged roots and pebble-ſtones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam: and ſometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmleſs lambs, ſome leaping ſecurely in the cool ſhade, whilſt others ſported themſelves in the chearful ſun; and ſaw others craving comfort from the ſwollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus ſat, theſe and other ſights had ſo fully poſſeſt my ſoul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expreſt it,

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And poſſeſt joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a ſecond pleaſure entertained me; 'twas a handſome milk-maid, that had not yet attained ſo much age and wiſdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but ſhe caſt away all care, and ſung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that ſmooth ſong, which was made by *Kit*

*Marlow**, now at leaſt fifty years ago: and the milk-maid's mother ſung an anſwer to it, which was made by Sir *Walter Raleigh* in his younger days.

They were old-faſhioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the ſtrong lines that are now in faſhion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the Chub, and perſuade them to ſing thoſe two ſongs to us.

God ſpeed you, good woman, I have been a fiſhing, and am going to *Bleak-Hall* † to my bed, and having caught more fiſh than will ſup myſelf and my friend, I will beſtow this upon you and your daughter, for I uſe to ſell none.

Milk-w. Marry God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it chearfully; and if you come this way a fiſhing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a ſillabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my *Maudlin* ſhall ſing you one of her beſt

* *Chriſtopher Marlow* was a poet of no ſmall eminence in his day, as may be inferred from the frequent mention of him in the writings of his contemporaries. He was ſome time a ſtudent at *Cambridge*, and after that an actor on and a writer for the ſtage. There are extant of his writing five tragedies, and a poem that bears his name, entitled, *Hero* and *Leander*, poſſibly a tranſlation from *Muſæus*, which, he not living to compleat it, was finiſhed by *Chapman*. The ſong here mentioned is printed with his name to it, in a collection entitled *England's Helicon*, 4to. 1600, as is alſo the anſwer, here ſaid to be written by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, but there ſubſcribed *Ignoto*. Of *Marlow* it is ſaid, that he was the author of divers atheiſtical and blaſphemous diſcourſes; and that in a quarrel with a ſerving-man, his rival in a connexion with a lewd woman, he received a ſtab with a dagger, and ſhortly after died of the ſtroke. *Wood*, from whom *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 338. and alſo from *Beard*'s Theatre of God's Judgments, this account is taken, ſays, that the end of this perſon was noted by the *Preciſians*; but ſurely the *Preciſians* are to be acquitted of all blame, as having done nothing more than aſſerted God's moral government of the world, by noting in this inſtance, one example out of many, of the natural tendency of impiety and profligacy to deſtruction and infamy.

† The author ſeems here to have forgot himſelf; for, page 49, he ſays he is to lodge at *Trout-Hall*.

ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men*: in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Pisc. No, I thank you; but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-w. What song was it, I pray? Was it, *Come shepherds deck your herds?* or, *As at noon* Dulcina *rested?* or, Phillida *flouts me?* or, *Chevy Chace?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy Town*†?

Pisc. No, it is none of those; it is a song, that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-w. O, I know it now, I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come *Maudlin*,

* There are some few exceptions to this character of anglers: the greatest and most wonderful revolution that ever happened in any state, I mean that in *Naples*, in the year 1647, was brought about by an *angler*: concerning whom we are told, That "a young man, about twenty-four, happened to be in a corner "of the great market-place at *Naples*, a sprightly man, of a mid-"dle stature, black-eyed, rather lean than fat, having a small "tuft of hair; he wore linen slops, a blue waistcoat, and went "barefoot, with a mariner's cap; but he was of a good counte-"nance, stout and lively as could be. His profession was to "*angle for little* fish with a *cane*, *hook*, and *line*. His name was "*Tomaso Anello*, of *Amalfi*, but vulgarly called *Masaniello*." See the history of the revolution in *Naples*, by Sig. *Alessandro Giraffi*.

† See the songs *As at Noon*, *Chevy Chace*, *Johnny Armstrong*, and *Troy Town*, printed, after the most authentic copies, in *Percy*'s Reliques of ancient *English* Poetry. Phillida *flouts me*, is to be found in an elegant collection of songs entitled The *Hive*, in four volumes small 8vo. Vol. II. p. 270.

sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

The MILK-MAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be,
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May *morning:*
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love *.

Ven.

* Dr. *Warburton*, in his notes on *The Merry Wives of* Windsor, ascribes this song to *Shakespeare:* it is true, Sir *Hugh Evans*, in the

Plate III. to Front Page 68

S. Wale Inv.r Ryland Sc.

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

Ven. Truſt me, maſter, it is a choice ſong, and ſweetly ſung by honeſt *Maudlin*. I now ſee it was not without cauſe, that our good Queen *Elizabeth* did ſo often wiſh herſelf a milk-maid all the month of *May*, becauſe they are not troubled with fears and cares, but ſing ſweetly all the day, and ſleep ſecurely all the night: and without doubt, honeſt, innocent, pretty *Maudlin* does ſo. I'll beſtow Sir *Thomas Overbury*'s milk-maid's wiſh upon her, "That ſhe may die in the "ſpring, and being dead, may have good ſtore of "flowers ſtuck round about her winding ſheet."

The Milk-maid's Mother's Anſwer.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel *becometh dumb,*
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,

the third Act of that play, ſings four lines of it; and it occurs in a collection of poems ſaid to be *Shakeſpear*'s, printed by *Tho. Cotes* for *John Benſon*, 12mo. 1640, with ſome variations. On the contrary it is to be found with the name of *Chriſtopher Marlow* to it in *England*'s *Helicon*, and *Walton* has juſt ſaid it was made by *Kit. Marlow*: the reader will judge of theſe evidences as he pleaſes.

As to the ſong itſelf, though a beautiful one, it is not ſo purely paſtoral as it is generally thought to be: buckles of *gold*, *coral* claſps and *amber* ſtuds, *ſilver* diſhes and *ivory* tables, are luxuries, and conſiſt not with the parſimony and ſimplicity of rural life and manners.

Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What ſhould we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
Theſe are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath bleſt, and ſent for food.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then thoſe delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Mother. Well, I have done my ſong; but ſtay, honeſt anglers, for I will make *Maudlin* to ſing you one ſhort ſong more. *Maudlin*, ſing that ſong that you ſung laſt night, when young *Coridon* the ſhepherd played ſo purely on his oaten pipe to you and your couſin *Betty*.

Maud. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly eſtate.

But oh! the green ſickneſs
Soon changed her likeneſs;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not ſo,
With thoſe that go,
Thro' froſt and ſnow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

Piſc.

Pisc. Well sung, good woman; I thank you; I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let *Maudlin* alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice *. Look, yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper. How now! is my brother *Peter* come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

CHAP. V.

More Directions how to fish for, and how to make for the TROUT *an* Artificial Minnow *and* Flies, *with some Merriment.*

PISCATOR.

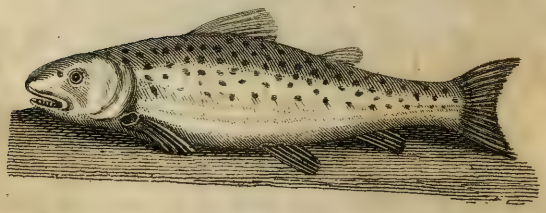
WELL met, brother *Peter*; I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night, and that hath made me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle; he hath been an angler but this day, and I have taught him how to catch a Chub by daping with a grashopper, and the Chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But, pray brother *Peter*, who is your companion?

* The judgment of the author in this part of the dialogue is well worth noting. We may observe, that the interlocutors are *Piscator* and the *Milk-woman*, and that the daughter, except when she sings, and signifies her obedience to her mother in a speech of *three words*, is silent. It is pretty clear that *Venator*, after the second song, charmed perhaps with the maidenly innocence and probably beauty, of the young woman, for we are told that she is handsome, offers to kiss her; and that *Piscator*, an elder and more discreet man, checks him, lest he should offend her by too great familiarity. Such is the decorum observable in this elegant work.

Peter. Brother *Piſcator*, my friend is an honeſt countryman, and his name is *Coridon*, and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purpoſely to be pleaſant and eat a Trout, and I have not yet wetted my line ſince we met together; but I hope to fit him with a Trout for his breakfaſt, for I'll be early up.

Piſc. Nay, brother, you ſhall not ſtay ſo long; for look you here is a

TROUT



will fill ſix reaſonable bellies. Come, hoſteſs, dreſs it preſently, and get us what other meat the houſe will afford, and give us ſome of your beſt barley-wine, the good liquor that our honeſt forefathers did uſe to drink of; the drink which preſerved their health, and made them live ſo long, and to do ſo many good deeds.

Peter. O'my word, this Trout is perfect in ſeaſon. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle whereſoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow: I will furniſh him with a rod, if you will furniſh him with the reſt of the tackling; we will ſet him up and make him a fiſher.

And

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be ſcholar to ſuch a maſter; a maſter that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fiſh as any man: and can alſo tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the Minnow to the Salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

Piſc. Truſt me, brother *Peter*, I find my ſcholar to be ſo ſuitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleaſant, and civilly merry, that my reſolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, ſcholar, this is my reſolution; and ſo here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us, and the honeſt art of angling.

Ven. Truſt me, good maſter, you ſhall not ſow your ſeed in barren ground, for I hope to return you an increaſe anſwerable to your hopes; but however you ſhall find me obedient, and thankful, and ſerviceable to my beſt ability.

Piſc. 'Tis enough, honeſt ſcholar, come, let's to ſupper. Come, my friend *Coridon*, this Trout looks lovely, it was twenty-two inches when it was taken, and the belly of it looked ſome part of it as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lilly, and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good ſauce.

Cor. Indeed honeſt friend, it looks well, and taſtes well; I thank you for it, and ſo doth my friend *Peter*, or elſe he is to blame.

Peter. Yes, and ſo I do, we all thank you, and when we have ſupped, I will get my friend *Coridon* to ſing you a ſong for requital.

Cor. I will ſing a ſong, if any body will ſing another; elſe, to be plain with you, I will ſing none: I am none of thoſe that ſing for meat, but for company: I ſay, *'Tis merry in hall, when men ſing all**.

* Parody on the adage,

'It's merry in the hall,
'When beards wag all.'

i. e. when all are eating.

Pisc. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request, by Mr. *William Basse*, one that hath made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his Career*, and of *Tom of Bedlam* *, and many others of note; and this that I will sing, is in praise of angling.

Cor. And then mine shall be the praise of a country-man's life: What will the rest sing of?

Pet. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of angling to-morrow night, for we will not part till then, but fish to-morrow, and sup together, and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

Venat. 'Tis a match, and I will provide you a song or a catch against then too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry as beggars.

Pisc. 'Tis a match my masters, let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts.

Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

Pet. It is a match. Look the shortest cut falls to *Coridon*.

Cor. Well then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolie lollie loe,
Heigh trolie lollie lee,

* This song, beginning, "Forth from my dark and dismal cell," with the music to it, set by *Hen. Lawes*, is printed in a book, entitled Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol, folio 1675, and in *Playford*'s Antidote against melancholy, 8vo. 1669, and also in Dr. *Percy*'s Reliques of ancient *English* Poetry, Vol. II. p. 350; but in the latter with a mistake in the last line of the third stanza, of the word *Pentarchy* for *Pentateuch*.

That

That quiet contemplation
Poſſeſſeth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
The city full of wantonneſs,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away, &c.

But oh the honeſt countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horſes and his cart:
Then care away, &c.

Our cloathing is good ſheep-ſkins,
Gray ruſſet for our wives,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing,
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away, &c.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
No emperor ſo merrily
Does paſs his time away:
Then care away, &c.

To recompenſe our tillage,
The heavens afford us ſhowers;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
And for our ſweet refreſhments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, &c.

The cuckow and the nightingale,
Full merrily do ſing,
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
And with their pleaſant roundelays
Bid welcome to the ſpring:
Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happineſs
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolie lollie loe, &c.
Tho' others think they have as much,
Yet he that ſays ſo lies:
Then come away,
Turn countryman with me.

Jo. CHALKHILL*.

Piſc. Well ſung *Coridon*, this ſong was ſung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occaſion; I ſhall love you for it as long as I know you; I would you were a brother of the angle, for a companion that is chearful, and free from ſwearing and ſcurrilous diſcourſe, is worth gold, I love ſuch mirth as does not make friends aſhamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they ſpend when they be warmed with drink: and take this for a rule, you may pick out ſuch times and ſuch companies, that you may make yourſelves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that "makes the feaſt:" and ſuch a companion you prove, I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my ſong, and wiſh it may be ſo well liked.

* *John Chalkhill*, Eſq; of whom mention is made in the author's life.

The

The Angler's Song.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound ſome praiſe, and ſome the hawk:
Some better pleas'd with private ſport,
Uſe tennis, ſome a miſtreſs court:
But theſe delights I neither wiſh,
Nor envy, while I freely fiſh.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uſes games ſhall often prove
A loſer; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's *ſnare:*
My angle breeds me no ſuch care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fiſhing is alone;
All other paſtimes do no leſs
Than mind and body both poſſeſs:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fiſh and ſtudy too.

I care not, I, to fiſh in ſeas,
Freſh rivers beſt my mind do pleaſe;
Whoſe ſweet calm courſe I contemplate,
And ſeek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my paſt offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing ſometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praiſe the wiſe,
Whom vain allurements ne'er ſurpriſe.

But yet tho' while I fiſh I faſt,
I make good fortune my repaſt,

And

And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my diſh,
Than to my angle was my fiſh.

As well content no prize to take,
As uſe of taken prize to make:
For ſo our Lord was pleaſed when
He fiſhers made fiſhers of men:
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fiſh and praiſe his name.

The firſt men that our Saviour dear
Did chuſe to wait upon him here,
Bleſt fiſhers were, and fiſh the laſt
Food was, that he on earth did taſte.
I therefore ſtrive to follow thoſe,
Whom he to follow him hath choſe.

Cor. Well ſung brother, you have paid your debt in good coin; we anglers are all beholding to the good man that made this ſong. Come, hoſteſs, give us more ale, and let's drink to him.

And now let's every one go to bed, that we may riſe early; but firſt let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpoſe is to prevent the ſun-riſing.

Pet. A match. Come, *Coridon*, you are to be my bed-fellow: I know, brother, you and your ſcholar will lie together; but where ſhall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend *Coridon* and I will go up the water towards *Ware*.

Piſc. And my ſcholar and I will go down towards *Waltham*.

Cor. Then let's meet here; for here are freſh ſheets that ſmell of lavender, and I am ſure we cannot expect better meat, or better uſage in any place.

Pet. 'Tis a match. Good night to every body.

Piſc. And ſo ſay I.

Venat. And ſo ſay I.

Piſc.

Pisc. Good morrow, good hoſteſs, I ſee my brother *Peter* is ſtill in bed: come, give my ſcholar and me a morning drink, and a bit of meat to breakfaſt, and be ſure to get a good diſh of meat or two againſt ſupper, for we ſhall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, ſcholar, let's be going.

Venat. Well now, good maſter, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promiſe, how I ſhall fiſh for a Trout.

Pisc. My honeſt ſcholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is uſually caught with a worm or a minnow, which ſome call a penk, or with a fly, *viz.* either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three, I will give you ſome obſervations and directions.

And firſt for worms: of theſe there be very many ſorts, ſome breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm, others of or amongſt plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of ſheep or deer; or ſome of dead fleſh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.

Now theſe be moſt of them particularly good for particular fiſhes: but for the Trout, the dew-worm, which ſome alſo call the lob-worm, and the brandling, are the chief; and eſpecially the firſt for a great Trout, and the latter for a leſs. There be alſo of lob-worms ſome called ſquirrel-tails, a worm that has a red head, a ſtreak down the back, and a broad tail, which are noted to be the beſt, becauſe they are the tougheſt and moſt lively, and live longeſt in the water: for you are to know, that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively quick ſtirring worm: and for a brandling, he is uſually found in an old dunghill, or ſome very rotten place near to it: but moſt uſually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horſe-dung, which is ſomewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the beſt of them are to be found in the

the bark of the tanners, which they caſt up in heaps after they have uſed it about their leather.

There are alſo divers other kinds of worms, which for colour and ſhape alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marſh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm *, which of all others is the moſt excellent bait for a Salmon; and too many to name, even as many ſorts as ſome think there be of ſeveral herbs or ſhrubs, or of ſeveral kinds of birds in the air; of which I ſhall ſay no more, but tell you, that what worms ſoever you fiſh with, are the better for being well ſcoured, that is, long kept before they be uſed: and in caſe you have not been ſo provident, then the way to cleanſe and ſcour them quickly, is to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel; but you muſt not put your brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel for ſudden uſe: but if you have time, and purpoſe to keep them long, then they be beſt preſerved in an earthen pot with good ſtore of moſs, which is to be freſh every three or four days

* To avoid confuſion, it may be neceſſary to remark, that the ſame kind of worm is, in different places, known by different names: thus the marſh and the meadow-worm, are the ſame; and the lob-worm, or twachel, is alſo called the dew-worm and the garden-worm; and the dock-worm, is, in ſome places, called the flag-worm.

The tag-tail is found in *March* and *April*, in marled lands or meadows, after a ſhower of rain, or in a morning, when the weather is calm, and not cold.

To find the oak-worm, beat on an oak-tree, that grows over a highway or bare place, and they will fall for you to gather.

To find the dock-worm, go to an old pond or pit, and pull up ſome of the flags; ſhake the roots in the water, and amongſt the fibres that grow from the roots you will find little huſks, or caſes, of a reddiſh or yellowiſh colour; open theſe carefully with a pin, and take from thence a little worm, pale and yellow, or white, like a gentle, but longer and ſlenderer, with rows of feet down his belly, and a red head: this is the dock or flag-worm. An excellent bait for Grayling, Tench, Bream, Carp, Roach and Dace,

in

in ſummer, and every week or eight days in winter; or at leaſt the moſs taken from them, and clean waſhed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, eſpecially the brandling, begins to be ſick and loſe of his bigneſs, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, about a ſpoonful in a day, into them, by drops on the moſs; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preſerve them long *. And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle of the brandling, begins to ſwell, then he is ſick; and, if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moſs, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it †, which I could name to you, but will only tell you, that that which is likeſt a buck's-horn is the beſt, except it be ſoft white moſs, which grows on ſome heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves ſqueezed into water, or ſalt in water, to make it bitter or ſalt, and then that water poured on the ground, where you ſhall ſee worms are uſed to riſe in the night, will make them to appear above ground preſently ‡.

And

* The following is alſo an excellent way, viz. Take a piece of hop-ſack, or other very coarſe cloth, and waſh it clean, and let it dry; then wet it in the liquor wherein beef has been boiled; but be careful that the beef is freſh, for ſalt will kill the worms, and wring it, but not quite dry; put the worms into this cloth, and lay them in an earthen pot, and let them ſtand from morning till night; then take the worms from the cloth, and waſh it, and wet it again in ſome of the liquor: do thus once a day, and you may keep worms in perfect health, and fit for uſe, for near a month.

Obſerve that the lob-worm, marſh-worm, and red-worm, will bear more ſcouring than any others, and are better for long keeping.

† Naturaliſts reckon above two hundred.

‡ This practice was one of the common ſports of ſchool-boys at the time *Eraſmus* wrote his Colloquies. In that entitled *Venatio*, or *Hunting*, a company of them go abroad into the fields, and one named *Laurence*, propoſes fiſhing; but having no worms, *Bartholus* objects the want of them, till *Laurence* tells him how he

And you may take notice, ſome ſay that camphire put into your bag with your moſs and worms, gives them a ſtrong and ſo tempting a ſmell, that the fiſh fare the worſe and you the better for it.

And now I ſhall ſhew you how to bait your hook with a worm, ſo as ſhall prevent you from much trouble, and the loſs of many a hook too, when you fiſh for a Trout with a running-line *; that is to ſay, when you fiſh for him by hand at the ground: I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not miſtake.

Suppoſe it be a big lob-worm, put your hook into him ſomewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle: having ſo done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note, that

may get ſome. The dialogue is very natural and deſcriptive, and being but ſhort, is here given.—"*Lau.* I ſhould like to go a "fiſhing; I have a neat hook. *Barth.* But where will you get "baits? *Lau.* There are earth-worms every where to be had. "*Barth.* So there are, if they would but creep out of the ground "to you. *Lau.* I will make a great many thouſands jump out "preſently. *Barth.* How? by witchcraft? *Lau.* You ſhall ſee "the art. Fill this bucket with water: break theſe green ſhells "of walnuts to pieces, and put them into it; wet the ground "with the water: Now mind a little; Do you ſee them coming "out? *Barth.* I ſee a miracle; I believe the armed men ſtarted "out of the earth after this manner, from the ſerpents teeth that "were ſown."

The above exclamation is clearly an alluſion to the fable in the ſecond book of *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes, where *Cadmus*, by ſcattering the ſerpent's teeth on the ground, cauſes armed men to ſpring out of it.

* The running-line, ſo called becauſe it runs along the ground, is made of ſtrong ſilk, which you may buy at the fiſhing-tackle ſhops; but I prefer hair, as being leſs apt to tangle, and is thus fitted up. About ten inches from the end faſten a ſmall cleft ſhot; then make a hole through a piſtol or muſket-bullet, according to the ſwiftneſs of the ſtream you fiſh in, and put the line through it, and draw the bullet down to the ſhot: to the end of your line faſten an *Indian* graſs, or ſilk-worm-gut, with a large hook: or you may, inſtead of a bullet, fix four large ſhot, at the diſtance of eight inches from the hook. The running-line is uſed for Trout, Grayling, and Salmon-fmelts, and is proper only for ſtreams and rapid waters. See Part II. Chap. 11.

at the entring of your hook it muſt not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end, and having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook firſt came out; and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the ſhank or arming of your hook, and ſo fiſh with it. And if you mean to fiſh with two worms, then put the ſecond on before you turn back the hook's-head of the firſt worm; you cannot loſe above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very uſeful, and thank me for it, for you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the minnow or penk; he is not eaſily found and caught till *March*, or in *April*, for then he appears firſt in the river, nature having taught him to ſhelter and hide himſelf in the winter in ditches that be near to the river, and there both to hide and keep himſelf warm in the mud or in the weeds, which rot not ſo ſoon as in a running river; in which place if he were in winter, the diſtempered floods that are uſually in that ſeaſon, would ſuffer him to take no reſt, but carry him headlong to mills and wears to his confuſion. And of theſe minnows, firſt you are to know, that the biggeſt ſize is not the beſt; and next, that the middle ſize and the whiteſt are the beſt: and then you are to know, that your minnow muſt be ſo put on your hook, that it muſt turn round when 'tis drawn againſt the ſtream; and that it may turn nimbly, you muſt put it on a big-ſized hook, as I ſhall now direct you, which is thus. Put your hook in at his mouth and out of his gill, then having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail, and then tie the hook and his tail about very neatly with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water: that done, pull back that part of

your line which was ſlack when you did put your hook into the minnow the ſecond time; I ſay, pull that part of your line back ſo that it ſhall faſten the head, ſo that the body of the minnow ſhall be almoſt ſtrait on your hook; this done, try how it will turn by drawing it croſs the water or againſt a ſtream, and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impoſſible that it ſhould turn too quick: and you are yet to know, that in caſe you want a minnow, then a ſmall loach or a ſtickle-bag, or any other ſmall fiſh that will turn quick, will ſerve as well. And you are yet to know, that you may ſalt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for uſe three or four days, or longer, and that of ſalt, bay-ſalt is the beſt.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at ſome times, and in ſome waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore let me tell you, I have, which I will ſhew to you, an artificial minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly; and it was made by a handſome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon or over it thus with a needle: the back of it with very ſad *French* green ſilk, and paler green ſilk towards the belly, ſhadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, juſt as you ſee a minnow; the belly was wrought alſo with a needle, and it was a part of it white ſilk, and another part of it with ſilver thread; the tail and fins were of a quill, which was ſhaven thin; the eyes were of two little black beads, and the head was ſo ſhadowed, and all of it ſo curiouſly wrought, and ſo exactly diſſembled, that it would beguile any ſharp-ſighted Trout in a ſwift ſtream. And this minnow I will now ſhew you; look, here it is: and if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it, for they be eaſily carried about an angler, and be of excellent uſe; for

note,

note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a minnow, as the higheſt mettled hawk doth ſeize on a partridge, or a grey-hound on a hare. I have been told, that 160 minnows have been found in a Trout's belly; either the Trout had devoured ſo many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for flies, which is the third bait wherewith Trouts are uſually taken. You are to know, that there are ſo many ſorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but ſome of them, as the dun-fly, the ſtone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the ſhell-fly, the cloudy or blackiſh-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly: there be of flies, caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies, and indeed too many either for me to name or for you to remember: and their breeding is ſo various and wonderful, that I might eaſily amaze myſelf, and tire you in a relation of them.

And yet I will exerciſe your promiſed patience by ſaying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm, that by them you may gueſs what a work it were in a diſcourſe but to run over thoſe very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the ſun and ſummer adorn and beautify the river-banks, and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleaſures which, I think, myſelf enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profeſſion.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth or being from a dew that in the ſpring falls upon the leaves of trees; aud that ſome kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages. All which kinds of dews being thickened and condenſed, are by the ſun's generative heat moſt of them hatched, and in three days made living creatures *; and theſe of

* The doctrine of ſpontaneous or equivocal generation is now univerſally exploded; and all the phænomena that ſeem to ſupport it, are accounted for on other principles. See Derham's

of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none: some have hair, some none: some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none; but as our *Topsel* hath with great diligence observed, those which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be butterflies: and again, that their eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars *. And some affirm, that every plant has his particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs, eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet, and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone: it lived thus five or six days, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call flies of prey, which those that walk by the rivers may in summer see fasten on smaller flies, and I think make them their food. And it is observable, that as there be these flies of prey which be very large, so there be others very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature

In his History of Serpents.

Phys. Theol. Chap. 15. and the authorities there cited. As also Mr. Ray's *Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, 298. and *Franc. Redi de Gen. Insect.*

* Whoever is desirous of knowing more of caterpillars, and of the several flies produced by them, may consult *Joannes Goedartius de Insectis*, with the appendix of Dr. Lister, *Lond.* 8vo, 1685.

intended

intended not to exceed an hour *, and yet that life is thus made ſhorter by other flies, or accident.

It

* That there are creatures "whoſe life nature intended not to "exceed an hour," is, I believe, not ſo well agreed, as that there are ſome whoſe exiſtence is determined in five or ſix. It is well known that the ephemeron, that wonderful inſtance of the care and providence of God, lives but from ſix in the evening till about eleven at night; during which time it performs all the animal functions: for, in the beginning of its life, it ſheds its coat; and that being done, and the poor little animal thereby rendered light and agile, it ſpends the reſt of its ſhort time in friſking over the waters: the female drops her eggs, which are impregnated by the male: theſe being ſpread about, deſcend to the bottom by their own gravity, and are hatched by the warmth of the ſun into little worms, which make themſelves caſes in the clay, and feed on the ſame without any need of parental care. *Vide Ephem. Vita*, tranſlated by Dr. *Tyſon*, from *Swammerdam*. See alſo Derham's *Phyſ. Theol.* 247.

And to the truth of the aſſertion, that theſe ſhort-lived animals ſhed their coats, I myſelf am a witneſs: for, being a fiſhing one ſummer evening, at about ſeven o'clock, I ſuddenly obſerved my cloaths covered with a number of very ſmall flies, of a whitiſh colour, inclining to blue: they continued fixed, while I obſerved thoſe on my left arm wriggle their bodies about, till at length they diſengaged themſelves from their external coat, which they left, and flew away; but what greatly aſtoniſhed me was, that the caſes to the three whiſks which each of thoſe creatures had at its tail, which were ſlenderer than the fineſt hair, and, but for their whiteneſs would have been ſcarce perceptible, were left as entire and unbroken as the leſs tender parts of the coat.

At the time when I was preparing for the preſs the firſt edition of this book, I met, in a book entitled The Art of Angling improved in all its parts, eſpecially Fly-fiſhing, 12mo. *Worceſter*, no date, by *Richard Bowlker*, with a relation ſimilar to this, which the author ſays was communicated to him by a gentleman, an accurate obſerver of nature's productions; and, giving credit to the aſſertion, I inſerted it as an extract from his book; but I have ſince diſcovered, that the ſame had been communicated to the Royal Society by Mr. *Peter Collinſon*, a *London* tradeſman well known among botaniſts and collectors of natural curioſities, in a letter to their ſecretary, which was read the 21ſt of *January*, 1744-5, and is printed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions for the year 1746, Numb. 481, page 329.

The letter is miſerably written, and in reſpect of the ſtyle ſo ungrammatical and otherwiſe obſcure, as to need ſuch interpolations as are here inſerted to render it in any degree intelligible.

It is endleſs to tell you, what the curious ſearchers into nature's productions have obſerved of theſe worms and

The author, walking by the ſide of the river at *Wincheſter, May* 26, 1744, was ſhewn the May-fly [conjectured to be the *muſca tripilis* mentioned in *Mouſet* Inſect. Theatr. p. 64. and is queſtionleſs the grey drake] which he ſays lies all the year but a few days in the bottom or ſides of the river [we muſt ſuppoſe in its nymphatic ſtate, like the cadis, ſtraw-worm, and other ſpecies of the *libella*] and riſing when mature to the ſurface of the water, ſplits its caſe, and appears an animal, [a fly he muſt mean] having a ſlender body, and three long hairs at the tail, and four blackiſh veined tranſparent ſhining wings, the under much the ſmaller, and the upper having four black ſpots. He ſays, that having diſengaged i ſelf from its *exuvia* [*i. e.* the caſe abovementioned] of which he adds he ſaw innumerable floating on the water, the next buſineſs of this creature is flying about to find a proper place to fix on, as trees, ruſhes, *&c.* and that having fixed, it waits for another change, which in two or three days is completed, and which he thus deſcribes.

" The firſt hint I received of this wonderful operation [*i. e.* the " ſecond tranſformation] I took from the appearance of their " *exuviæ* [he muſt here mean their ſecond *exuvia* hereafter men" tioned] hanging on the hedges. Of theſe [not the *exuviæ* but " the flies] I collected many, and putting them into boxes, could " eaſily diſcover when they were ready to put off their old cloaths, " though ſo lately put on."

He ſays he had the pleaſure to ſhew his friends one of theſe creatures that he held on his finger all the while it performed this great work, and that it was ſurpriſing to ſee the back part of the fly ſplit open, and produce a new birth [*i. e.* a new fly] which left the caſe of the head, body, wings, legs, and even the three-haired tail [of the old one] behind it. He adds, that after it had repoſed itſelf awhile, it flew abroad with great briſkneſs to ſeek a mate.

After an enumeration of ſome particulars, which I chooſe to omit, he ſays, he obſerved that when the females were impregnated they left the males, and betook themſelves to the river, where darting up and down they were plainly ſeen to eject a cluſter of eggs, which ſeemed a pale bluiſh ſpeck, like a ſmall drop of milk, as they [the ſpecks] were ſinking to the bottom of the river; and that then [when the flies had thus ejected their eggs] by the elaſticity of their tails they ſprung up and darted down again, continuing ſo to do, till having exhauſted their ſtock of eggs, together with their ſtrength, they were able to riſe no more, and become an eaſy prey to the fiſh. This is the end of the females; but of the males he ſays, that they never reſort to the

and flies: but yet I shall tell you what *Aldrovandus* *, our *Topsel*, and others, say of the palmer-worm or caterpillar, that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves; for most think those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide; yet he observes, that this is called a pilgrim or palmer-worm, for his very wandering life and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding; but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixt to a particular place.

Nay, the very colours of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful; I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them, which I will some time the next month shew you feeding on a willow-tree, and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description; his lips and mouth somewhat yellow, his eyes black as jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two-forked and black, the whole body stained with a kind of red spots which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the

the waters, but after they have done their office drop down, languish, and die among the trees and bushes.

The conclusion of his letter, for I am tired of abridging it, I give in the author's own words. "They appear at six o'clock in "the evening. On the 26th of *May* I perceived a few; but the "27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, it was a sight very surprising and "entertaining to see the rivers teeming with innumerable pretty "nimble flying animals, and almost every thing near covered "with them; when I looked up, the air was full of them as high "as I could discern; and seemed so thick, and always in motion "[the air he tells you, but he means the flies] the like it seems "when one looks up, and sees the snow coming down: and yet "this wonderful appearance in three or four days after the last of "*May* totally disappeared."

* *Ulysses Aldrovandus*, a great physician and naturalist of *Bologna*; he wrote 120 books on several subjects, and a treatise *de Piscibus*, published at *Francfort*, 1640.

form

form of St. *Andrew*'s croſs, or the letter X, made thus croſs-wiſe, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me obſervable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a ſtrange ſhell or cruſt called an *Aurelia*, and ſo lives a kind of dead life, without eating all the winter; and, as others of ſeveral kinds turn to be ſeveral kinds of flies and vermin the ſpring following, ſo this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

View Sir Fra. Bacon's *exper.* 728 & 90. *in his Natural Hiſtory.*

Come, come my ſcholar, you ſee the river ſtops our morning-walk, and I will alſo here ſtop my diſcourſe, only as we ſit down under this honeyſuckle hedge, whilſt I look a line to fit the rod that our brother *Peter* hath lent you, I ſhall, for a little confirmation of what I have ſaid, repeat the obſervation of *du Bartas*;

6. *Day of* du Bartas.

God not contented to each kind to give,
And to infuſe the virtue generative,
By his wiſe power made many creatures breed,
Of lifeleſs bodies without Venus *deed.*

So the cold humour breeds the ſalamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire tho' glowing ne'er ſo much.

So in the fire in burning furnace ſprings,
The fly Perauſta *with the flaming wings;*
Without the fire it dies, in it it joys,
Living in that which all things elſe deſtroys.

View Gerh. Herbal *and* Camden.

So ſtow Boötes *underneath him ſees,*
In th' icy iſlands goſlings hatch'd of trees,
Whoſe fruitful leaves falling into the water,
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls ſoon after.

So

So rotten planks of broken ſhips do change
To barnacles. O transformation ſtrange!
'Twas firſt a green tree, then a broken hull,
Lately a muſhroom, now a flying gull.

Venat. O my good maſter, this morning-walk has been ſpent to my great pleaſure and wonder: but I pray, when ſhall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to thoſe that the Trout loves beſt, and alſo how to uſe them?

Piſc. My honeſt ſcholar, it is now paſt five of the clock, we will fiſh till nine, and then go to breakfaſt. Go you to yonder ſycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfaſt with a piece of powdered beef, and a radiſh or two that I have in my fiſh-bag; we ſhall, I warrant you, make a good, honeſt, wholſome, hungry breakfaſt, and I will then give you direction for the making and uſing of your flies: and in the mean time, there is your rod and line, and my advice is, that you fiſh as you ſee me do, and let's try which can catch the firſt fiſh.

Ven. I thank you, maſter, I will obſerve and practiſe your direction as far as I am able.

Piſc. Look you, ſcholar, you ſee I have hold of a good fiſh: I now ſee it is a Trout, I pray put that net under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, ſcholar, I thank you.

Now for another. Truſt me I have another bite: come, ſcholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we ſhall be ſure to have a good diſh of fiſh for ſupper.

Ven. I am glad of that; but I have no fortune: ſure, maſter, your's is a better rod and better tackling.

Piſc. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fiſh with your's. Look you, ſcholar, I have another; come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another: Oh me! he has broke all; there's half a line and a good hook loſt.

Ven.

Ven. Ay, and a good Trout too.

Pisc. Nay, the Trout is not loſt, for pray take notice no man can loſe what he never had.

Ven. Maſter, I can neither catch with the firſt nor ſecond angle: I have no fortune.

Pisc. Look you, ſcholar, I have yet another: and now having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a ſhort tale as we walk towards our breakfaſt: a ſcholar, a preacher I ſhould ſay, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a pariſh that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a ſermon that was firſt preached with great commendation by him that compoſed it; and though the borrower of it preached it word for word as it was at firſt, yet it was utterly diſliked as it was preached by the ſecond to his congregation: which the ſermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it, and was thus anſwered; "I lent you indeed my fiddle, but not "my fiddleſtick; for you are to know, that every "one cannot make muſick with my words, which are "fitted to my own mouth." And ſo, my ſcholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a ſermon ſpoils it, ſo the ill carriage of your line, or not fiſhing even to a foot in a right place, makes you loſe your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you ſee I catch fiſh, yet you have not my fiddleſtick; that is, you yet have not ſkill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this muſt be taught you, for you are to remember I told you angling is an art, either by practice, or a long obſervation, or both. But take this for a rule, when you fiſh for a Trout with a worm, let your line have ſo much, and not more lead than will fit the ſtream in which you fiſh; that is to ſay, more in a great troubleſome ſtream than in a ſmaller that is quieter; as near as may be, ſo much as will ſink the bait to the bottom, and keep it ſtill in motion, and not more.

But

Plate IV. to Front Page 93

S. Wale Inv.t Ryland Sculp.t

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

But now let's say grace and fall to breakfast: what say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

Ven. All excellent good, and my stomach excellent good too. And I now remember and find that true which devout *Lessius* * says, "that poor men, and those that "fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than "rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their "stomachs are empty of their last meat, and call for "more: for by that means, they rob themselves of "that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of your's, "that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-"grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken "lord." But I hope there is none such; however, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done, for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

Pisc. My honest scholar I will do it, for it is a debt due unto you by my promise; and because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial made-flies to angle with upon the top of the water. Note by the way, that the fittest season of

* *Leonard Lessius*, a very learned jesuit, professor of divinity in the college of jesuits at *Louvain*; he was born at *Antwerp*, 1554, and became very famous for his skill in divinity, civil law, mathematics, physic, and history: he wrote several theological tracts, and a book entitled *Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ, & vitæ ad extremam senectutem conservandæ*. See *Walton*'s Life prefixed. From this tract of *Lessius*, it is probable the passage in the text is cited. He died 1623.

using

uſing theſe, is a bluſtering windy day, when the waters are ſo troubled that the natural fly cannot be ſeen, or reſt upon them. The firſt is the dun-fly in *March*, the body is made of dun wool, the wings of the partridge's feathers. The ſecond is another dun-fly, the body of black wool, and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the ſtone-fly in *April*, the body is made of black wool made yellow under the wings, and under the tail, and ſo made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly in the beginning of *May*, the body made of red wool wrapt about with black ſilk, and the feathers are the wings of the drake, with the feathers of a red capon alſo, which hang dangling on his ſides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greeniſh-fly, in *May* likewiſe, the body made of yellow wool, and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The ſixth is the black-fly, in *May* alſo, the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail; the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The ſeventh is the ſad yellow-fly in *June*, the body is made of black wool, with a yellow liſt on either ſide, and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the mooriſh-fly, made with the body of duſkiſh wool, and the wings made of the blackiſh mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of *June*; the body made of tawny wool, the wings made contrary one againſt the other, made of the whitiſh mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the waſp-fly in *July*, the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow ſilk, the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the ſhell-fly, good in *Mid-July*, the body made of greeniſh wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail, and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is the dark drake-fly, good in *Auguſt*, the body made with black-wool, lapt about with black ſilk: his wings are made with the mail of the

the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the river *.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. *Thomas Barker* †, a gentleman

* It has been already observed, that *Walton*'s excellence, as an angler, did not consist in fly-fishing: the reader is therefore recommended to the list of flies in the second part, and the additions contained in the notes thereon.

† It is supposed that the reader is by this time not wholly ignorant who this gentleman was, as mention is made of him in the author's life. We have already given the dedication to his *Art of Angling*, and here now follow some extracts from that humorous piece itself. Addressing himself to the noble lord to whom his book is dedicated, he thus begins:

——" Under favour, I will compliment, and put a case to " your honour. I met with a man, and upon our discourse he " fell out with me, having a good weapon, but neither stomach " nor skill: I say *this man may come home by Weeping-cross*; I will " *cause the clerk to toll his knell.* It is the very like case to the gen- " tleman angler, that goeth to the river for his pleasure: This " angler hath neither judgment nor experience: he may come " home lightly laden at his leisure.——

——" A man that goeth to the river for his pleasure, must un- " derstand, when he cometh there, to *set forth his tackle.* The " first thing he must do, is to observe the *wind* and *sun* for *day*, " the *moon*, the *stars*, and the *wanes of the air* for *night*, to *set* " *forth his tackles* for day or night; and accordingly to go for his " pleasure and some profit.——

——" Now I am determined to angle with the ground-baits, " and set my tackles to my rod, and *go to my pleasure.* I begin at " the uppermost part of the stream, carrying my line with an up- " right hand, feeling my plummet running truly on the ground " some ten inches from the hook, plumming my line according " to the swiftness of the stream I angle in; for one plummet will " not serve for all streams; for the true angling is, that the " plummet run truly on the ground.——

——" My lord sent to me, at sun going down, to provide " him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six " o'clock. I went to the door *to see how the wanes of the air were* " *like to prove.* I returned answer, that I doubted not, God " willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went pre- " sently to the river, and it proved very dark: I threw out a line " of three silks and three hairs twisted, for the uppermost part, " and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the lower part,

" with

gentleman that hath ſpent much time in fiſhing: but I ſhall do it with a little variation.

" with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-
" worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could gueſs them in
" the dark; I fell to angle. It proved very dark, ſo that I had
" good ſport, angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flies,
" on the top of the water; you ſhall hear the fiſh riſe at the top of
" the water; then you muſt looſe a ſlack line down to the bot-
" tom, as nigh as you can gueſs; then hold your line ſtrait,
" feeling the fiſh bite; give time, there is no doubt of loſing the
" fiſh, for there is not one amongſt twenty but doth gorge the
" bait; the leaſt ſtroke you can ſtrike faſtens the hook, and makes
" the fiſh ſure, letting the fiſh take a turn or two, you may take
" him up with your hands. The night began to alter, and grow
" ſomewhat lighter; I took off the lob-worms, and ſet to my rod
" a white palmer-fly, made of a large hook; I had good ſport for
" the time, until it grew lighter: ſo I took off the white palmer,
" and ſet to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good ſport
" until it grew very light: then I took off the red palmer, and
" ſet to a black palmer; I had good ſport, and made up the diſh
" of fiſh. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his
" time appointed for the ſervice.

" Theſe three flies, with the help of the lob-worms, ſerve to
" angle all the year for the night; obſerving the times as I have
" ſhewed you in this night-work, the white fly for darkneſs, the
" red fly *in medio*, and the black fly for lightneſs. This is the
" true experience for angling in the night; which is the ſureſt
" angling of all, and killeth the greateſt Trouts. Your lines
" may be ſtrong, but muſt not be longer than your rod.

" Now, having taken a good diſh of Trouts, I preſented them
" to my lord; he having provided good company, commanded me
" to turn cook and dreſs them for dinner ——

——" There comes an honeſt gentleman, a familiar friend, to
" me, he was an angler, begins to compliment with me, and
" aſked me how I did? when I had been angling? and demanded,
" in diſcourſe, what was the reaſon I did not relate in my book
" the dreſſing of *his diſh of fiſh*, which he loved? *I pray you, Sir,*
" *what diſh of Trouts was that?* He ſaid, it was a diſh of
" cloſe-boiled Trouts, buttered with eggs. My anſwer was to
" him, that *every ſcullion dreſſeth that diſh againſt his will, becauſe*
" *he cannot calvor them.* I will tell you in ſhort: put your
" Trouts into the kettle when the kettle is ſet to the fire, and
" let them boil gently, as many cooks do, and they ſhall boil
" cloſe enough; which is a good diſh, buttered with eggs, good
" for ploughmen, but not for the palate. Sir, *I hope I have given*
" *you ſatisfaction.*"

First

Firſt, let your rod be light, and very gentle, I take the beſt to be of two pieces*, and let not your line exceed, eſpecially for three or four links next to the hook, I ſay, not exceed three or four hairs at the moſt, though you may fiſh a little ſtronger above in the upper part of your line: but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you ſhall have more riſes and catch more fiſh. Now you muſt be ſure not to cumber yourſelf with too long a line, as moſt do: and before you begin to angle, caſt to have the wind on your back, and the ſun, if it ſhines, to be before you, and to fiſh down the ſtream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the ſhadow of yourſelf and rod too, will be the leaſt offenſive to the fiſh; for the ſight of any ſhade amazes the fiſh, and ſpoils your ſport, of which you muſt take great care.

In the middle of *March*, till which time a man ſhould not in honeſty catch a Trout, or in *April*, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the beſt fiſhing is with the palmer-worm, of which I laſt ſpoke to you; but of theſe there be divers kinds, or at leaſt of divers colours; theſe and the *May*-fly are the ground of all fly-angling, which are to be thus made.

Firſt, you muſt arm your hook with the line in the inſide of it, then take your ſciſſars, and cut ſo much of a brown mallard's feather as in your own reaſon will make the wings of it, you having withal regard to the bigneſs or littleneſs of your hook; then lay the outmoſt part of your feather next to your hook, then the point of your feather next the ſhank of your hook; and having ſo done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the ſame ſilk with which your hook was armed; and having made the ſilk faſt, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is uſually better; take off the one ſide of the feather, and then take the hackle, ſilk, or crewel, gold or ſilver thread, make theſe faſt at the bent of the hook, that is to ſay, below your arming; then you muſt take the hackle, the ſilver or gold thread,

* For your rod, and alſo for a fly-line, take the directions contained in the notes on Chap. xxi.

and work it up to the wings, ſhifting or ſtill removing your finger, as you turn the ſilk about the hook: and ſtill looking at every ſtop or turn, that your gold, or what materials ſoever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do ſo, then when you have made the head, make all faſt: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that faſt: and then with a needle or pin divide the wing into two, and then with the arming ſilk whip it about croſs-ways betwixt the wings, and then with your thumb you muſt turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook, and then work three or four times about the ſhank of the hook, and then view the proportion, and if all be neat and to your liking, faſten.

I confeſs, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know, this with a little practice will help an ingenious angler in a good degree: but to ſee a fly made by an artiſt in that kind, is the beſt teaching to make it; and then an ingenious angler may walk by the river and mark what flies fall on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he ſees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind: and then having always hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag alſo always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or ſad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, ſeveral-coloured ſilk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown ſheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of ſilver; ſilk of ſeveral colours, eſpecially ſad-coloured, to make the fly's head; and there be alſo other coloured feathers, both of little birds and of peckled fowl; I ſay, having thoſe with him * in a bag,

* The author not having particularly enumerated the materials neceſſary for fly-making, it will not be improper, once for all, to do it here. And firſt, you muſt be provided with bear's hair of divers colours; as grey, dun, light and dark coloured, bright brown, and that which ſhines: alſo camel's hair, dark, light, and of a colour between both: badger's hair, or fur: ſpaniel's hair from behind the ear, light and dark brown, blackiſh and black: hog's down, which may be had, about *Chriſtmas*, of butchers, or rather

bag *, and trying to make a fly, though he miſs at firſt, yet ſhall he at laſt hit it better, even to ſuch a perfection

rather of thoſe that make brawn; it ſhould be plucked from under the throat, and other ſoft places of the hog, and muſt be of the following colours, *viz.* black, red, whitiſh, and ſandy; and for other colours, you may get them dyed at a dyer's: ſeal's fur, is to be had at the trunk-maker's; get this alſo dyed of the colours of cow's and calf's hair, in all the different ſhades, from the light to the darkeſt brown; you will then never need cow's or calf's hair; both which are harſh, and will never work kindly, nor lie handſomely: get alſo mohairs, black, blue, purple, white, violet; *Iſabella*, which colour is deſcribed in a note on *Cotton*'s flies for *March*: *Philomot*, from *feuille morte*, a dead leaf, yellow and orange: camlets, both hair and worſted, blue, yellow, dun, light and dark brown, red, violet, purple, black, horſe-fleſh, pink, and orange colours. Some recommend the hair of abortive colts and calves; but ſeal's fur, dyed as above is much better.

A piece of an old *Turkey* carpet will furniſh excellent dubbing, untwiſt the yarn, and pick out the wool, carefully ſeparating the different colours, and lay it by.

Some uſe for dubbing barge-ſail, concerning which the reader is to know, that the ſails of Weſt-country and other barges, when old, are uſually converted into tilts, under which there is almoſt a continual ſmoak ariſing from the fire and the ſteam of the beef-kettle which all ſuch barges carry, and which, in time, dyes the tilt of a fine brown; this would be excellent dubbing, but that the material of theſe ſails is ſheep's wool, which ſoaks in the water, and ſoon becomes very heavy: however, get of this as many different ſhades as you can, and have ſeal's fur and hog-wool dyed to match them; which, by reaſon they are more turgid, ſtiff and light, and ſo float better, are, in moſt caſes, to be preferred to worſted, crewels, and, indeed, to every other kind of wool; and obſerve that the hog-wool is beſt for large, and the ſeal's fur for ſmall flies.

Get alſo furs of the following animals, *viz.* the ſquirrel, particularly from his tail; fox-cub, from the tail where it is downy, and of an aſh-colour; an old fox, an old otter, otter cub, badger, fulimart, or filmert; a hare, from the neck, where it is of the colour of withered fern; and above all, the yellow fur of the martern, from off the gills or ſpots under the jaws. All theſe, and almoſt every other kind of fur, are eaſily got at the furrier's.

Hackles are a very important article in fly-making: they are the long ſlender feathers that hang from the head of a cock down his neck; there may alſo be fine ones got from near his tail; be careful that they are not too rank, which they are when the fibres are more than half an inch long; and for ſome purpoſes theſe are

perfection, as none can well teach him; and if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit alſo where

much too big: be provided with theſe of the following colours, *viz.* red, dun, yellowiſh, white, orange, and perfect black, and whenever you meet, alive or dead, with a cock of the game-breed, whoſe hackle is of a ſtrong brown-red, never fail to buy him; but obſerve that the feathers of a cock-chicken, be they ever ſo fine for ſhape and colour, are good for little; for they are too downy and weak to ſtand erect after they are once wet, and ſo are thoſe of the Bantam-cock.

Feathers are abſolutely neceſſary for the wings, and other parts of flies; get therefore feathers from the back and other parts of the wild mallard, or drake, the feathers of a partridge, eſpecially thoſe red ones that are in the tail: feathers from a cock-pheaſant's breaſt and tail, the wings of a blackbird, a brown hen, of a ſtarling, a jay, a land-rail, a throſſle, a fieldfare, and a water-coot; the feathers from the crown of the pewit, plover, or lap-wing; green and copper-coloured peacock's and black oſtrich herl; feathers from a heron's neck and wings; and remember, that in moſt inſtances, where the drake's or wild mallard's feather is hereafter directed, that from a ſtarling's wing will do much better, as being of a finer grain, and leſs ſpungy.

Be provided with marking-ſilk of all colours, fine, but very ſtrong, ſlaw-ſilk, gold and ſilver flatted wire or twiſt, a ſharp knife, hooks of all ſizes, hog's briſtles for loops to your flies, ſhoemaker's wax, a large needle to raiſe your dubbing when flatted with working, and a ſmall but ſharp pair of ſciſſars.

And laſtly, if any materials required in the ſubſequent liſts of flies may have been omitted in the foregoing catalogue, be careful to add them to your former ſtock as often as you ſhall find any ſuch omiſſions.

Remember, with all your dubbing, to mix bear's hair and hog's wool, which are ſtiff, and not apt to imbibe the water, as the fine furs, and moſt other kind of dubbing do: and remember alſo, that martern's fur is the beſt yellow you can uſe.

* The uſe of a bag is attended with many inconveniencies, of which, the mixing and waſting your materials are not the leaſt; to prevent which, the following method is recommended: take a piece of fine-grained parchment, of ſeven inches by nine, and fold it ſo that the ſize and proportion of it will be that of a ſmall octavo volume; then open it, and through the firſt leaf, with a ſharp penknife and a ruler, make three croſs cuts, at the ſame proportionable diſtance as thoſe in Plate IX. Fig. 1. and with a needle and ſilk, ſtitch the two leaves together, as in that figure; let each of the margins be half an inch at leaſt.

Then

where there is ſtore of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch ſuch ſtore of them, as will encourage

Then, with a pair of compaſſes, take the diſtance from A to B, and ſet it on in the middle of a ſmall piece of parchment; and likewiſe ſet on the ſame diſtance to the right and left, and at each extremity cut off, with a penknife and ruler, the ſpare parchment, obſerving that the ſides are exactly parallel.

At about a quarter of an inch from the top, make a cut through the firſt and third diviſions, and, with a pair of ſciſſars, ſnip out the looſe pieces.

Then ſet on the diſtance from A to C, and cut as before, leaving the middle diviſion an inch longer at bottom than the others: when this is done, your parchment will have the ſhape and proportion of Fig. 2. and you may cut the upper flap as it appears there.

Be careful that the cuts, and indeed all your work, are exactly ſquare; and when this is done, turn in the ſides and ends of the parchment, ſo cut as before, and preſs the folds with a folding-ſtick, and you have one pocket, ſhaped as Fig. 3. which put into the firſt partition.

Purſue the ſame method with the ſmall pockets, and thoſe for the other partitions; and in this manner proceed till you have completed ſix leaves, which are to make the firſt of your book: the larger of theſe pockets are to hold hog's wool, ſeal's fur, and bear's hair, and the ſmaller the finer furs; which are thoſe of the martern, fox-cub, &c.

In each of the ſix diviſions, in every leaf, with a ſadler's hollow punch, make a hole; to which end, take a thin narrow ſtick of beech, or any hardiſh wood, and when the pocket is in its place, put the ſtick down into the pocket, and, obſerving the center of the diviſion, give the punch a ſmart blow with a mallet; theſe holes will ſhew what is contained in each of the pockets.

The next leaf may be ſingle; ſtitch it acroſs with double ſilk diagonally, and croſs thoſe ſtitches with others, and the ſpaces will be of a lozenge-ſhape; let the ſtitches be half an inch in length: into theſe you are to tuck your dubbing, when mixed ready for uſe.

The next leaf ſhould be double, ſtitched with a margin as the others; and through the firſt fold cut a lozenge, as big as the ſize will allow of: into this you may tuck three or four wings of ſmall birds, as the ſtarling, the land-rail, the throſtle, &c. At the back of this leaf ſew two little parchment ſtraps, of half an inch wide, very ſtrong; through which put a ſmall, but very neat and ſharp pair of ſciſſars.

You may, on another ſingle leaf, make four or five croſs-bars of long ſtitches, through which, as well on the back as the fore-

encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

Venat. But, my loving maſter, if any wind will not ſerve, then I wiſh I were in *Lapland*, to buy a good wind of one of the honeſt witches, that ſell ſo many winds there, and ſo cheap.

Piſc. Marry, ſcholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree: for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I miſtake not, we ſhall preſently have a ſmoking ſhower, and therefore ſit cloſe, this ſycamore-tree will ſhelter us: and I will

ſide, you may put large feathers, namely, thoſe of a cock-pheaſant's tail, a ruddy brown hen, *&c.*

The next three leaves ſhould be double; ſtitch them through the middle, from ſide to ſide, and with the compaſſes deſcribe a circle of about an inch and half diameter; cut out the parchment within the circle; under ſome of the margins, when the leaves are ſtitched together, you may tuck peacock's and oſtrich herle, and in others lay neatly the golden feathers of a pheaſant's breaſt, and the grey and dyed yellow mail of a mallard.

Three double leaves more, with only two large pockets in each, may be allotted for ſilk of various colours, gold and ſilver-twiſt, and other odd things; ſix ſingle leaves more will compleat your book; ſtitch them from ſide to ſide with diſtances of half an inch, and croſs thoſe ſtitches with others, from top to bottom, with ſomewhat greater diſtances; and into every other ſpace, reckoning from top to bottom, lay neatly and ſmoothly a ſtarling's feather; do the ſame on the back-ſide, and ſo for two leaves.

The other leaves you may fill with land-rail's and other ſmall feathers, plover's tops, and red and black hackles.

The firſt and laſt leaves of your book may be double, ſtitched in the middle, from ſide to ſide, but open at the edges; which will leave you four pockets like thoſe of a common pocket-book; into which you may put hooks, and a ſmall piece of wax, wrapped in a bit of glove-leather.

To the page that contains the mixed dubbings, there ſhould be an index, referring to every diviſion contained in it, and expreſſing what fly each mixture is for.

When your book is thus prepared, ſend it to the binder with directions to bind it as ſtrong as poſſible; let him leave a flap to one of the boards, and faſten to it a yard of ribband to tie it.

The uſefulneſs and manifold conveniencies of a book are apparent; and whoever will be at the pains of making ſuch a one as this, will find it greatly preferable to a magazine-bag,

tell

tell you, as they ſhall come into my mind, more obſervations of fly-fiſhing for a Trout.

But firſt for the wind, you are to take notice, that of the winds the ſouth wind is ſaid to be beſt. One obſerves, that

——when the wind is ſouth,
It blows your bait into a fiſh's mouth.

Next to that, the weſt wind is believed to be the beſt: and having told you that the eaſt wind is the worſt, I need not tell you which wind is the beſt in the third degree; and yet, as *Solomon* obſerves, that "he that conſiders the wind ſhall never ſow:" ſo he that buſies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an eaſt wind, ſhall be a little ſuperſtitious: for as it is obſerved by ſome, that "there is no good horſe of a bad colour;" ſo I have obſerved, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind ſit in what corner it will, and do its worſt, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fiſh ſtanding on the lee-ſhore: and you are to take notice, that the fiſh lies or ſwims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water in winter than in ſummer; and alſo nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets neareſt the lee-ſide of the water.

But I promiſed to tell you more of the fly-fiſhing for a Trout, which I may have time enough to do, for you ſee it rains *May* butter: firſt for a *May*-fly, you may make his body with greeniſh coloured crewel, or willowiſh colour; darkening it in moſt places with waxed ſilk, or ribbed with black hair, or ſome of them ribbed with ſilver thread; and ſuch wings for the colour as you ſee the fly to have at that ſeaſon, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the oak-fly with an orange tawny and black ground, and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings; and you are to know, that theſe two are moſt excellent flies; that is, the *May*-fly and the oak-fly. And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from

the water as you can poſſibly, whether you fiſh with a fly or worm, and fiſh down the ſtream; and when you fiſh with a fly, if it be poſſible, let no part of your line touch the water*, but your fly only; and be ſtill moving your fly upon the water, or caſting it into the water, you yourſelf being alſo always moving down the ſtream. Mr. *Barker* commends ſeveral ſorts of the palmer-flies, not only thoſe ribbed with ſilver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black, or ſome with red, and a red hackle; you may alſo make the hawthorn-fly, which is all black, and not big, but very ſmall, the ſmaller the better; or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange colour and black crewel, with a brown wing; or a fly made with a peacock's feather, is excellent in a bright day †: you muſt be ſure you want not in your maga-

* This is impoſſible, unleſs you dib with the artificial as with the natural fly, which is never practiſed. The method of throwing or caſting is more particularly treated of in the notes on Chap. V. Part. II.

† *A brother of the angle muſt always be ſped*
With three black palmers, and alſo two red,
And all made with hackles: in a cloudy day,
Or in windy weather, angle you may.

But morning and evening, if the day be bright,
And the chief point of all is to keep out of ſight.
In the month of May, *none but the* May-*fly*
For every month one, is a pitiful lye.

The black hawthorn-fly muſt be very ſmall,
And the ſandy hog's hair is ſure beſt of all:
For the mallard-wing May-*fly, and peacock's train,*
Will look like the fleſh-fly to kill Trout amain.

The oak-fly is good if it have a brown wing;
So is the graſhopper, that in July *doth ſing:*
With a green body make him, on a middle-ſiz'd hook;
But when you have catch fiſh, then play the good cook.

Once more, my good brother, I'll ſpeak in thy ear;
Hog's, red cow's, and bear's wool, to float beſt appear;
And ſo doth your fur, if rightly it fall:
But always remember, make two, and make all.

A ſpecimen of Mr. *Barker*'s poetry!

zine-

zine-bag the peacock's feather, and grounds of ſuch wool and crewel as will make the graſhopper; and note, that uſually the ſmalleſt flies are the beſt; and note alſo, that the light fly does uſually make moſt ſport in a dark day, and the darkeſt and leaſt fly in a bright or clear day; and laſtly note, that you are to repair upon any occaſion to your magazine-bag, and upon any occaſion vary and make them lighter or ſadder according to your fancy or the day.

And now I ſhall tell you, that the fiſhing with a natural fly is excellent, and affords much pleaſure; they may be found thus, the *May*-fly uſually in and about that month near to the river ſide, eſpecially againſt rain; the oak-fly on the butt or body of an oak or aſh, from the beginning of *May* to the end of *Auguſt*; it is a browniſh fly, and eaſy to be ſo found, and ſtands uſually with his head downward, that is to ſay, towards the root of the tree*; the ſmall black-fly,

* The oak-fly is known alſo by the names of the aſh-fly and the woodcock-fly; and in *Shropſhire* it is called the cannon or down-hill-fly. Some dub it with black wool and *Iſabella*-coloured mohair, and bright browniſh bear's hair, warped on with yellow ſilk, but the head of an aſh-colour; others dub it with an orange-tawny and black ground; others with blackiſh wool and gold-twiſt; the wings of the brown of a mallard's feather. *Bowlker*, in his *Art of Angling*, page 63, ſays, "The body may be made of a bittern's feather, and the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing;" and adds, "This fly, as I have lately been informed by a gentleman of veracity, is bred in thoſe little balls which grow on the boughs of large oaks, commonly called oak-apples; which he accidentally diſcovered by opening ſeveral of theſe balls which had been gathered in the winter and brought into the houſe, in each of which was found the cannon-fly; ſome of which, being enlivened by the warmth of the room, immediately took flight, and fixed in the window, with the head downwards, the poſition they obſerve on the trees."

This diſcovery, by which the formation of galls is accounted for, as well as the ſubſtances above mentioned, was made long ago by the ſagacious *Malpighi*; who had, with great diligence, attended to the operations of inſects in the act of depoſiting their eggs; and, in his treatiſe *de Gallis*, he deſcribes the hollow inſtrument, wherewith many flies are provided, with which they perforate the tegument of leaves, fruits, or buds, and through the hollow

fly, or hawthorn-fly, is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth: with these and a short line, as I shewed to angle for a Chub, you may dape or dop, and also with a grashopper behind a tree, or in any deep hole, still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be Trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining; and now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. *Herbert* says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of Trouts.

Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
for thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
and thou must die.

hollow of it inject their eggs into the wounds which they have made; where, in process of time, they hatch and are nourished: and this he beheld one of these insects doing in the bud of an oak. See *Malpighi, de Gallis*, page 47. See also Dr. *Plot*'s History of *Staffordshire*, 224.

And Dr. *Derham* says, he himself "had once the good fortune to see an oak-ball ichneumon strike its *terebra* into an oak-apple divers times, no doubt, to lay its eggs therein." *Phys. Theol.* Book 8. Chap. 6. Note *bb*.

There is no comparison between the first of these authorities and those of the two persons last mentioned: but it is pleasing to apply the accidental discoveries of unlearned men to the confirmation of hypotheses of which they are ignorant.

Sweet

Sweet ſpring, full of ſweet days and roſes,
A box where ſweets compacted lie;
My muſic ſhews you have your cloſes,
and all muſt die.

Only a ſweet and virtuous ſoul,
Like ſeaſon'd timber never gives,
But when the whole word turns to coal,
then chiefly lives.

Venat. I thank you, good maſter, for your good direction for fly-fiſhing, and for the ſweet enjoyment of the pleaſant day, which is ſo far ſpent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the ſweet cloſe of your diſcourſe with Mr. *Herbert*'s verſes, who I have heard loved angling: and I do the rather believe it, becauſe he had a ſpirit ſuitable to anglers, and to thoſe primitive Chriſtians that you love, and have ſo much commended.

Piſc. Well, my loving ſcholar, and I am pleaſed to know that you are ſo well pleaſed with my direction and diſcourſe.

And ſince you like theſe verſes of Mr. *Herbert*'s ſo well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine that profeſſes to imitate him, and has indeed done ſo moſt excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer, which I know you will like the better, becauſe he is a friend of mine, and I am ſure no enemy to angling *.

* This paſſage goes very near to unfold to us a ſecret in literary hiſtory, *viz.* the name of the author of the *Synagogue*, a collection of poems ſuppletory to that of Mr. *George Herbert*, entitled the *Temple*. For we ſee *Ch. Harvie* ſubſcribed to the enſuing eulogium on the Common Prayer; and I find in the *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 267. a *Chriſtopher Harvey*, a Maſter of Arts, Vicar of *Clifton*, in *Warwickſhire*, born in 1597, and who lived to 1663, and perhaps after. Further, the ſecond copy of commendatory verſes prefixed to this book, has the ſubſcription *Ch. Harvie*, M. A. The preſumption therefore is very ſtrong, that both were written by the *Chriſtopher Harvey* above-mentioned.

What?

What? pray'r by th' book? and common? Yes, why not?
The spirit of grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place,
But manner too: to read or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
In's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In chusing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter,
And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' prayer be good, the commoner the better,
Prayer in the church's words, as well
*As sense, of all prayers bears the bell**.

Ch. Harvie.

And

* These verses were written at or near the time when the liturgy was abolished by an ordinance of parliament, and while it was agitating as a theological question, whether of the two, preconceived or extemporary prayer, be most agreeable to the sense of scripture: in

And now, ſcholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water, to fiſh for themſelves, and you ſhall chuſe which ſhall be your's; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And let me tell you, this kind of fiſhing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to uſe, for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but ſleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this laſt hour, and ſat as quietly and as free from cares under this ſycamore, as *Virgil*'s *Tityrus* and his *Melibœus* did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honeſt ſcholar, no life ſo happy and ſo pleaſant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is ſwallowed up with buſineſs, and the ſtateſman is preventing or contriving plots, then we ſit on cowſlip-banks, hear the birds ſing, and poſſeſs ourſelves in as much quietneſs as theſe ſilent ſilver ſtreams, which we now ſee glide ſo quietly by us. Indeed, my good ſcholar, we may ſay of angling as Dr. *Boteler* ſaid of ſtrawberries; "Doubtleſs God "could have made a better berry, but doubtleſs God "never did: *" and ſo, if I might be judge, "God "never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent re-"creation, than angling."

in favour of the former I have heard it aſſerted by a very eloquent perſon, and one of the ableſt writers both in proſe and verſe now living, that he never without premeditation could addreſs his Maker in terms ſuited to his conceptions; and that of all written compoſition he had found that of prayer to be the moſt difficult. Of the ſame opinion is a very eminent prelate of this day, who being himſelf an excellent judge of literature, in a converſation on the ſubject declared it to me; at the ſame time ſaying, that excepting thoſe in the liturgy, he looked on the prayers of Dr. *Jeremy Taylor*, that occur in the courſe of his works, as by far the moſt eloquent and energetic of any in our language.

* The perſon here mentioned I take to be Dr. *William Butler*, an eminent phyſician of our author's time, ſtyled by *Fuller*, in his Worthies, *Suffolk*, 67, the *Æſculapius* of the age; he invented a medicated drink called Doctor *Butler*'s ale, which, if not now, was a very few years ago, ſold at certain houſes in *London*, that had his head for a ſign. One of theſe was in *Ivy-lane*, and another in an alley leading from *Coleman-ſtreet* to *Baſinghall-ſtreet*. He was a great humouriſt, a circumſtance in his character, which joined to his reputation for ſkill in his profeſſion, might contribute to render him popular.

I'll

I'll tell you, ſcholar, when I ſat laſt on this primroſe-bank, and looked down theſe meadows, I thought of them as *Charles* the emperor did of the city of *Florence*: "That they were too pleaſant to be looked on, but "only on holy-days:" as I then ſat on this very graſs, I turned my preſent thoughts into verſe: 'twas a wiſh which I'll repeat to you *.

The ANGLER'S WISH.

I in theſe flowery meads would be:
Theſe chryſtal ſtreams ſhould ſolace me;
To whoſe harmonious bubbling noiſe,
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here and ſee the turtle-dove,
Court his chaſte mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank, feel the weſt wind
Breathe health and plenty, pleaſe my mind,
To ſee ſweet dew-drops kiſs theſe flowers,
And then, waſh'd off by April *ſhowers:*
Here hear my Kenna *ſing* † *a ſong* ‡,
There ſee a black-bird feed her young,

† Like Hermit poor.

Or

* We have here little leſs than *Walton*'s own word for it, that the following beautiful ſtanzas are of his writing. That he had in his mind a vein of poetry is noted in our life of him; to which let me add, that the name of his ſuppoſed miſtreſs *Kenna* ſeems clearly to be formed from the maiden name of his wife, which was KEN.

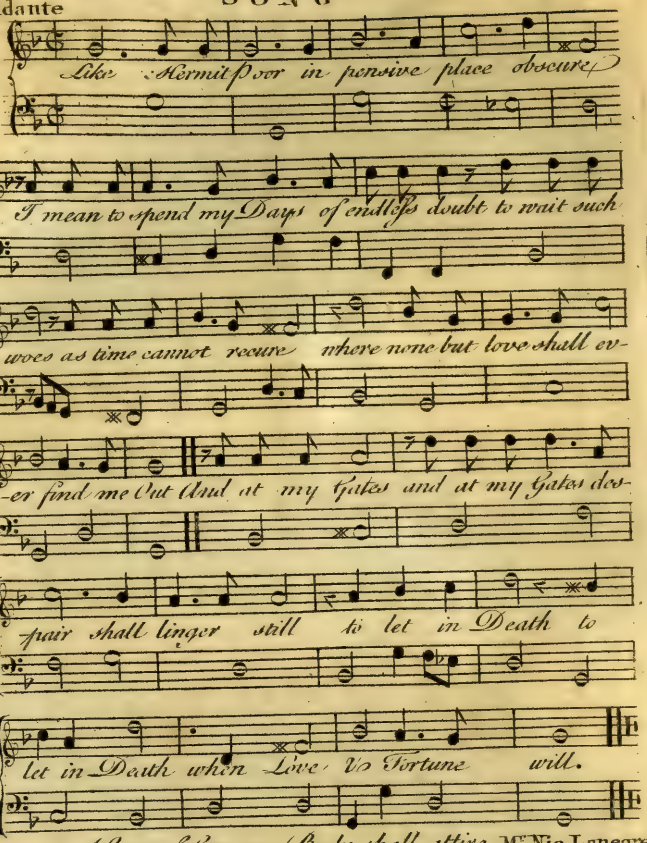
‡ We ſee, by the author's reference to the margin, that he wiſhes to hear *Kenna*, his miſtreſs, ſing the ſong, "*Like hermit* "*poor.*" This ſong was ſet to muſick by Mr. *Nich. Laneare*, an eminent maſter of *Walton*'s time; (who, we are told by *Wood*, was alſo an excellent painter; and whoſe portrait is yet to be ſeen in the muſick-ſchool at *Oxford*;) and is printed with the notes, in a collection intitled, "*Select muſical ayres and dialogues*," folio, 1653. The ſong, as it ſtands there, we have given in the oppoſite page.

It was alſo ſet by Sig. *Alfonſo Feraboſco*, and publiſhed in a collection of his airs, in folio 1609; but *Laneare*'s being the better compoſition, we have choſe to give it the preference, by inſerting it here.

Plate V to front Page 110

Andante

SONG



A Gown of Gray my Body shall attire M^r. Nic. Laneare
My staff of Broken hope whereon I'll Stay
Of Late Repentance linkt with long desire
The couch is framid where on my limbs I lay
And at my Gates &c.
My food shall be of care & Sorrow made
My drink nought else but tears falln from mine Eyes
And for my light in this obscure Shade
The flames may serve which from my Heart arise
And at my Gates &c.

Or a leverock build her neſt;
Here give my weary ſpirits reſt,
And raiſe my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-ſuits, and the noiſe
Of princes courts, I would rejoice,

Or, with my Bryan *, *and a book,*
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook † ;
There ſit by him, and eat my meat,
There ſee the ſun both riſe and ſet:
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away:
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet paſſage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this compoſure, I left this place, and ſaw a brother of the angle ſit under that honey-ſuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance; I ſat down by him, and preſently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you, for it rains ſtill.

There is no doubt but that this ſong was (and probably with Mrs. *Walton*) a favourite one; for, ſome years after the reſtoration, the three firſt words of it were become a phraſe. The affected writer of the life of the lord-keeper *Guildford*, page 212 of that book, ſpeaking of Sir *Job Charleton*, then chief juſtice of *Cheſter*, ſays, he wanted to ſpeak with the king, and went to *Whitehall*; where, returning from his walk in St. *James*'s park, he muſt paſs; and there he ſat him down, "*like* "*hermit poor*." And I alſo find, among the poems of Mr. *Phineas Fletcher*, hereafter mentioned, a metaphraſe of the xliid Pſalm; which, we are told, may be ſung to the tune of, "*Like hermit* "*poor*." Further, we meet with an alluſion to this ſong in *Hudibras*, Part I. Canto ii. line 1169.

That done they ope the trap-door-gate
And let *Crowdero* down thereat;
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place.

* A friend conjectures this to be the name of his favourite dog.

† *Shawford* is a place in *Staffordſhire*. Spelman's *Villare Anglic.*

On

On the other ſide of this very hedge ſat a gang of gypſies, and near to them ſat a gang of beggars: the gypſies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by ſtealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling, or legerdemain, or indeed, by any other ſleights and ſecrets belonging to their myſterious government. And the ſum that was got that week, proved to be but twenty and ſome odd ſhillings. The odd money was agreed to be diſtributed amongſt the poor of their own corporation; and for the remaining twenty ſhillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gypſies, according to their ſeveral degrees in their commonwealth.

And the firſt or chiefeſt gypſy was, by conſent, to have a third part of the twenty ſhillings; which all men know is 6s. 8d.

The ſecond was to have a fourth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 5s.

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 4s.

The fourth and laſt gypſy, was to have a ſixth part of the 20s. which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As for example,

3 times 6s. 8d. is —— 20s.
And ſo is 4 times 5s. —— 20s.
And ſo is 5 times 4s. —— 20s.
And ſo is 6 times 3s. 4d. 20s.

And yet he that divided the money was ſo very a gypſy, that though he gave to every one theſe ſaid ſums, yet he kept one ſhilling of it for himſelf.

As for example,	s.	d.
	6	8
	5	0
	4	0
	3	4
make but	19	0

But

But now you ſhall know, that when the four gypſies ſaw that he had got one ſhilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reaſon to demand more, yet like lords and courtiers every gypſy envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled with him, and every one ſaid the remaining ſhilling belonged to him: and ſo they fell to ſo high a conteſt about it, as none that knows the faithfulneſs of one gypſy to another, will eaſily believe; only we that have lived theſe laſt twenty years, are certain that money has been able to do much miſchief. However, the gypſies were too wiſe to go to law, and did therefore chooſe their choice friends *Rook* and *Shark*, and our late *Engliſh Guſman* *, to be their arbitrators and umpires; and ſo they left this honeyſuckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes, and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When theſe were gone we heard as high a contention amongſt the beggars, whether it was eaſieſt to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak: one beggar affirmed it was all one. But that was denied, by aſking her, if doing and undoing were all one: then another ſaid, 'twas eaſieſt to unrip a cloak, for that was to let it alone. But ſhe was anſwered, by aſking her, how ſhe unript it if ſhe let it alone, and ſhe confeſt herſelf miſtaken. Theſe, and twenty ſuch like queſtions

* There is extant, in the *Spaniſh* language, a book which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh*, and moſt of the other *European* languages, intitled, *The Life of* Guſman d'Alfarache; containing an account of many cheats and rogueries which this ſame *Guſman* is related to have practiſed. In imitation of this book, Mr. *Richard Head*, who wrote a play or two, and is mentioned by *Winſtanley* as a poet, publiſhed the *Engliſh Rogue, deſcribed in the Life of* Meriton Latroon, *a witty extravagant*, whom he makes to have been a member of a gang of gypſies; the hero of this book was generally called the *Engliſh Guſman*; and there would be no doubt that *Walton* alludes to it, but that the third edition of *The Complete Angler*, in which this paſſage firſt occurs, was publiſhed in 1664; whereas *The Engliſh Rogue* bears date 1666; if there was any earlier edition, of the latter the matter is clear—*Rook* and *Shark* can be only imaginary aſſociates of the *Engliſh Guſman*.

were propoſed with as much beggarly logick and earneſtneſs, as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the moſt pertinacious ſchiſmatick; and ſometimes all the beggars, whoſe number was neither more nor leſs than the poets' nine muſes, talked all together about this ripping and unripping, and ſo loud, that not one heard what the other ſaid; but at laſt one beggar craved audience, and told them that old father *Clauſe*, whom *Ben Jonſon* in his *Beggar's-Buſh* * created king of their corporation, was that night to lodge at an ale-houſe, called *Catch-her-by-the-way*, not far from *Waltham-Croſs*, and in the high road towards *London*; and he therefore deſired them to ſpend no more time about that and ſuch like queſtions, but refer all to father *Clauſe* at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the mean time draw cuts what ſong ſhould be next ſung, and who ſhould ſing it; they all agreed to the motion, and the lot fell to her that was the youngeſt, and verieſt virgin of the company; and ſhe ſung *Frank Daviſon*'s ſong, which he made forty years ago, and all the others of the company joined to ſing the burthen with her: the ditty was this, but firſt the burthen.

Bright ſhines the ſun, play beggars play,
Here's ſcraps enough to ſerve to-day.

What noiſe of viols is ſo ſweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when beggars meet?
A beggar's life is for a king.
Eat, drink, and play, ſleep when we liſt,
Go where we will, ſo ſtocks be miſt.
Bright ſhines the ſun, play beggars play,
Here's ſcraps enough to ſerve to-day.

* The comedy of *The Royal Merchant*, or *Beggar's Buſh*, was written by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and not by *Ben Jonſon*.

The

The world is our's, and our's alone,
For we alone have world at will;
We purchaſe not, all is our own,
Both fields and ſtreets we beggars fill:
Play beggars, play, play beggars play,
Here's ſcraps enough to ſerve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our gowns ſecurely feed;
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies therefore, as ſure as creed:
Thus beggars lord it as they pleaſe,
And only beggars live at eaſe:
Bright ſhines the ſun, play beggars play,
Here's ſcraps enough to ſerve to-day.

Ven. I thank you, good maſter, for this piece of merriment, and this ſong, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

Piſc. But I pray forget not the catch which you promiſed to make againſt night, for our countryman, honeſt *Coridon*, will expect your catch and my ſong, which I muſt be forced to patch up, for it is ſo long ſince I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But come, now it hath done raining, let's ſtretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what intereſt our angles will pay us for lending them ſo long to be uſed by the Trouts; lent them indeed, like uſurers, for our profit and their deſtruction.

Ven. Oh me, look you maſter, a fiſh! a fiſh! oh, alas, maſter, I have loſt her!

Piſc. Ay, marry, Sir, that was a good fiſh indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then it is twenty to one he ſhould not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you ſuffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, unleſs he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which was of ſuch a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be ſeen at mine hoſt *Rickabie*'s, at the *George* in *Ware*; and it

may be, by giving that very great Trout the rod, that is, by caſting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run; for ſo I uſe always to do when I meet with an overgrown fiſh, and you will learn to do ſo too hereafter: for I tell you, ſcholar, fiſhing is an art, or at leaſt, it is an art to catch fiſh.

Ven. But maſter, I have heard that the great Trout you ſpeak of is a Salmon.

Piſc. Truſt me, ſcholar, I know not what to ſay to it. There are many country people that believe hares change ſexes every year: and there be very many learned men think ſo too, for in their diſſecting them, they find many reaſons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder ſeem yet leſs, that hares change ſexes, note that Dr. *Mer. Caſaubon* affirms in his book of credible and incredible things, that *Gaſper Peucerus*, a learned phyſician *, tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in ſhape, and partly in conditions. And ſo, whether this were a Salmon when he came into freſh water, and his not returning into the ſea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to ſay; but I am certain he hath all the ſigns of being a Trout both for his ſhape, colour, and ſpots, and yet many think he is not.

Ven. But maſter, will this Trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

Piſc. I will tell you, ſcholar, that unleſs the hook be faſt in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live; and a little time with the help of the water, will ruſt the hook, and it will in time wear away; as the gravel doth in the horſe-hoof, which only leaves a falſe quarter.

And now, ſcholar, let's go to my rod. Look you, ſcholar, I have a fiſh too, but it proves a logger-

* And mathematician, born at *Luſatia*, 1525; he married the daughter of *Melanchthon*, wrote many books on various ſubjects, and died 1602, aged 78.

headed

headed Chub; and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother *Peter* and honest *Coridon*. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again; and we will even retire to the sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing: for I would fain make you an artist.

Ven. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

Pisc. Well, scholar, now we are sat down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of Trout-fishing, before I speak of the Salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then of the Pike or Luce. You are to know, there is night as well as day-fishing for a Trout *, and that in the night the best Trouts come out of their holes: and the manner of taking them is on the top of the water with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water to and fro, and if there be a good Trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark: for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle, or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old Trouts usually lie, near to their holds; for you are to note, that the great old Trout is both subtil and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day, as the timorous hare does in her form: for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trout feeds very boldly.

* The reader is not to expect, in the notes on this work, any additional directions relative to night-fishing; a very unwholesome practice, and followed by few except poachers, who are fond of it, because it looks like stealing.

And you muſt fiſh for him with a long line, and not a little hook, and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does nor uſually forſake it, as he oft will in the day-fiſhing: and if the night be not dark, then fiſh ſo with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the ſnap: nay, he will ſometimes riſe at a dead mouſe, or a piece of cloth, or any thing that ſeems to ſwim croſs the water, or to be in motion: this is a choice way, but I have not oft uſed it, becauſe it is void of the pleaſures, that ſuch days as theſe, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in *Hampſhire*, which I think exceeds all *England* for ſwift, ſhallow, clear, pleaſant brooks, and ſtore of Trouts, they uſe to catch Trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or ſtraw, which when they have diſcovered, they ſtrike with a Trout-ſpear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many; but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witneſs of it, nor do I like it now I have ſeen it.

Venat. But, maſter, do not Trouts ſee us in the night?

Piſc. Yes, and hear, and ſmell too, both then and in the day-time; for *Geſner* obſerves, the Otter ſmells a fiſh forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, ſeems to be affirmed by Sir *Francis Bacon*, in the eighth century of his natural hiſtory, who there proves that waters may be the medium of ſounds, by demonſtrating it thus; "That if you knock two "ſtones together very deep under the water, thoſe "that ſtand on a bank near to that place, may hear "the noiſe without any diminution of it by the water." He alſo offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall by a very long cable or rope on a rock, or the ſand within the ſea: and this being ſo well obſerved and demonſtrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eels unbed themſelves, and ſtir at the noiſe of thunder; and not only as ſome think, by the motion or ſtirring of the earth which is occaſioned by that thunder.

And

And this reaſon of Sir *Francis Bacon*, *Exper.* 792. has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming, that he knew Carps come to a certain place in a pond, to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum: and however, it ſhall be a rule for me to make as little noiſe as I can when I am fiſhing, until Sir *Francis Bacon* be confuted, which I ſhall give any man leave to do *.

And leſt you may think him ſingular in this opinion, I will tell you, this ſeems to be believed by our learned Doctor *Hakewill*, who in his *Apology of God's power and providence* †, f. 360, quotes *Pliny* to report, that one of the emperors had particular fiſh-ponds, and in them ſeveral fiſh, that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names ‡: and St. *James* tells us, chap. iii. 7. that all things in the ſea have been tamed by mankind. And *Pliny* tells us, Lib. ix. 35. that *Antonia*, the wife of *Druſus*, had a Lamprey, at whoſe gills ſhe hung jewels or ear-rings: and that others have been ſo tender-hearted, as to ſhed tears at the death of fiſhes, which they have kept and loved. And theſe obſervations, which will to moſt

* That fiſh hear, is confirmed by the authority of late writers; *Swammerdam* aſſerts it, and adds, that "they have a wonderful "labyrinth of the ear for that purpoſe." See *Swammerdam* of inſects, edit. *London*, 1758, page 50. A clergyman, a friend of mine, aſſures me, that at the abbey of St. *Bernard*, near *Antwerp*, he ſaw Carp come at the whiſtling of the feeder.

† This book, which was publiſhed in folio, 1635, and is full of excellent learning and good ſenſe, contains an examination and cenſure of that common error which philoſophers have fallen into, "That there is in nature a perpetual and univerſal decay;" the contrary whereof, after an extenſive view of the hiſtory of the phyſical and moral world, and a judicious and impartial compariſon of former ages with that wherein the author lived, is, with great force of argument, demonſtrated. The reader may, in this book, meet with a relation of that inſtance of Lord *Cromwell*'s gratitude to Sig. *Freſcobaldi*, a *Florentine* merchant, which is given in a dramatic form in *the hiſtory of* Thomas *Lord* Cromwell, publiſhed as *Shakeſpeare*'s by ſome of the earlier editors of his works.

‡ Monſ. *Bernier*, in his hiſtory of *Indoſtan*, reports the like of the Great Mogul.

hearers ſeem wonderful, ſeem to have a further confirmation from *Martial* *, Lib. iv. Epigr. 30. who writes thus;

Piſcator, fuge ne nocens, &c.

Angler, *would'ſt thou be guiltleſs? then forbear,*
For theſe are ſacred fiſhes that ſwim here;
Who know their ſovereign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command:
Nay more, they've names, and when they called are,
Do to their ſeveral owners call repair.

All the further uſe that I ſhall make of this ſhall be, to adviſe anglers to be patient, and forbear ſwearing, leſt they be heard and catch no fiſh.

And ſo I ſhall proceed next to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields near *Leominſter*, a town in *Herefordſhire*, are obſerved to make the ſheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and alſo to bear finer wool; that is to ſay, that that year in which they feed in ſuch a particular paſture, they ſhall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it, and coarſer again if they ſhall return to their former paſture; and again return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine wool ground. Which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a Trout in one meadow he ſhall be white and faint, and very like to be lowſy; and as certainly, if I catch a Trout in the next meadow, he ſhall be ſtrong, and red, and luſty, and much better meat: truſt me, ſcholar, I have caught many a Trout in a particular

* The verſes cited are as follow:

Piſcator, *fuge, ne nocens recedas,*
Sacris piſcibus hæ natantur undæ,
Qui nôrunt dominum, manumque lambunt,
Illam quâ nihil eſt in orbe majus
Quid, quod nomen habent; & ad magiſtri
Vocem quiſque ſui venit citatus.

meadow,

meadow, that the very ſhape and the enamelled colour of him hath been ſuch, as hath joyed me to look on him: and I have then with much pleaſure concluded with *Solomon*, "Every thing is beautiful in his ſeaſon."

I ſhould by promiſe ſpeak next of the Salmon, but I will by your favour ſay a little of the Umber or Grayling; which is ſo like a Trout for his ſhape and feeding, that I deſire I may exerciſe your patience with a ſhort diſcourſe of him, and then the next ſhall be of the Salmon *.

CHAP.

* The Trout delights in ſmall purling rivers and brooks, with gravelly bottoms and a ſwift ſtream; his haunts are an eddy, behind a ſtone, a log, or a bank that projects forward into the river, and againſt which the ſtream drives; a ſhallow between two ſtreams, or, towards the latter end of the ſummer, a mill-tail. His hold is uſually in the deep, under the hollow of a bank, or the root of a tree.

The Trout ſpawns about the beginning of *November*, and does not recover till the beginning of *March*.

Walton has been ſo particular on the ſubject of Trout-fiſhing, that he has left very little room to ſay any thing by way of annotation with reſpect to baits, or the method of taking this fiſh; yet there are ſome directions and obſervations pertinent to this chapter, which it would not be conſiſtent with the intended copiouſneſs and accuracy of this work to omit.

When you fiſh for large Trout or Salmon, a winch of the ſhape of Fig. 4. Plate IX. will be very uſeful: upon the rod with which you uſe the winch, whip a number of ſmall rings of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and at firſt about two feet diſtant from each other; but afterwards diminiſhing gradually in their diſtances, till you come to the end: the winch muſt be ſcrewed on to the butt of your rod, and round the barrel let there be wound eight or ten yards of wove hair or ſilk line: when you have ſtruck a fiſh that may endanger your tackle, let the line run, and wind him up as he tires.

You will find great convenience in a ſpike made of a piece of the greater end of a ſword-blade, ſcrewed into the hither end of the butt of your rod: when you have ſtruck a fiſh retire backwards from the river, and, by means of the ſpike, ſtick the rod perpendicular in the ground; you may then lay hold on the line, and draw the fiſh to you, as you ſee proper.

When you angle for a Trout, whether with a fly or at the ground, you need make but three or four trials in a place; which, if unſucceſsful, you may conclude there are none there.

Walton,

CHAP. VI.

Observations of the UMBER *or* GRAYLING, *and Directions how to fish for him.*

PISCATOR.

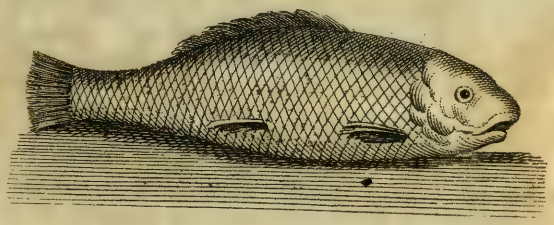
THE Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ as the Herring and Pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in *England* differ nothing but in their names. *Aldrovandus* says, they be of a Trout kind: and *Gesner* says, that in his country, which is *Switzerland*, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in *Italy*, he is in the month of *May* so highly valued, that he is sold then at a much higher rate than any other fish. The *French*, which call the Chub *Un Villain*, call the Umber of the lake *Leman*, *Un Umble Chevalier*; and they value the Umber or Grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say that many have been caught out of their famous river of *Loire*, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do, that our smelts smell like violets at their first being caught, which I think is a truth. *Aldrovandus* says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colours, purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, it is not my pur-

Walton, in speaking of the several rivers where Trout are found, has made no mention of the *Kennet*; which, undoubtedly, produces as good and as many Trouts as any river in *England*. In the reign of King *Charles* the Second, a Trout was taken in that river, near *Newbury*, with a casting-net, which measured forty-five inches in length.

pose

poſe to diſpute; but it is certain, all that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And *Geſner* ſays, that the fat of an Umber or Grayling being ſet with a little honey, a day or two in the ſun in a little glaſs, is very excellent againſt redneſs, or ſwarthineſs, or any thing that breeds in the eyes. *Salvian** takes him to be called Umber from his ſwift ſwimming or gliding out of ſight, more like a ſhadow or a ghoſt than a fiſh. Much more might be ſaid both of his ſmell and taſte, but I ſhall only tell you, that St. *Ambroſe*, the glorious biſhop of *Milan*, who lived when the church kept faſting-days, calls him the flower-fiſh, or flower of fiſhes; and that he was ſo far in love with him, that he would not let him paſs without the honour of a long diſcourſe; but I muſt, and paſs on to tell you how to take this dainty fiſh.

GRAYLING



Firſt, note, That he grows not to the bigneſs of a Trout; for the biggeſt of them do not uſually exceed eighteen inches: he lives in ſuch rivers as the Trout

* *Hippolito Salviani*, an *Italian* phyſician of the ſixteenth century; he wrote a treatiſe *de Piſcibus, cum eorum figuris*; and died at *Rome* 1572, aged 59.

does,

does, and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly, though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very gamesome at the fly, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a *parakita*, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat or a small moth, or indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-*April*, and in *May*, and in the hot months: he is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftner lost after an angler has hooked him, than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river *Dove* and in *Trent*, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by *Salisbury*, yet he is not so general a fish as the Trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for. And so I shall take my leave of him, and now come to some observations of the Salmon, and how to catch him *.

CHAP.

* The haunts of the Grayling are so nearly the same with those of the Trout, that in fishing for either you may, in many rivers, catch both.

They spawn about the beginning of *April*, when they lie mostly in sharp streams.

Baits for the Grayling are chiefly the same as those for the Trout, except the minnow, which he will not take so freely. He will also take gentles very eagerly. When you fish for him with a fly, you can hardly use one too small.

The Grayling is much more apt to rise than descend; therefore, when you angle for him alone, and not for the Trout, rather use a float, with the bait from six to nine inches from the bottom, than the running-line.

The Grayling is found in great plenty in many rivers in the north, particularly the *Humber*; and in the *Wye*, which runs through *Herefordshire* and *Monmouthshire* into the *Severn*, I have taken, with an artificial fly, very large ones; as also great numbers

CHAP. VII.

Observations of the SALMON, *with Directions how to fish for him.*

PISCATOR.

THE Salmon is accounted the king of fresh-water fish, and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high or far from it as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness; he is said to breed or cast his spawn in most rivers, in the month of *August*: some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element, makes it brood and beget life in the spawn, and to become Samlets early in the spring next following.

bers of a small, but excellent fish, of the Trout kind, called a Last-spring; of which somewhat will be said in a subsequent note. They are not easily to be got at without a boat, or wading; for which reason, those of that country use a thing they call a thorrocle, or truckle; in some places it is called a coble, from the *Latin corbula*, a little basket: it is a basket shaped like the half of a walnut-shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse's hide: it has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person, and is so light that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood, and so travel with a small paddle, which serves for a stick, till they come to a river; and then they launch it, and step in: there is great difficulty in getting into one of those truckles, for the instant you touch it with your foot it flies from you; and when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it. It is very diverting to see how upright a man is forced to sit in these vessels, and to mark with what state and solemnity he draws up the stone which serves for an anchor, when he would remove, and lets it down again: however, it is a sort of navigation that I would wish our piscatory disciple never to attempt.

The

The Salmons having ſpent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the freſh waters, they then haſte to the ſea before winter, both the melter and ſpawner: but, if they be ſtopt by flood-gates or wears, or loſt in the freſh waters, then thoſe ſo left behind, by degrees grow ſick and lean, and unſeaſonable and kipper; that is to ſay, have boney griſtles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak, which hinders their feeding, and in time ſuch fiſh ſo left behind pine away and die. It is obſerved, that he may live thus one year from the ſea; but he then grows inſipid and taſteleſs, and loſes both his blood and ſtrength, and pines and dies the ſecond year. And it is noted, that thoſe little Salmons called Skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the ſea, are bred by ſuch ſick Salmons that might not go to the ſea; and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any conſiderable bigneſs.

But if the old Salmon gets to the ſea, then that griſtle which ſhews him to be kipper, wears away, or is caſt off, as the eagle is ſaid to caſt his bill, and he recovers his ſtrength, and comes next ſummer to the ſame river, if it be poſſible, to enjoy the former pleaſures that there poſſeſt him*; for, as one has wittily obſerved, he has, like ſome perſons of honour and riches, which have both their winter and ſummer-houſes, the freſh rivers for ſummer, and the ſalt water for winter, to ſpend his life in; which is not, as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath obſerved in his *Hiſtory of Life and*

* The migration of the Salmon, and divers other ſorts of fiſhes, is analogous to that of birds; and Mr. *Ray* confirms *Walton*'s aſſertion by ſaying, that "Salmon will yearly aſcend up a river "four or five hundred miles, only to caſt their ſpawn, and ſe-"cure it in banks of ſand till the young be hatched and excluded, "and then return to ſea again." *Wiſdom of God manifeſted in the Works of the Creation*, 130.

It may not be improper here to take notice, that in this, and ſeveral other parts of the book, the facts related by the author do moſt remarkably coincide with later diſcoveries of the moſt diligent and ſagacious naturaliſts; a circumſtance that muſt add great weight to all his aſſertions.

Death,

Death, above ten years: and it is to be obſerved, that though the Salmon does grow big in the ſea, yet he grows not fat but in freſh rivers; and it is obſerved, that the farther they get from the ſea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next I ſhall tell you, that though they make very hard ſhift to get out of the freſh rivers into the ſea, yet they will make harder ſhift to get out of the ſalt into the freſh rivers, to ſpawn, or poſſeſs the pleaſures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themſelves through flood-gates, or over wears, or hedges, or ſtops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. *Geſner* ſpeaks of ſuch places, as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our *Camden* mentions in his *Britannia* the like wonder to be in *Pembrokeſhire*, where the river *Tivy* falls into the ſea; and that the fall is ſo downright, and ſo high, that the people ſtand and wonder at the ſtrength and ſlight by which they ſee the Salmon uſe to get out of the ſea into the ſaid river; and the manner and height of the place is ſo notable, that it is known far by the name of the *Salmon-leap*; concerning which, take this alſo out of *Michael Drayton* *, my honeſt old friend, as he tells it you in his *Polyolbion* †.

* An excellent poet, born in *Warwickſhire*, 1563. Among his works, which are very numerous, is the *Polyolbion*, a chorographical deſcription of the rivers, mountains, foreſts, caſtles, *&c.* in this iſland. Though this poem has great merit, it is rendered much more valuable by the learned notes of Mr. *Selden*. The author died in 1631, and lies buried among the poets in *Weſtminſter* abbey.

† Dr. *Warburton*, in the preface to his *Shakeſpear*, ſpeaking of this poem, ſays it was written by *one Drayton*; a mode of expreſſion very common with great men, when they mean to conſign the memory of others over to oblivion and contempt. Biſhop *Burnet* ſpeaking of the negociations previous to the peace of *Utrecht*, ſays in like manner, that "*one Prior* was employed to "finiſh the treaty." But both theſe gentlemen, in this their witty perverſion of an innocent monoſyllable, were but imitators of the *Swediſh* ambaſſador, who complained to *Whitlock*, that a treaty had been ſent to be tranſlated by *one* Mr. *Milton*, *a blind man*. *Whitlocke's* Mem. 693.

And

And when the Salmon ſeeks a freſher ſtream to find,
Which hither from the ſea comes yearly by his kind;
As he tow'rds ſeaſon grows, and ſtems the watry tract
Where Tivy *falling down, makes an high cataract,*
Forc'd by the riſing rocks that there her courſe oppoſe,
As tho' within her bounds they meant her to incloſe;
Here, when the labouring fiſh does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his ſtrength he does but vainly ſtrive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compaſs drawn, aloft himſelf doth throw,
Then ſpringing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and ſtarted from man's hand,
Far off itſelf doth caſt; ſo does the Salmon vault,
*And if at firſt he fail, his ſecond ſummerſault **
He inſtantly eſſays, and from his nimble ring,
Still yerking, never leaves until himſelf he fling
Above the oppoſing ſtream.

This *Michael Drayton* tells you of this leap or ſummerſault of the Salmon.

And next I ſhall tell you, that it is obſerved by *Geſner* and others, that there is no better Salmon than in *England:* and that though ſome of our northern counties have as fat and as large as the river *Thames*, yet none are of ſo excellent a taſte.

And as I have told you that Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves, the age of a Salmon exceeds not ten years, ſo let me next tell you, that his growth is very ſudden: it is ſaid, that after he is got into the ſea, he becomes from a Samlet not ſo big as a Gudgeon, to be a Salmon, in as ſhort a time as a goſling becomes to be a gooſe. Much of this has been obſerved by tying a ribband or ſome known tape or thread, in the tail of ſome young Salmons, which have been taken in wears as they have ſwimmed towards the ſalt water, and then by taking a part of them again with the known mark

* Summerſault, or ſummerſet, from *ſoubreſault*, *Fr.* A high leap, in which the heels are thrown over the head. *Johnſon's* Dict. To throw a ſummerſet, is a phraſe common with tumblers.

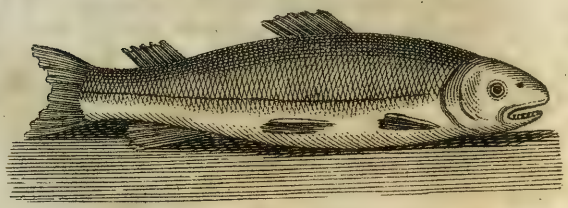
at

at the ſame place at their return from the ſea, which is uſually about ſix months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young ſwallows, who have, after ſix months abſence, been obſerved to return to the ſame chimney, there to make their neſts and habitations for the ſummer following: which has inclined many to think, that every Salmon uſually returns to the ſame river in which it was bred, as young pigeons taken out of the ſame dove-cote have alſo been obſerved to do.

And you are yet to obſerve further, that the He-Salmon is uſually bigger than the ſpawner; and that he is more kipper, and leſs able to endure a winter in the freſh water than the ſhe is; yet ſhe is at that time of looking leſs kipper and better, as watry, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to obſerve, that as there is no general rule without an exception, ſo there are ſome few rivers in this nation, that have Trouts and Salmons in ſeaſon in winter, as it is certain there be in the river *Wye* in *Monmouthſhire*, where they be in ſeaſon, as *Camden* obſerves, from *September* till *April*. But, my ſcholar, the obſervation of this and many other things, I muſt in manners omit, becauſe they will prove too large for our narrow compaſs of time, and therefore I ſhall next fall upon my directions how to fiſh for this

SALMON



And for that, firſt you ſhall obſerve, that uſually he ſtays not long in a place as Trouts will, but, as I ſaid, covets ſtill to go nearer the ſpring-head; and that he does not as the Trout, and many other fiſh, lie near the water-ſide or bank, or roots of trees, but ſwims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and uſually in the middle, and near the ground; and that there you are to fiſh for him, and that he is to be caught as the Trout is, with a worm, a minnow, which ſome call a penk, or with a fly.

And you are to obſerve, that he is very ſeldom obſerved to bite at a minnow, yet ſometimes he will, and not uſually at a fly; but more uſually at a worm, and then moſt uſually at a lob or garden-worm, which ſhould be well ſcoured, that is to ſay, kept ſeven or eight days in moſs before you fiſh with them: and if you double your time of eight into ſixteen, twenty, or more days, it is ſtill the better, for the worms will ſtill be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue ſo longer upon your hook, and they may be kept longer by keeping them cool and in freſh moſs, and ſome adviſe to put camphire into it.

Note alſo, that many uſe to fiſh for a Salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful when he is hooked. And to that end, ſome uſe a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand, which is to be obſerved better by ſeeing one of them, than by a large demonſtration of words.

And now I ſhall tell you, that which may be called a ſecret: I have been a fiſhing with old *Oliver Henly*, now with God, a noted fiſher both for Trout and Salmon, and have obſerved, that he would uſually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would uſually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them; I have aſked him his reaſon, and he has replied, "He did but pick the beſt "out to be in readineſs againſt he baited his hook the "next time:" but he has been obſerved, both by others

others and myſelf, to catch more fiſh than I or any other body that has ever gone a fiſhing with him could do, and eſpecially Salmons; and I have been told lately by one of his moſt intimate and ſecret friends, that the box in which he put thoſe worms, was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expreſſion or infuſion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of ſmell that was irreſiſtibly attractive, enough to force any fiſh within the ſmell of them, to bite. This I heard not long ſince from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir *Francis Bacon*'s natural hiſtory, where he proves fiſhes may hear, and doubtleſs can more probably ſmell: and I am certain *Geſner* ſays, the Otter can ſmell in the water, and I know not but that fiſh may do ſo too: it is left for a lover of angling, or any that deſires to improve that art, to try this concluſion.

I ſhall alſo impart two other experiments, but not tried by myſelf, which I will deliver in the ſame words that they were given me by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing; he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, leſt it ſhould be made common.

" Take the ſtinking oil, drawn out of polypody of " the oak by a retort, mixt with turpentine and hive-" honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will " doubtleſs draw the fiſh to it."

The other is this: " *Vulnera hederæ grandiſſimæ, in-" flicta ſudant Balſamum oleo gelato, albicantique perſimile, " odoris vero longe ſuaviſſimi.*"

" 'Tis ſupremely ſweet to any fiſh, and yet *aſſa " fœtida* may do the like*."

But

* There is extant, though I have never been able to get a ſight of it, a book intitled, *The Secrets of Angling by* J. D. at the end of which is the following myſtical recipe of *R. R.* who poſſibly may be the *R. Roe* mentioned in the preface.

But in these things I have no great faith, yet grant it probable, and have had from some chymical men, namely, from Sir *George Hastings* and others, an affirmation of them to be very advantageous: but no more of these, especially not in this place.

I might here, before I take my leave of the Salmon, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them, as namely, a Tecon, and another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger: but these and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ, as we know a herring and a pilchard do *, which I think are as different, as the rivers in which they breed, and must by me be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities, than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience, as to tell you that the Trout or Salmon being in season, have at their first taking out of the water, which continues during life, their bodies

To bliss thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Lo! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, well beat and laid to soak
In oil well drawn from that † which kills the oak. † Ivy.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When others fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

The ingenious author of *The Angler's sure Guide*, published in 8vo, 1706, in the preface, and elsewhere, ascribes this book to "that great practitioner, master, and patron of angling, Dr. "*Donne*." But I doubt as much whether he was an angler, as I do his being the author of the above book; neither of which circumstances would, I think, have been omitted by *Walton*, had the several facts been true.

* There is a fish, in many rivers, of the Salmon kind, which, though very small, is thought by some curious persons to be of the same species; and this, I take it, is the fish known by the different names of Salmon-Pink, Shedders, Skeggers, Last-Springs, and Gravel Last-Springs. But there is another small fish, very much resembling these in shape and colour, called the Gravel Last-Spring, found only in the river *Wye* and *Severn*, which is, undoubtedly, a distinct species: These spawn about the beginning of *September*, and in the *Wye* I have taken them with an ant-fly as fast as I could throw. Perhaps this is what *Walton* calls the Tecon.

adorned, the one with ſuch red ſpots, and the other with ſuch black or blackiſh ſpots, as give them ſuch an addition of natural beauty, as I think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they ſo much pride themſelves in this age. And ſo I ſhall leave them both †, and proceed to ſome obſervations on the Pike.

CHAP. VIII.

Obſervations of the LUCE *or* PIKE, *with Directions how to fiſh for him.*

PISCATOR.

THE mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant, as the Salmon is the king of the freſh waters. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that they are bred, ſome by generation, and ſome not; as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unleſs learned *Geſ-*

† The Salmon delights in large rapid rivers, eſpecially ſuch as have pebbly, gravelly, and ſometimes weedy bottoms.

Their uſual time of ſpawning is about the beginning of *September*; but it is ſaid that thoſe in the *Severn* ſpawn in *May*.

Baits for Salmon are, lob-worms for the ground, ſmaller worms and bobs, cad-bait, and indeed moſt of the baits taken by the Trout, at the top of the water: and as to flies, remember to make them of the moſt gaudy colours, and very large. There is a fly called the horſe-leech fly, which he is very fond of; they are of various colours, have great heads, large bodies, very long tails, and two, and ſome have three, pair of wings, placed behind each: behind each pair of wings whip the body about with gold or ſilver twiſt, or both, and do the ſame by the head; with this fly fiſh at length, as for Trout and Grayling: but if you dib, do it with two or three butterflies of different colours, or with ſome of the moſt glaring ſmall flies you can find.

ner be much miſtaken: for he ſays, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the ſun's heat in ſome particular months, and ſome ponds apted for it by nature, do become Pikes. But doubtleſs divers Pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into ſome ponds ſome ſuch other ways as is paſt man's finding out, of which we have daily teſtimonies.

Sir *Francis Bacon* in his hiſtory of life and death, obſerves the Pike to be the longeſt lived of any freſh-water fiſh, and yet he computes it to be not uſually above forty years, and others think it to be not above ten years; and yet *Geſner* mentions a Pike taken in *Swedeland* in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by *Frederick* the ſecond, more than two hundred years before he was laſt taken, as by the inſcription in that ring, being *Greek*, was interpreted by the then biſhop of *Worms* *. But of this no more, but that it is obſerved, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of ſtate than goodneſs, the ſmaller or middle-ſized Pikes being by the moſt and choiceſt palates obſerved to be the beſt meat; and contrary, the Eel is obſerved to be the better for age and bigneſs.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, becauſe their life is maintained by the death of ſo many other fiſh, even thoſe of their own kind; which has made him by ſome writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the freſh-water wolf, by reaſon of his bold, greedy, devouring diſpoſition; which is ſo

* Either *Walton* is miſtaken in this relation, or there is in his author *Geſner* another to the ſame purpoſe, with different circumſtances. I have not *Geſner*'s book at hand, but in a well known book, intitled *The Gentleman's Recreation*, I meet with the following extract from him:

"In the year 1497, a fiſh was caught in a pond near *Haylprum*, "[forſan *Hailbron*] in *Suabia*, with a braſs ring at his gills, in "which were engraved theſe words: *I am the firſt fiſh which* Fre-"derick *the ſecond, governor of the world, put into this pond the fifth* "*of October*, 1233." By which it appears, that this fiſh had then lived two hundred and ſixty odd years.

keen,

keen, as *Geſner* relates a man going to a pond, where it ſeems a Pike had devoured all the fiſh, to water his mule, had a Pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung ſo faſt, that the mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. And the ſame *Geſner* obſerves, that a maid in *Poland* had a Pike bit her by the foot as ſhe was waſhing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in *Killingworth* pond, not far from *Coventry*. But I have been aſſured by my friend Mr. *Seagrave*, of whom I ſpake to you formerly, that keeps tame Otters, that he hath known a Pike in extream hunger fight with one of his Otters for a Carp that the Otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relates theſe things, and tell you they are perſons of credit; and ſhall conclude this obſervation, by telling you what a wiſe man has obſerved, "It is a hard thing to perſuade the belly, "becauſe it has no ears *."

But

* *Bowlker*, in his *Art of Angling* before cited, page 9, gives the following inſtance of the exceeding voracity of this fiſh: "My "father catched a Pike in *Barn-Meer*, (a large ſtanding water in "*Cheſhire*) was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, "which he brought to the lord *Cholmondeley*: his lordſhip ordered "it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abun-"dance of ſeveral ſorts of fiſh. About twelve months after his "lordſhip draw'd the canal, and found that this overgrown Pike "had devoured all the fiſh, except one large Carp, that weighed "between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in ſeveral "places. The Pike was then put into the canal again, together with "abundance of fiſh with him to feed upon, all which he devoured "in leſs than a year's time; and was obſerved by the gardener and "workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under "water: whereupon they ſhot magpies and crows, and threw "them into the canal, which the Pike took before their eyes: of "this they acquainted their lord, who thereupon ordered the "ſlaughterman to fling in calves-bellies, chickens-guts, and ſuch-"like garbage, to him, to prey upon; but being ſoon after "neglected, he died, as ſuppoſed, for want of food."

The following relation was inſerted as an article of news in one of the *London* Papers, 2d *Jan.* 1765.

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind,

Extract of a letter from Littleport, Dec. 17.

" About ten days ago a large Pike was caught in the river *Ouse*, " which weighed upwards of 28 pounds, and was sold to a gen- " tleman in the neighbourhood for a guinea. As the cook-maid " was gutting the fish, she found, to her great astonishment, a " watch with a black ribbon, and two steel seals annexed, in the " body of the Pike; the gentleman's butler, upon opening the " watch, found the maker's name, *Thomas Cranefield, Burnham, " Norfolk*. Upon a strict enquiry it appears, that the said watch " was sold to a gentleman's servant, who was unfortunately " drowned about six weeks ago, in his way to *Cambridge*, between " this place and *South-Ferry*. The watch is still in the possession " of Mr. *John Roberts*, at the *Cross-Keys*, in *Littleport*, for the in- " spection of the public."

And this in the same paper, the 25th of the same month and year.

" On *Tuesday* last, at *Lillishall* lime-works, near *Newport*, a pool " about nine yards deep, which has not yet been fished for ages, " was let off by means of a level brought up to drain the works, " when an enormous Pike was found; he was drawn out by a rope " fastened round his head and gills, amidst hundreds of spectators, " in which service a great many men were employed: he weighed " upwards of 170 pounds, and is thought to be the largest ever " seen. Some time ago the clerk of the parish was trolling in " the above pool, when his bait was seized by this furious crea- " ture, which by a sudden jerk pulled him in, and doubtless " would have devoured him also, had he not by wonderful agility " and dextrous swimming, escaped the dreadful jaws of this vora- " cious animal."

In Dr. *Plot*'s History of *Staffordshire*, 246, are sundry relations of Pike of great magnitude, one in particular caught in the *Thame* an ell and two inches long.

The following story, containing further evidence of the voracity of this fish, with the addition of a pleasant circumstance, I met with in *Fuller*'s Worthies, *Lincolnshire*, page 144.

" A cub Fox, drinking out of the river *Arnus* in *Italy*, had his " head seized on by a mighty Pike, so that neither could free " themselves, but were ingrappled together. In this contest a " young man runs into the water, takes them out both alive, and " carrieth them to the duke of *Florence*, whose palace was hard by. " The porter would not admit him, without promising of sharing " his full half in what the duke should give him; to which he " (hopeless otherwise of entrance) condescended: the duke highly " affected with the rarity, was about giving him a good reward,

" which

kind, that ſhall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and ſwallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the ſwallowed part be digeſted, and then ſwallow that other part that was in his mouth, and ſo put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the ox and ſome other beaſts taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but firſt into ſome place betwixt, and then chew it, or digeſt it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And doubtleſs Pikes will bite when they are not hungry, but as ſome think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is obſerved, that the Pike will eat venomous things, as ſome kind of frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them: for as ſome ſay, he has in him a natural balſam, or antidote againſt all poiſon: and he has a ſtrange heat, that though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digeſt or put over, any fiſh-fleſh by degrees without being ſick. And others obſerve, that he never eats the venomous frog till he have firſt killed her, and then, as ducks are obſerved to do to frogs in ſpawning time, at which time ſome frogs are obſerved to be venomous, ſo thoroughly waſhed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And *Geſner* affirms, that a *Polonian* gentleman did faithfully aſſure him, he had ſeen two young geeſe at one time in the belly of a Pike. And doubtleſs a Pike in his height of hunger, will bite

" which the other refuſed, deſiring his highneſs would appoint " one of his guard to give him an hundred laſhes, that ſo his por- " ter might have fifty, according to his compoſition. And here " my intelligence leaveth me how much farther the jeſt was fol- " lowed."

The ſame author relates, from a book entitled *Vox Piſcis*, printed in 1626, that one Mr. *Anderſon*, a townſman and merchant of *Newcaſtle*, talking with a friend on *Newcaſtle* bridge, and fingering his ring, let it fall into the river; but it having been ſwallowed by a fiſh, and the fiſh afterwards taken, the ring was found and reſtored to him. Worthies, *Northumberland*, 310. A like ſtory is by *Herodotus* related of *Polycrates*, king of *Samos*.

at

at and devour a dog that ſwims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, "The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon "it."

The Pike is alſo obſerved to be a ſolitary, melancholy, and a bold fiſh: melancholy, becauſe he always ſwims or reſts himſelf alone, and never ſwims in ſholes or with company, as Roach and Dace, and moſt other fiſh do: and bold, becauſe he fears not a ſhadow, or to ſee or be ſeen of any body, as the Trout and Chub, and all other fiſh do.

And it is obſerved by *Geſner*, that the jaw-bones, and hearts and galls of Pikes, are very medicinable for ſeveral diſeaſes, or to ſtop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppoſe or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and uſeful for the good of mankind; but he obſerves, that the biting of a Pike is venomous and hard to be cured.

And it is obſerved, that the Pike is a fiſh that breeds but once a year, and that other fiſh, as namely Loaches, do breed oftener: as we are certain tame Pigeons do almoſt every month, and yet the hawk, a bird of prey, as the Pike is of fiſh, breeds but once in twelve months*: and you are to note, that his time of breeding or ſpawning, is uſually about the end of *February*, or ſomewhat later, in *March*, as the weather proves colder or warmer; and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus; a he and a ſhe-Pike will uſually go together out of a river into ſome ditch or creek, and that there the ſpawner caſts her eggs, and the melter

* Agreeable to the courſe of Providence obſerved in the production of animals, in which the diſproportion in number between beaſts, birds, and fiſhes of prey, and thoſe of each genus deſigned for the ſuſtenance of man, is obvious. The *Lion* and the *Sheep*, the *Hawk* and the *Hen*, the *Shark* and the *Herring*, are ſeverally in their kinds inſtances of this wonderful œconomy in the works of nature.

hovers

hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not †.

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it, and take up so much of your attention, as to tell you, that the best of Pikes are noted to be in rivers, next those in great ponds, or meres, and the worst in small ponds.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the Pike and some frogs; and this may appear to the reader of *Dubravius*, a bishop in *Bohemia* ‡, who in his book of fish and fish-ponds, relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was:

† Very late discoveries of naturalists contradict this hypothesis concerning the generation of fishes, and prove, that they are produced by the conjunction of the male and female, as other animals are. See the *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. XLVIII. Part II. for the year 1754, pag. 870.

‡ *Janus Dubravius Scala*, bishop of *Olmutz* in *Moravia*, in the sixteenth century, was born at *Pilsen* in *Bohemia*. The functions of the bishoprick did not hinder him from being an ambassador into *Sicily*, then into *Bohemia*, and president of the chamber established to proceed against the rebels, who had borne a part in the troubles of *Smalcald*. Besides the above book, the *Latin* title whereof is *De Piscinis & Piscium, qui in eis aluntur naturis*, he appears by the *Bodleian* catalogue to have written in *Latin* a History of *Bohemia*, and an Oration to *Sigismund*, king of *Poland*, exhorting him to make war on the *Turks*. He seems to have practised the ordering of fish-ponds and the breeding of fish, both for delight and profit. *Hoffman*, who in his *Lexicon* has given his name a place, says, he died with the reputation of a pious and learned prelate, in 1553: which last particular may admit of question; for if it be true, it makes all his writings posthumous publications, the earliest whereof bears date *anno* 1559.

His book on fish and fish-ponds, in which are many pleasant relations, was in 1599 translated into *English*, and published in 4to. by *George Churchey*, fellow of *Lion*'s Inn, with the title of "*A new Book of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profit, both for gentlemen and yeomen, containing the order and manner of making of fish-ponds, &c.*"

As

" As he and the biſhop *Thurzo* were walking by a " large pond in *Bohemia*, they ſaw a frog, when the " Pike lay very ſleepily and quiet by the ſhore-" ſide, leap upon his head, and the frog having ex-" preſt malice or anger by his ſwoln cheeks and " ſtaring eyes, did ſtretch out his legs and embraced " the Pike's head, and preſently reached them to his " eyes, tearing with them and his teeth thoſe tender " parts; the Pike moved with anguiſh, moves up and " down the water, and rubs himſelf againſt weeds, and " whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; " but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride " triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike, till " his ſtrength failed, and then the frog ſunk with the " Pike to the bottom of the water; then preſently the " frog appeared again at the top and croaked, and " ſeemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he " preſently retired to his ſecret hole. The biſhop, " that had beheld the battle, called his fiſhermen to " fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike, that " they might declare what had happened: and the Pike " was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out; at " which when they began to wonder, the fiſherman " wiſhed them to forbear, and aſſured them he was " certain that Pikes were often ſo ſerved."

I told this, which is to be read in the ſixth chapter of the * book of *Dubravius*, unto a friend, who replied, " It was as improbable as to have the mouſe ſcratch out " the cat's eyes." But he did not conſider, that there be fiſhing frogs, which the *Dalmatians* call the water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a ſtory; but I ſhall tell you, that 'tis not to be doubted, but that there be ſome frogs ſo fearful of the water-ſnake, that, when they ſwim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed acroſs into their mouths, which if they two meet by accident, ſecures

* *Walton* ſhould have ſaid of the *firſt* book; for there it is to be found.

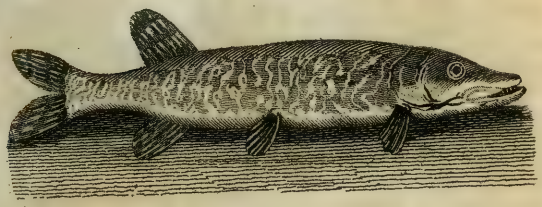
the

the frog from the ſtrength and malice of the ſnake; and note, that the frog uſually ſwims the faſteſt of the two.

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land-frogs, ſo there be land and water-ſnakes. Concerning which take this obſervation, that the land-ſnake breeds, and hatches her eggs, which become young ſnakes, in ſome old dunghill, or a like hot place; but the water-ſnake, which is not venomous, and as I have been aſſured by a great obſerver of ſuch ſecrets, does not hatch but breed her young alive, which ſhe does not then forſake, but bides with them, and in caſe of danger will take them all into her mouth and ſwim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when ſhe thinks all danger to be paſt; theſe be accidents that we anglers ſometimes ſee, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almoſt loſt myſelf, by remembering the diſcourſe of *Dubravius*. I will therefore ſtop here, and tell you, according to my promiſe, how to catch this

PIKE



His feeding is uſually of fiſh or frogs, and ſometimes a weed of his own called pickerel-weed. Of which

which I told you, ſome think ſome Pikes are bred; for they have obſerved, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in thoſe ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them; but whether thoſe Pikes ſo bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I ſhall leave to the diſquiſitions of men of more curioſity and leiſure than I profeſs myſelf to have; and ſhall proceed to tell you, that you may fiſh for a Pike, either with a ledger or a walking-bait; and you are to note, that I call that a ledger-bait, which is fixed or made to reſt in one certain place when you ſhall be abſent from it: and I call that a walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I ſhall give you this direction; that your ledger-bait is beſt to be a living bait, though a dead one may catch, whether it be a fiſh or a frog; and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you muſt, take this courſe.

Firſt, for your live-bait: of a fiſh a roach or dace is, I think, beſt and moſt tempting; and a pearch is the longeſt lived on a hook, and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you muſt take your knife, which cannot be too ſharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an inciſion, or ſuch a ſcar, as you may put the arming wire of your hook into it, with as little bruiſing or hurting the fiſh as art and diligence will enable you to do; and ſo carrying your arming wire along his back, unto, or near the tail of your fiſh, betwixt the ſkin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another ſcar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of neceſſity to prevent hurting the fiſh; and the better to avoid hurting the fiſh, ſome have a kind of probe to open the way, for the more eaſy entrance and paſſage of your wire or arming: but as for theſe, time, and a little experience, will teach you better than I can by words; therefore

therefore I will for the preſent ſay no more of this, but come next to give you ſome directions how to bait your hook with a frog.

Ven. But, good maſter, did you not ſay even now, that ſome frogs were venomous, and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Piſc. Yes, but I will give you ſome rules or cautions concerning them: and firſt, you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs; that is to ſay, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, a fleſh and a fiſh-frog: by fleſh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of theſe there be ſeveral ſorts alſo, and of ſeveral colours, ſome being ſpeckled, ſome greeniſh, ſome blackiſh, or brown: the green frog, which is a ſmall one, is by *Topſel* taken to be venomous; and ſo is the padock or frog-padock, which uſually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and boney, and big, eſpecially the ſhe-frog of that kind; yet theſe will ſometimes come into the water, but it is not often; and the land-frogs are ſome of them obſerved by him, to breed by laying eggs: and others to breed of the ſlime and duſt of the earth, and that in winter they turn to ſlime again, and that the next ſummer that very ſlime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of *Pliny*; and * *Cardanus* † undertakes to give a reaſon for the raining of frogs ‡: but if it were in my power it ſhould rain none but water-frogs, for thoſe I think are not venomous,

* In his 19th Book *De ſubtilitate.*

† *Hieronymus Cardanus*, an *Italian* phyſician, naturaliſt and aſtrologer, well known by the many works he has publiſhed: he died at *Rome* 1576. It is ſaid that he had foretold the day of his death; and that, when it approached, he ſuffered himſelf to die of hunger to preſerve his reputation. He had been in *England*, and wrote a character of our *Edward* VI.

‡ There are many well atteſted accounts of the raining of frogs; but Mr. *Ray* rejects them as utterly falſe and ridiculous, and demonſtrates the impoſſibility of their production in any ſuch manner. *Wiſdom of God in the Creation*, 310. See alſo Derham's *Phyſ. Theol.* 244.

eſpecially

eſpecially the right water-frog, which about *February* or *March* breeds in ditches by ſlime, and blackiſh eggs in that ſlime: about which time of breeding the he and ſhe-frogs are obſerved to uſe divers ſummerſaults, and to croak and make a noiſe, which the land-frog, or padock-frog, never does. Now of theſe water-frogs, if you intend to fiſh with a frog for a Pike, you are to chuſe the yelloweſt that you can get, for that the Pike ever likes beſt. And thus uſe your frog, that he may continue long alive.

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may eaſily do from the middle of *April* till *Auguſt*, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues ſo for at leaſt ſix months without eating, but is ſuſtained, none, but he whoſe name is Wonderful, knows how: I ſay, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and ſilk ſow the upper part of his leg with only one ſtitch to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, and in ſo doing, uſe him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may poſſibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fiſh or frog, my next muſt be to tell you, how your hook thus baited muſt or may be uſed: and it is thus. Having faſtened your hook to a line, which, if it be not fourteen yards long, ſhould not be leſs than twelve, you are to faſten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt, and then wind your line on any forked ſtick, all your line, except half a yard of it, or rather more, and ſplit that forked ſtick with ſuch a nick or notch at one end of it, as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the ſtick than ſo much of it as you intend; and chuſe your forked ſtick to be of that bigneſs as may keep the fiſh or frog from pulling the forked ſtick under the water till the Pike bites, and then the Pike having pulled the line

line forth of the cleft or nick of that ſtick in which it was gently faſtened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait: and if you would have this ledger-bait to keep at a fixt place, undiſturbed by wind or other accidents which may drive it to the ſhore-ſide (for you are to note, that it is likelieſt to catch a Pike in the midſt of the water) then hang a ſmall plummet of lead, a ſtone, or piece of tile, or a turf in a ſtring, and caſt it into the water with the forked ſtick, to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked ſtick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come. This I take to be a very good way, to uſe ſo many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live-fiſh or frogs, and in a windy day, faſten them thus to a bough or bundle of ſtraw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move croſs a pond or mere, you are like to ſtand ſtill on the ſhore and ſee ſport preſently if there be any ſtore of Pikes; or theſe live-baits may make ſport, being tied about the body or wings of a gooſe or duck, and ſhe chaſed over a pond*: and the like may be done with turning three or four live-baits thus faſtened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to ſwim down a river, whilſt you walk quietly alone on the

* *A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,*
A winder and barrel, will help thy deſire
In killing a Pike; but the forked ſtick,
With a ſlit and a bladder, and that other fine trick,
Which our artiſts call ſnap, with a gooſe or a duck,
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck.
The gentry of Shropſhire *do merrily ſmile,*
To ſee a gooſe and a belt the fiſh to beguile:
When a Pike ſuns himſelf, and a frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary ſnaring, but ſtill I muſt cry,
When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery.

Mr. Barker.

ſhore, and are ſtill in expectation of ſport. The reſt muſt be taught you by practice, for time will not allow me to ſay more of this kind of fiſhing with live-baits.

And for your dead-bait for a Pike, for that you may be taught by one day's going a fiſhing with me, or any other body that fiſhes for him, for the baiting your hook with a dead gudgeon or a roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too eaſy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it: and yet, becauſe I cut you ſhort in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a ſecret: it is this.

Diſſolve gum of ivy in oil of ſpike, and therewith anoint your dead-bait for a Pike, and then caſt it into a likely place, and when it has lain a ſhort time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water and ſo up the ſtream, and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow with more than common eagerneſs.

And ſome affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of an hern, is a great temptation to any fiſh.

Theſe have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courteſy; but if this direction to catch a Pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roaſt him when he is caught, is choicely good, for I have tried it, and it is ſomewhat the better for not being common; but with my direction you muſt take this caution, that your Pike muſt not be a ſmall one, that is, it muſt be more than half a yard, and ſhould be bigger.

Firſt, open your Pike at the gills, and if need be, cut alſo a little ſlit towards the belly; out of theſe take his guts and keep his liver, which you are to ſhred very ſmall with thyme, ſweet marjoram, and a little winter-ſavoury; to theſe put ſome pickled oyſters, and ſome anchovies, two or three, both theſe laſt whole, for the

anchovies

anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted; if the Pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: these being thus mixt with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the Pike's belly, and then his belly so sewed up, as to keep all the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not, then as much of it as you possibly can, but take not off the scales; then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail, and then take four, or five, or six split sticks or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filletting; these laths are to be tied round about the Pike's body from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit; let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies, and butter mixt together, and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan: when you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly, and by this means the Pike will be kept unbroken and complete: then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges: lastly, you may either put into the Pike with the oysters two cloves of garlick, and take it whole out, when the Pike is cut off the spit; or to give the sauce a hogo, let the dish into which you let the Pike fall, be rubbed with it: the using or not using of this garlick is left to your discretion.

M. B.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust, you will

prove both, and therefore I have truſted you with this ſecret.

Let me next tell you, that *Geſner* tells us there are no Pikes in *Spain*, and that the largeſt are in the lake *Thraſymene* in *Italy*; and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of *England*; and that in *England*, *Lincolnſhire* boaſteth to have the biggeſt. Juſt ſo doth *Suſſex* boaſt of four ſorts of fiſh, namely an *Arundel* Mullet, a *Chicheſter* Lobſter, a *Shelſey* Cockle, and an *Amerly* Trout *.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you ſome obſervations of the Carp, and how to angle for him, and to dreſs him, but not till he is caught †.

CHAP.

* This he has ſaid before in Chap. IV.

† The Pike loves a ſtill, ſhady, unfrequented water, and uſually lies amongſt, or near weeds; ſuch as flags, bulruſhes, candocks, reeds, or in the green fog that ſometimes covers ſtanding waters, though he will ſometimes ſhoot out into the clear ſtream. He is ſometimes caught at the top, and in the middle, and often, eſpecially in cold weather, at the bottom.

Their time of ſpawning is about the end of *February*, or the beginning of *March*; and chief ſeaſon from the end of *May* to about the beginning of *April*.

Pikes are called *Jacks* till they become twenty-four inches long.

The baits for Pike, beſides thoſe mentioned by *Walton*, are a ſmall trout, the loach and miller's thumb, the head-end of an eel, with the ſkin taken off below the fins, a ſmall jack, a lob-worm, and in winter the fat of bacon. And, notwithſtanding what *Walton* and others ſay againſt baiting with a pearch, it is confidently aſſerted, that Pikes have been taken with a ſmall pearch, when neither a roach nor bleak would tempt them. See *the Angler's ſure Guide*, 158.

Obſerve that all your baits for Pike muſt be as freſh as poſſible. Living-baits you may take with you in a tin kettle, changing the water often; and dead ones ſhould be carried in freſh bran, which will dry up that moiſture that otherwiſe would infect and rot them. *Venables*.

It is ſtrange that *Walton* has ſaid ſo little of trolling; a method of fiſhing for Pike, which has been thought worthy of a diſtinct

CHAP. IX.

Observations of the CARP, *with Directions how to fish for him.*

PISCATOR.

THE Carp is the queen of rivers: a ſtately, a good, and a very ſubtil fiſh, that was not at firſt bred, nor hath been long in *England*, but is now

treatiſe; for which method, and for the ſnap, take theſe directions; and firſt for trolling:

And note that, in trolling, the head of the bait-fiſh muſt be at the bent of the hook; whereas, in fiſhing at the ſnap, the hook muſt come out at or near his tail. But the eſſential difference between theſe two methods is, that in the former the Pike is always ſuffered to pouch or ſwallow the bait, but in the latter you are to ſtrike as ſoon as he has taken it.

The rod for trolling ſhould be about three yards and a half long, with a ring at the top for the line to run through; or you may fit a trolling-top to your fly-rod, which need only be ſtronger than the common fly-top.

Let your line be of green or ſky-coloured ſilk, thirty yards in length, which will make it neceſſary to uſe the winch, as is before directed, with a ſwivel at the end.

The common trolling-hook for a living-bait, conſiſts of two large hooks, with one common ſhank, made of one piece of wire, of about three quarters of an inch long, placed back to back, ſo that the points may not ſtand in a right line, but incline ſo much inwards, as that they with the ſhank may form an angle little leſs than equilateral. At the top of the ſhank is a loop left in the bending the wire to make the hook double, through which is put a ſtrong twiſted braſs wire, of about ſix inches long; and to this is looped another ſuch link, but both ſo looſe that the hook and the lower link may have room to play: to the end of the line faſten a ſteel ſwivel.

To bait the hook, obſerve the directions given by *Walton*.

But there is a ſort of trolling-hook different from that already deſcribed, and to which it is thought preferable, which will require another management; this is no more than two ſingle hooks

now naturalized. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr. *Mascal*, a gentleman that then lived at *Plumsted*

tied back to back with a strong piece of gimp between the shanks; in the whipping the hooks and the gimp together, make a small loop, and take into it two links of chain of about an eighth of an inch diameter; and into the lower link, by means of a small staple of wire, fasten, by the greater end, a bit of lead of a conical figure, and somewhat sharp at the point. These hooks are to be had at the fishing-tackle shops ready fitted up; but see the form of them Plate IX. Fig. 5.

This latter kind of hook is to be thus ordered, *viz.* put the lead into the mouth of the bait-fish, and sew it up, the fish will live some time; and though the weight of the lead will keep his head down, he will swim with near the same ease as if at liberty.

But if you troll with a dead-bait, as some do, for a reason which the angler will be glad to know, *viz.* that a living-bait makes too great a slaughter among the fish, do it with a hook, of which the following paragraph contains a description.

Let the shank be about six inches long, and leaded from the middle as low as the bent of the hook, to which a piece of very strong gimp must be fastened by a staple, and two links of chain; the shank must be barbed like a dart, and the lead a quarter of an inch square: the barb of the shank must stand like the fluke of an anchor, which is placed in a contrary direction to that of the stock. See Plate IX. Fig. 6. Let the gimp be about a foot long, and to the end thereof fix a swivel: to bait it, thrust the barb of the shank into the mouth of the bait-fish, and bring it out at his side near the tail: when the barb is thus brought through it cannot return, and the fish will lie perfectly strait, a circumstance that renders the trouble of tying the tail unnecessary.

There is yet another sort of trolling-hook, which is, indeed, no other than what most writers on this subject have mentioned; whereas the others, here described, are late improvements; and this is a hook either single or double, with a long shank, leaded about three inches up the wire with a piece of lead about a quarter of an inch square at the greater or lower end; fix to the shank an armed wire about eight inches long: to bait this hook thrust your wire into the mouth of the fish, quite through his belly, and out at his tail, placing the wire so as that the point of the hook may be even with the belly of the bait-fish, and then tie the tail of the fish with strong thread to the wire; some fasten it with a needle and thread, which is a neat way.

Both with the troll and at the snap, cut away one of the fins of the bait-fish close at the gills, and another behind the vent on the contrary side, which will make it play the better.

The

Plumſted in *Suſſex* *, a county that abounds more with this fiſh than any in this nation.

You

The bait being thus fixed, is to be thrown in, and kept in conſtant motion in the water, ſometimes ſuffered to ſink, then gradually raiſed; now drawn with the ſtream, and then againſt it, ſo as to counterfeit the motion of a ſmall fiſh in ſwimming. If a Pike is near, he miſtakes the bait for a living fiſh, ſeizes it with prodigious greedineſs, goes off with it to his hold, and in about ten minutes pouches it. When he has thus ſwallowed the bait, you will ſee the line move, which is the ſignal for ſtriking him; do this with two luſty jerks, and then play him.

The other way of taking Pike, *viz.* with the ſnap, is as follows:

Let the rod be twelve feet long, very ſtrong and taper, with a ſtrong loop at the top to faſten your line to; your line muſt be about a foot ſhorter than the rod, and much ſtronger than the trolling-line.

And here it is neceſſary to be remembered, that there are two ways of ſnapping for Pike, *viz.* with the live and with the dead-ſnap.

For the live-ſnap, there is no kind of hook ſo proper as the double ſpring hook; the form whereof, in two views, is given in Plate IX. Fig. 7 and 8. to bait it, nothing more is neceſſary than to hang the bait-fiſh faſt by the back-fin to the middle hook, where he will live a long time.

Of hooks for the dead-ſnap there are many kinds. Fig. 9. of Plate IX. is a repreſentation of one, which, after repeated trials, has been found to excel all others hitherto known; the deſcription and uſe of it is as follows, *viz.* Whip two hooks, of about three eighths of an inch in the bent, to a piece of gimp, in the manner directed for that trolling-hook, a view of which is given in Plate IX. Fig. 5. Then take a piece of lead, of the ſame ſize and figure as directed for the trolling-hook above-mentioned, and drill a hole through it from end to end: to bait it, take a long needle, or wire; enter it in at the ſide, about half an inch above the tail, and with it paſs the gimp between the ſkin and the ribs of the fiſh, bringing it out at his mouth; then put the lead over the gimp, draw it down into the fiſh's throat, and preſs his mouth cloſe, and then, having a ſwivel to your line, hang on the gimp.

In throwing the bait, obſerve the rules given for trolling; but remember, that the more you keep it in motion, the nearer it reſembles a living fiſh.

When you have a bite, ſtrike immediately the contrary way to that which the head of the Pike lies, or to which he goes with the

You may remember that I told you, *Gesner* says, there are no Pikes in *Spain*; and doubtless, there was a time,

bait; if you cannot find which way his head lies, strike upright with two smart jerks, retiring backwards as fast as you can, till you have brought him to a landing-place, and then do as before is directed.

There are various other methods, both of trolling and fishing at the snap, which, if the reader is desirous to know, he may find described in the *Complete Troller*, by *Ro. Nobbes*, 12*mo.* 1682, and the *Angler's sure Guide*, before-mentioned.

As the Pike spawns in *March*, and before that month rivers are seldom in order for fishing, it will hardly be worth while to begin trolling till *April*; after that the weeds will be apt to be troublesome. But the prime month in the year for trolling is *October*, when the Pike are fattened by their summer's feed, the weeds are rotted, and by the falling of the waters the harbours of the fish are easily found.

Chuse to troll in clear, and not muddy water, and in windy weather, if the wind be not easterly.

Some use in trolling and snapping two or more swivels to their line, by means whereof the twisting of the line is prevented, the bait plays more freely, and, though dead, is made to appear as if alive; which, in rivers, is doubtless an excellent way: but those who can like to fish in ponds or still waters, will find very little occasion for more than one.

The Pike is also to be caught with a minnow, for which method take the following directions:

Get a single hook, slender, and long in the shank; let it resemble the shape of a shepherd's crook; put lead upon it, as thick near the bent as will go into the minnow's mouth; place the point of the hook directly up the face of the fish; let the rod be as long as you can handsomely manage, with a line of the same length, cast up and down, and manage it as when you troll with any other bait: if, when the Pike hath taken your bait, he run to the end of the line before he hath gorged it, do not strike, but hold still only, and he will return back and swallow it: but if you use that bait with a troll, I rather prefer it before any bait that I know. *Venables.*

In landing a Pike great caution is necessary, for his bite is esteemed venomous: the best and safest hold you can take of him is by the head, in doing which, place your thumb and finger in his eyes.

* For proof of this fact we have the testimony of the author of the Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line mentioned in the foregoing life of *Walton*; who, though the initials only of his name are

a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no Carps in *England*, as may ſeem to be affirmed by Sir *Richard Baker*, in whoſe Chronicle you may find theſe verſes:

Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came into England *all in a year.*

And doubtleſs as of ſea-fiſh the Herring dies ſooneſt out of the water, and of freſh-water-fiſh the Trout, ſo, except the Eel, the Carp endures moſt hardneſs, and lives longeſt out of his own proper element. And therefore the report of the Carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation, is the more probable.

Carps and Loaches are obſerved to breed ſeveral months in one year, which Pikes and moſt other fiſh do not. And this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits, as alſo by ſome ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months, and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And

are given in the title, appears to have been *Leonard Maſcall*, the tranſlator of a book of Planting and Graffing, 4*to*. 1589, 1599, and the author of a book on Cattel, 4*to*, 1596. *Fuller* in his *Worthies* in *Suſſex*, 113, ſeems to have confounded theſe two perſons, the latter of whom, in the tract firſt above-mentioned, ſpeaks of the former by report only: beſides which, they lived at the diſtance of ſeventy years from each other, and the author of the book of Fiſhing is conjectured to be a *Hampſhire* man.

See in the life of *Walton* hereto prefixed, a paſſage extracted from the book of dame *Juliana Barnes*, whereby it appears, that in her time there were Carps, though but few in *England*. It ſeems, therefore, that Mr. *Maſcall*, of *Plumſted*, did not firſt bring hither Carps; but as the curious in gardening do by exotic plants, he naturalized this ſpecies of fiſh, and that about the æra mentioned in the above diſtich, Hops and turkies, *&c.* which elſewhere is read thus:

Hops, reformation, turkies, carps, and beer,
Came into *England* all in one year.

it is the rather to be believed, becauſe you ſhall ſcarce or never take a male Carp without a melt, or a female without a roe or ſpawn, and for the moſt part very much, and eſpecially all the ſummer ſeaſon; and it is obſerved, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that thoſe that live in rivers, are taken by men of the beſt palates to be much the better meat.

And it is obſerved, that in ſome ponds Carps will not breed, eſpecially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably: *Ariſtotle* and *Pliny* ſay, ſix times in a year, if there be no Pikes nor Pearch to devour their ſpawn, when it is caſt upon graſs, or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The Carp, if he have water-room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigneſs and length: I have heard, to be much above a yard long *. It is ſaid by *Jovius* †, who hath writ of fiſhes, that in the lake *Lurian* in *Italy*, Carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight; which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born ſuddenly, and being born is but ſhort-lived; ſo, on the contrary, the elephant is ſaid to be two years in his dam's belly, ſome think he is ten years in it, and being born, grows in bigneſs twenty years; and it is obſerved too, that he lives to the age of an hundred years. And it is alſo obſerved, that the crocodile is very long-lived, and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigneſs; and ſo I think ſome Carps do, eſpecially in ſome places; though I never ſaw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and a goodly fiſh;

* A lady now living, the widow of the late Mr. *David Garrick*, of *Drury-lane* theatre, once told me, that in her native country, *Germany*, ſhe had ſeen the head of a Carp ſerved up at table, big enough to fill a large diſh.

† *Paulus Jovius*, an *Italian* hiſtorian, of very doubtful authority: he lived in the 16th century, and wrote a ſmall tract *de Romanis Piſcibus*. He died at *Florence*, 1552.

but

but have been aſſured there are of a far greater ſize, and in *England* too *.

Now, as the increaſe of Carps is wonderful for their number, ſo there is not a reaſon found out, I think by any, why they ſhould breed in ſome ponds, and not in others of the ſame nature for ſoil and all other circumſtances: and as their breeding, ſo are their decays alſo very myſterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honeſty, that he has known ſixty or more large Carps put into ſeveral ponds near to a houſe, where, by reaſon of the ſtakes in the ponds, and the owner's conſtant being near to them, it was impoſſible they ſhould be ſtole away from him: and that when he has after three or four years emptied the pond, and expected an increaſe from them by breeding young ones, for that they might do ſo, he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one ſpawner, he has, I ſay, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old Carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that has almoſt watched the pond, and at a like diſtance of time at the fiſhing of a pond, found of ſeventy or eighty large Carps not above five or ſix. And that he had forborn longer to fiſh the ſaid pond, but that he ſaw in a hot day in ſummer, a large Carp ſwim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head, and that he upon that occaſion cauſed his pond to be let dry: and I ſay, of ſeventy or eighty Carps, only found five or ſix in the ſaid pond, and thoſe very ſick and lean, and with every one a frog ſticking ſo faſt on the head of the ſaid Carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing: and the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he ſaw it, and did declare his belief to be, and I alſo believe the ſame, that he thought the other Carps that were ſo ſtrangely loſt, were ſo killed by frogs, and then devoured.

* The author of *The Angler's ſure Guide* ſays, that he has taken Carp above twenty-ſix inches long in rivers; and adds, that they are often ſeen in *England* above thirty inches long.

And

And a perſon of honour, now living in *Worceſterſhire*, aſſured me he had ſeen a necklace, or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a Pike's neck, and to kill him; whether it were for meat or malice, muſt be to me a queſtion.

But I am fallen into this diſcourſe by accident, of which I might ſay more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and poſſibly may not to you be conſiderable: I ſhall therefore give you three or four more ſhort obſervations of the Carp, and then fall upon ſome directions how you ſhall fiſh for him.

The age of Carps is by Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his hiſtory of life and death, obſerved to be but ten years, yet others think they live longer. *Geſner* ſays, a Carp has been known to live in the *Palatinate* above a hundred years*. But moſt conclude, that, contrary to the Pike or Luce, all Carps are the better for age and bigneſs; the tongues of Carps are noted to be choice and coſtly meat, eſpecially to them that buy them: but *Geſner* ſays, Carps have no tongue like other fiſh, but a piece of fleſh-like fiſh in their mouth like to a tongue, and ſhould be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the Carp is to be reckoned amongſt thoſe leather-mouthed fiſh, which I told you have their teeth in their throat, and for that reaſon he is very ſeldom loſt by breaking his hold, if your hook be once ſtuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir *Francis Bacon* thinks that the Carp lives but ten years, but *Janus Dubravius* has writ a book of fiſh and fiſh-ponds †, in which he ſays, that Carps begin to ſpawn at the age of three years, and continue to do ſo till thirty: he ſays alſo, that in the time of their breeding, which is in ſummer, when the ſun hath warmed both the earth and water, and ſo

* Lately, *viz.* in one of the daily papers for the month of *Auguſt*, 1782, an article appeared, purporting, that in the baſon at *Emanuel* College, *Cambridge*, a Carp was then living that had been in that water thirty-ſix years; which, though it had loſt one eye, knew, and would conſtantly approach, its feeder.

† *Vide ante*, page 139.

apted

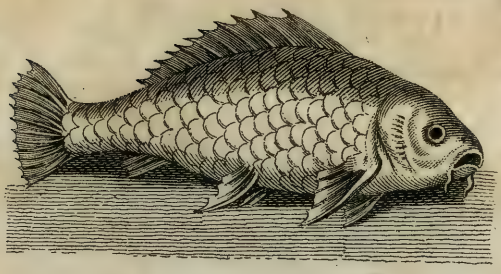
apted them alſo for generation, that then three or four male Carps will follow a female; and that then ſhe putting on a ſeeming coyneſs, they force her through weeds and flags, where ſhe lets fall her eggs or ſpawn, which ſticks faſt to the weeds, and then they let fall their melt upon it, and ſo it becomes in a ſhort time to be a living fiſh; and as I told you, it is thought the Carp does this ſeveral months in the year, and moſt believe that moſt fiſh breed after this manner, except the Eel: and it has been obſerved, that when the ſpawner has weakened herſelf by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds by bearing her up on both ſides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may ſeem a curioſity not worth obſerving, yet others have judged it worth their time and coſts, to make glaſs-hives, and order them in ſuch a manner as to ſee how bees have bred and made their honey-combs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all Carps are not bred by generation, but that ſome breed other ways, as ſome Pikes do.

The phyſicians make the galls and ſtones in the heads of Carps to be very medicinable; but it is not to be doubted, but that in *Italy* they make great profit of the ſpawn of Carps, by ſelling it to the *Jews*, who make it into red caviare, the *Jews* not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the Sturgeon, that being a fiſh that wants ſcales, and as may appear in *Levit.* xi. by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be ſaid out of him, and out of *Ariſtotle*, which *Dubravius* often quotes in his diſcourſe of fiſhes; but it might rather perplex than ſatisfy you, and therefore I ſhall rather chuſe to direct you how to catch, than ſpend more time in diſcourſing either of the nature or the breeding of this

CARP.

CARP



or of any more circumſtances concerning him; but yet I ſhall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very ſubtil fiſh, and hard to be caught.

And my firſt direction is, that if you will fiſh for a Carp, you muſt put on a very large meaſure of patience, eſpecially to fiſh for a river Carp: I have known a very good fiſher angle diligently four or ſix hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river Carp, and not have a bite: and you are to note, that in ſome ponds, it is as hard to catch a Carp as in a river; that is to ſay, where they have ſtore of feed, and the water is of a clayiſh colour: but you are to remember, that I have told you there is no rule without an exception, and therefore being poſſeſt with that hope and patience which I wiſh to all fiſhers, eſpecially to the Carp-angler, I ſhall tell you with what bait to fiſh for him. But firſt, you are to know, that it muſt be either early or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather, for he will ſeldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early or too late at it. And ſome have been ſo curious as to ſay, the tenth of *April* is a fatal day for Carps.

The

The Carp bites either at worms or at paſte, and of worms I think the bluiſh marſh or meadow-worm is beſt; but poſſibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and ſo may a green gentle: and as for paſtes, there are almoſt as many ſorts as there are medicines for the tooth-ach, but doubtleſs ſweet paſtes are beſt; I mean, paſtes made with honey or with ſugar: which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fiſh, ſhould be thrown into the pond or place in which you fiſh for him, ſome hours or longer before you undertake your trial of ſkill with the angle-rod: and doubtleſs it it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at ſeveral times and in ſmall pellets, you are the likelier when you fiſh for the Carp to obtain your deſired ſport; or in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fiſhed for, you are to throw into it, in ſome certain place, either grains or blood mixt with cow-dung or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like, and then ſome of your ſmall ſweet pellets with which you purpoſe to angle: and theſe ſmall pellets being a few of them alſo thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paſte muſt be thus made: take the fleſh of a rabbit or a cat cut ſmall, and bean-flour, and if that may not be eaſily got, get other flour, and then mix theſe together, and put to them either ſugar or honey, which I think better, and then beat theſe together in a mortar, or ſometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean, and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like beſt for your uſe; but you muſt work or pound it ſo long in the mortar, as to make it ſo tough as to hang upon your hook without waſhing from it, yet not too hard; or that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paſte a little, and not much, white or yellowiſh wool.

And if you would have this paſte keep all the year for any other fiſh, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands

hands before the fire, then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet about this bigness [redacted], it being soaked in, or anointed with oil of peter, called by some oil of the rock; and if your gentles be put two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other; but still as you are fishing chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be, but these with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do it better than any that I have ever practised or heard of: and yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a Carp, and you know it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the Carp*, my next dis-

* The haunts of river Carp are, in the winter-months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but in summer, they lie in deep holes, nooks, and reaches, near some scour, and under roots of trees, hollow banks, and, till they are near rotting, amongst or near great beds of weeds, flags, &c.

Pond Carp cannot, with propriety, be said to have any haunts, only it is to be noted, that they love a fat rich soil, and never thrive in a cold hungry water.

They breed three or four times a year, but their first spawning-time is the beginning of *May*.

Baits for the Carp are all sorts of earth and dunghill-worms, flag-worms, grashoppers, though not at top, ox-brains, the pith of an ox's back-bone, green pease, and red or black cherries, with the stones taken out.

Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass or gut next the hook, and use a goose-quill float. Never attempt to angle for the Carp in a boat, for they will not come near it.

It is said there are many Carp in the *Thames*, westward of *London*, and that about *February* they retire to the creeks in that river; in some of which, many above two feet long have been taken with an angle. *Angler's sure Guide*, 179.

Carp live the longest out of the water of any fish. It is a common practice in *Holland*, to keep them alive for three weeks or a month, by hanging them in a cool place, with wet mos in a net, and feeding them with bread and milk.

course

courſe ſhall be of the Bream, which ſhall not prove ſo tedious, and therefore I deſire the continuance of your attention.

But firſt I will tell you how to make this Carp, that is ſo curious to be caught, ſo curious a diſh of meat, as ſhall make him worth all your labour and patience; and though it is not without ſome trouble and charges, yet it will recompenſe both.

Take a Carp, alive if poſſible, ſcour him, and rub him clean with water and ſalt, but ſcale him not; then open him, and put him with his blood and his liver, which you muſt ſave when you open him, into a ſmall pot or kettle; then take ſweet marjoram, thyme and parſley, of each half a handful, a ſprig of roſemary, and another of ſavoury, bind them into two or three ſmall bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oyſters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much claret wine as will only cover him, and ſeaſon your claret well with ſalt, cloves and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons; that done, cover your pot and ſet it on a quick fire till it be ſufficiently boiled; then take out the Carp and lay it with the broth into the diſh, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the beſt freſh butter, melted and beaten with half a dozen ſpoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and ſome of the herbs ſhred; garniſh your diſh with lemons, and ſo ſerve it up, and much good do you.

Dr. T.

CHAP X.

Observations of the BREAM, *and Directions to catch him.*

PISCATOR.

THE Bream being at a full growth, is a large and ſtately fiſh: he will breed both in rivers and ponds, but loves beſt to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog: he is by *Geſner* taken to be more pleaſant or ſweet than wholeſome; this fiſh is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleaſes him; yea, in many ponds ſo faſt, as to over-ſtore them, and ſtarve the other fiſh.

He is very broad with a forked tail, and his ſcales ſet in excellent order; he hath large eyes, and a narrow ſucking mouth; he hath two ſets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding. The melter is obſerved to have two large melts, and the female two large bags of eggs or ſpawn.

Geſner reports, that in *Poland*, a certain and a great number of large Breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of theſe fiſh to be found, though they were diligently ſearched for; and yet the next ſpring when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and freſh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This *Geſner* affirms, and I quote my author, becauſe it ſeems almoſt as incredible as the reſurrection to an atheiſt. But it may win ſomething in point of believing it, to him that conſiders the breeding or renovation of the ſilk-worm, and of many inſects. And that is conſiderable which Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves in his hiſtory of life and death, fol. 20. that there

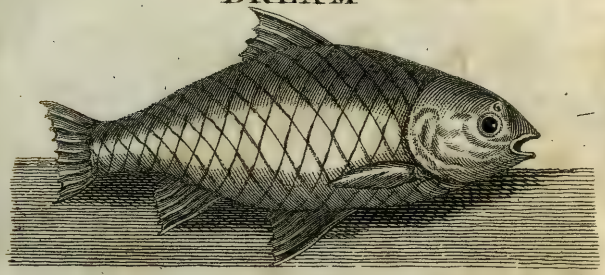
there be ſome herbs that die and ſpring every year, and ſome endure longer.

But though ſome do not, yet the *French* eſteem this fiſh highly, and to that end have this proverb, "He "that hath Breams in his pond is able to bid his friend "welcome." And it is noted, that the beſt part of a Bream is his belly and head.

Some ſay, that Breams and Roaches will mix their eggs and melt together, and ſo there is in many places a baſtard breed of Breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this

BREAM



are many. 1. Paſte made of brown bread and honey; gentles, or the brood of waſps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and ſhould be hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough; or there is at the root of docks or flags, or ruſhes in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench will bite freely. Or he will bite at a graſhopper with his legs nipt off in *June* and *July*, or at ſeveral flies under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-ſide. I doubt not

but that there be many other baits that are good, but I will turn them all into this moſt excellent one, either for a Carp or Bream, in any river or mere: it was given to me by a moſt honeſt and excellent angler, and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red-worm as you can find, without a knot; get a pint or quart of them in an evening in garden-walks, or chalky commons, after a ſhower of rain; and put them with clean moſs well waſhed and picked, and the water ſqueezed out of the moſs as dry as you can, into an earthen pot or pipkin ſet dry, and change the moſs freſh every three or four days for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the beſt, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this ſport. Take three long angling-rods, and as many and more ſilk, or ſilk and hair lines, and as many large ſwan or gooſe-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after this manner, and faſten them to the low ends of your lines. Then faſten your link-hook alſo to the lead, and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook; but be ſure the lead be heavy enough to ſink the float or quill a little under the water, and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead muſt lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be ſmaller than the reſt of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the Pike or Pearch, who will aſſuredly viſit your hooks till they be taken out, as I will ſhew you afterwards, before either Carp or Bream will come near to bite. Note alſo, that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fiſh to bite without ſuſpicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have ſeen them ſwim in ſkulls or ſhoals in the ſummer time in a hot

hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock, and watch their going forth of their deep holes and returning, which you may well diſcern, for they return about four of the clock, moſt of them ſeeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themſelves whilſt the reſt are under him at the bottom, and ſo you ſhall perceive him to keep centinel; then mark where he plays moſt and ſtays longeſt, which commonly is in the broadeſt and deepeſt place of the river, and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing-place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforeſaid, and ſound the bottom, which ſhould be about eight or ten feet deep, two yards from the bank is beſt. Then conſider with yourſelf whether that water will riſe or fall by the next morning, by reaſon of any water-mills near, and according to your diſcretion take the depth of the place, where you mean after to caſt your ground-bait, and to fiſh, to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

The GROUND-BAIT.

You ſhall take a peck, or a peck and a half, according to the greatneſs of the ſtream and deepneſs of the water where you mean to angle, of ſweet groſs-ground barley-malt, and boil it in a kettle, one or two warms is enough; then ſtrain it through a bag into a tub, the liquor whereof hath often done my horſe much good; and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-ſide about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before; caſt in two parts of your ground-bait, ſqueezed hard between both your hands, it will ſink preſently to the bottom, and be ſure it may

reſt in the very place where you mean to angle; if the ſtream run hard or move a little, caſt your malt in handfuls a little the higher, upwards the ſtream. You may between your hands cloſe the malt ſo faſt in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited and tackling fitted, leave your bag with the reſt of your tackling and ground-bait near the ſporting-place all night, and in the morning about three or four of the clock viſit the water-ſide, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themſelves too.

Then gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook, caſting it over your ground-bait, and gently and ſecretly draw it to you till the lead reſts about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a ſecond rod and caſt in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the firſt rod, and ſtay the rods in the ground, but go yourſelf ſo far from the water-ſide, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you muſt watch moſt diligently; then when you have a bite, you ſhall perceive the top of your float to ſink ſuddenly into the water; yet nevertheleſs be not too haſty to run to your rods, until you ſee that the line goes clear away, then creep to the water-ſide, and give as much line as poſſibly you can: if it be a good Carp or Bream, they will go to the farther ſide of the river, then ſtrike gently, and hold your rod at a bent a little while; but if you both pull together you are ſure to loſe your game, for either your line or hook, or hold will break; and after you have overcome them, they will make noble ſport, and are very ſhy to be landed. The Carp is far ſtronger and more mettleſome than the Bream.

Much more is to be obſerved in this kind of fiſh and fiſhing, but it is far fitter for experience and diſcourſe than paper. Only thus much is neceſſary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the Pike or Pearch do breed in that river, they will be ſure to bite firſt, and muſt firſt be taken. And for the

moſt part they are very large, and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and ſport themſelves amongſt the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to diſcern the Pike and to take him, if you miſtruſt your Bream hook, for I have taken a Pike a yard long ſeveral times at my Bream hooks, and ſometimes he hath had the luck to ſhare my line, may be thus:

Take a ſmall Bleak, or Roach, or Gudgeon, and bait it, and ſet it alive among your rods two feet deep from the cork, with a little red-worm on the point of the hook; then take a few crumbs of white bread, or ſome of the ground-bait, and ſprinkle it gently amongſt your rods. If Mr. Pike be there, then the little fiſh will ſkip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-ſet-bait is ſure to be taken.

Thus continue your ſport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy windy day, they will bite all day long. But this is too long to ſtand to your rods at one place, and it will ſpoil your evening-ſport that day, which is this.

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited-place, and as ſoon as you come to the water-ſide, caſt in one half of the reſt of your ground-bait, and ſtand off: then whilſt the fiſh are gathering together, for there they will moſt certainly come for their ſupper, you may take a pipe of tobacco, and then in with your three rods as in the morning: you will find excellent ſport that evening till eight of the clock; then caſt in the reſidue of your ground-bait, and next morning by four of the clock viſit them again for four hours, which is the beſt ſport of all; and after that, let them reſt till you and your friends have a mind to more ſport.

From St. *James*'s-tide until *Bartholomew*-tide is the beſt; when they have had all the ſummer's food, they are the fatteſt.

Obſerve laſtly, that after three or four days fiſhing together, your game will be very ſhy and wary, and

you ſhall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting; then your only way is to deſiſt from your ſport about two or three days, and in the mean time, on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you ſhall take a turf of green, but ſhort graſs, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green ſide, you ſhall with a needle and green thread faſten one by one as many little red-worms as will near cover all the turf; then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf, placed on the board or trencher, with a ſtring or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fiſh to feed upon without diſturbance about two or three days; and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation *.

B. A.

CHAP. XI.

Obſervations of the TENCH, *and Advice how to angle for him.*

PISCATOR.

THE Tench, the phyſician of fiſhes, is obſerved to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either; yet *Camden* obſerves, there is a river

* The haunts of the Bream, a fiſh which the angler ſeldom meets with, are the deepeſt and broadeſt parts of gentle ſoft ſtreams, with ſandy clayey bottoms, and the broadeſt and moſt quiet places of ponds, and where there are weeds.

They ſpawn about the beginning of *July*; a little before which time they are beſt in ſeaſon, though ſome think them beſt in *September*.

The baits for the Bream are, red-worms, ſmall lob, or marſh-worms, gentles, and graſhoppers.

In general, they are to be fiſhed for as Carp.

in

in *Dorſetſhire* that abounds with Tenches, but doubtleſs they retire to the moſt deep and quiet places in it.

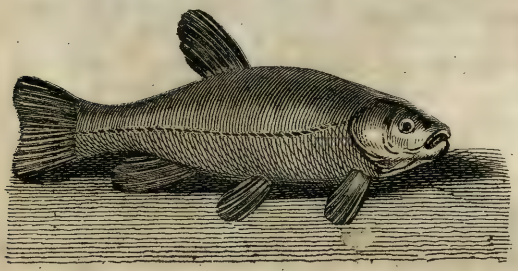
This fiſh hath very large fins, very ſmall and ſmooth ſcales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb; in every Tench's head there are two little ſtones, which foreign phyſicians make great uſe of; but he is not commended for wholeſome meat, though there be very much uſe made of them for outward applications. *Rondeletius* ſays, That at his being at *Rome*, he ſaw a great cure done by applying a Tench to the feet of a very ſick man. This he ſays, was done after an unuſual manner by certain *Jews*. And it is obſerved, that many of thoſe people have many ſecrets yet unknown to Chriſtians; ſecrets that have never yet been written, but have been ſince the days of their *Solomon*, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the ſhrub, delivered by tradition from the father to the ſon, and ſo from generation to generation without writing; or unleſs it were caſually, without the leaſt communicating them to any other nation or tribe: for to do that, they account a profanation. And yet it is thought that they, or ſome ſpirit worſe than they, firſt told us, that lice ſwallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were diſcovered by them or by revelation; for, doubtleſs, we attained them not by ſtudy.

Well, this fiſh, beſides his eating, is very uſeful both dead and alive for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that, my honeſt humble art teaches no ſuch boldneſs; there are too many fooliſh meddlers in phyſick and divinity, that think themſelves fit to meddle with hidden ſecrets, and ſo bring deſtruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any farther than to wiſh them wiſer; and ſhall tell you next, for, I hope I may be ſo bold, that the Tench is the phyſician of fiſhes, for the Pike eſpecially; and that the Pike, being either ſick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the Tench. And it is obſerved, that the tyrant

rant Pike will not be a wolf to his phyſician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never ſo hungry.

This fiſh, that carries a natural balſam in him to cure both himſelf and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongſt weeds. And yet I am ſure he eats pleaſantly, and, doubtleſs, you will think ſo too, if you taſte him. And I ſhall therefore proceed to give you ſome few, and but a few, directions how to catch this

TENCH



of which I have given you theſe obſervations.

He will bite at a paſte made of brown bread and honey, or at a marſh-worm, or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paſte with which tar is mixt, and he will bite alſo at a ſmaller worm, with his head nipp'd off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm; and I doubt not but that he will alſo in the three hot months, for in the nine colder he ſtirs not much, bite at a flag-worm, or at a green gentle, but can poſitively ſay no more of the Tench, he being a fiſh

that

that I have not often angled for*; but I wiſh my honeſt ſcholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fiſhes.

CHAP. XII.

Obſervations of the PEARCH, *and Directions how to fiſh for him.*

PISCATOR.

THE Pearch is a very good, and a very bold-biting fiſh; he is one of the fiſhes of prey, that, like the Pike and Trout, carries his teeth in his mouth; which is very large, and he dare venture to kill and devour ſeveral other kinds of fiſh: he has a hook'd or hog back, which is armed with ſharp and ſtiff briſtles, and all his ſkin armed or covered over with thick, dry, hard ſcales, and hath, which few other fiſh have, two fins on his back: he is ſo bold, that he will invade one of his own kind, which the Pike will not do ſo willingly, and you may therefore eaſily believe him to be a bold-biter.

* The haunts of the Tench are nearly the ſame with thoſe of the Carp; they delight more in ponds than in rivers, and lie under weeds, near ſluices, and at pond heads.

They ſpawn about the beginning of *July*, and are beſt in ſeaſon from the beginning of *September* to the end of *May*: they will bite all the hot months, but are beſt taken in *April* and *May*.

There are no better baits for this fiſh than a middle-ſized lob-worm, or red-worm, well ſcoured, a gentle, a young waſp-grub boiled, or a green worm ſhook from the boughs of trees.

Uſe a ſtrong graſs, or gut, and a gooſe-quill float, without a cork, except in rivers, where the cork is always to be preferred.

Fiſh very near the ground; and if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking every fiſh; which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together.

The

The Pearch is of great eſteem in *Italy*, ſaith *Aldrovandus*, and eſpecially the leaſt are there eſteemed a dainty diſh. And *Geſner* prefers the Pearch and Pike above the Trout, or any freſh-water fiſh: he ſays the *Germans* have this proverb, "More wholeſome than a "Pearch of *Rhine*:" and he ſays the River-Pearch is ſo wholeſome, that phyſicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in child-bed.

He ſpawns but once a year, and is by phyſicians held very nutritive, yet by many to be hard of digeſtion: they abound more in the river *Po* and in *England*, ſays *Rondeletius*, than other parts, and have in their brain a ſtone which is in foreign parts ſold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable againſt the ſtone in the reins: theſe be a part of the commendations which ſome philoſophical brains have beſtowed upon the freſh-water Pearch, yet they commend the Sea-Pearch, which is known by having but one fin on his back, of which they ſay, we *Engliſh* ſee but a few, to be a much better fiſh.

The Pearch grows ſlowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almoſt two feet long; for an honeſt informer told me, ſuch a one was not long ſince taken by Sir *Abraham Williams*, a gentleman of worth and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wiſh he may: this was a deep-bodied fiſh, and doubtleſs durſt have devoured a Pike of half his own length: for I have told you, he is a bold fiſh, ſuch a one as, but for extreme hunger, the Pike will not devour; for to affright the Pike and ſave himſelf, the Pearch will ſet up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will ſometimes ſet up his tail.

But, my ſcholar, the Pearch is not only valiant to defend himſelf, but he is, as I ſaid, a bold-biting fiſh, yet he will not bite at all ſeaſons of the year; he is very abſtemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midſt of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fiſh bite beſt about the midſt of a warm day in winter; and he hath been obſerved by ſome, not uſually to bite till the mul-

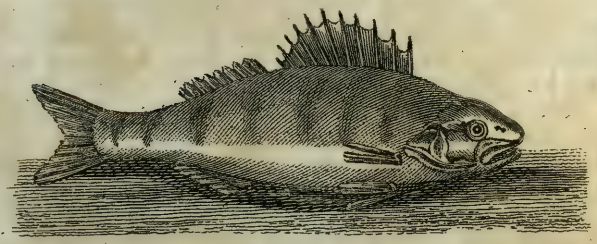
berry-

berry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts, and some have made the like observation of the Pearch's biting.

But bite the Pearch will, and that very boldly: and as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary Pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish

PEARCH



are not many; I mean, he will bite as well at some or at any of these three, as at any, or all others whatsoever: a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, of which you may find many in hay-time; and of worms, the dunghill-worm, called a brandling, I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung, with a blueish head.

head. And if you rove for a Pearch with a minnow, then it is beſt to be alive, you ſticking your hook through his back-fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him ſwim up and down about mid-water, or a little lower, and you ſtill keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fiſh for the Pearch, with a ſmall frog, your hook being faſtened through the ſkin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and laſtly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the Pearch time enough when he bites, for there was ſcarce ever any angler that has given him too much. And now I think beſt to reſt myſelf, for I have almoſt ſpent my ſpirits with talking ſo long.

Ven. Nay, good maſter, one fiſh more, for you ſee it rains ſtill, and you know our angles are like money put to uſury; they may thrive, though we ſit ſtill and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fiſh, good maſter.

Piſc. But ſcholar, have you nothing to mix with this diſcourſe, which now grows both tedious and tireſome? ſhall I have nothing from you, that ſeem to have both a good memory and a chearful ſpirit?

Ven. Yes, maſter, I will ſpeak you a copy of verſes that were made by Doctor *Donne*, and made to ſhew the world that he could make ſoft and ſmooth verſes, when he thought ſmoothneſs worth his labour; and I love them the better, becauſe they allude to rivers, and fiſh and fiſhing. They be theſe:

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will ſome new pleaſures prove,
Of golden ſands, and cryſtal brooks,
With ſilken lines, and ſilver hooks.

There will the river whiſp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the ſun;
And there the enamel'd fiſh will ſtay,
Begging themſelves they may betray.

When

When thou wilt ſwim in that live bath,
Each fiſh, which ev'ry channel hath,
Moſt am'rouſly to thee will ſwim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou, to be ſo ſeen, be'ſt loath,
By ſun or moon, thou dark'neſt both,
And if mine eyes have leave to ſee,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with ſhells and weeds,
Or treach'rouſly poor fiſh beſet,
With ſtrangling ſnares, or windowy net.

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt,
The bedded fiſh in banks outwreſt;
Let curious traitors ſleave ſilk flies,
To 'witch poor wandring fiſhes eyes.

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit,
For thou thyſelf art thine own bait:
That fiſh that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiſer far, alas, than I.

Piſ. Well remembered, honeſt ſcholar, I thank you for theſe choice verſes, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now reſted myſelf a little, I will make you ſome requital, by telling you ſome obſervations of the Eel, for it rains ſtill, and becauſe as you ſay, our angles are as money put to uſe, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll ſit ſtill and enjoy ourſelves a little longer under this honeyſuckle-hedge *.

CHAP.

* Although Pearch, like Trout, delight in clear ſwift rivers, with pebbley gravelly bottoms, they are often found in ſandy clayey ſoils; they love a moderately deep water, and frequent holes

CHAP. XIII.

Observations of the EEL, *and other fish that want scales, and how to fish for them.*

PISCATOR.

IT is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish; the *Romans* have esteemed her the *Helena* of their feasts, and some the queen of palate-pleasure. But most men differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation as other fish do, and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures are bred in *Egypt*, by the sun's heat, when it shines upon the overflowing of the river *Nilus*: or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those

holes by the sides of, or near, little streams, and the hollows under banks.

The Pearch spawns about the beginning of *March*: the best time of the year to angle for him, is from the beginning of *May* till the end of *June*, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of *September*; he is best taken in cloudy windy weather, and, as some say, from seven to ten in the forenoon, and from two to seven in the afternoon.

Other baits for the Pearch are, loaches, miller's-thumbs, stickle-backs, small loh, and marsh, and red-worms, well scoured, horse-beans boiled, cad-bait, oak-worms, bobs and gentles.

Many of these fish are taken in the rivers about *Oxford*; and the author of *The Angler's sure Guide* says, he once saw the figure of a Pearch drawn with a pencil on the door of a house near that city, which was twenty-nine inches long, and was informed it was the true dimension of a living Pearch. *Angl. sure Guide*, 155.

The largest Pearch are taken with a minnow, hooked with a good hold through the back-fin, or rather through the upper-lip; for the Pearch, by reason of the figure of his mouth, cannot take the bait cross-wise, as the Pike will: when you fish thus, use a large cork-float, and lead your line about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the minnow will come to the top of the water. But in the ordinary way of fishing, let your bait hang within about six inches from the ground.

that

that deny them to breed by generation as other fish do, ask, if any man ever saw an Eel to have a spawn or melt? and they are answered, that they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen spawn: for they say, that they are certain that Eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish*, but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be, and that the He and the She-Eel may be distinguished by their fins. And *Rondeletius* says, he has seen Eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say, that Eels growing old, breed other Eels out of the corruption of their own age, which Sir *Francis Bacon* says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dew-drops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so Eels are bred of a particular dew falling in the months of *May* or *June* on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end, which in a few days are by the sun's heat turned into Eels; and some of the ancients have called the Eels that are thus bred, the offspring of *Jove*. I have seen in the beginning of *July*, in a river not far from *Canterbury*, some parts of it covered over with young Eels about the thickness of a straw; and these Eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely in *Severn*, where they are called yelvers; and in a pond or mere near unto *Staffordshire*, where about a set time in summer, such small Eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it, take such Eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets, and make a kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And *Gesner* quotes venerable

* That fishes are furnished with parts fit for generation cannot be doubted, since it is a common practice to castrate them. See the method of doing it in *Philos. Transf.* Vol. XLVIII. Part II. for the year 1754. Page 870.

Bede * to say, that in *England* there is an island called *Ely*, by reason of the innumerable number of Eels that breed in it. But that Eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are, either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat, and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees; both which are related for truths by *du Bartas* and *Lobel* †, and also by our learned *Camden*, and laborious *Gerhard* ‡, in his *Herbal*.

It is said by *Rondeletius*, that those Eels that are bred in rivers that relate to, or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh waters, as the Salmon does always desire to do, when they have once tasted the salt water; and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain, that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an Eel: and though Sir *Francis*

* The most universal scholar of his time: he was born at *Durham* about 671, and bred under St. *John* of *Beverley*. It is said, that Pope *Sergius* the first invited him to *Rome*; though others say he never stirred out of his cell. He was a man of great virtue, and remarkable for a most sweet and engaging disposition: he died in 734, and lies buried at *Durham*. His works make eight volumes in folio. See his life in the *Biogr. Britann.*

† *Matthias* de *Lobel*, or *L'Obel*, an eminent physician and botanist of the sixteenth century, was a native of *Lisle* in *Flanders*. He was a disciple of *Rondeletius*, and, being invited to *London* by king *James* the First, published there his *Historia Plantarum*, and died in the year 1616. Vide Hoffmanni *Lexicon Universale* in articulo. *Matthias Lobelius*. This work is entitled *Plantarum seu Stirpium historia*, and was first published at *Antwerp* in 1576, and republished at *London* in 1605. He was author likewise of two other works, the former of which has for its title *Balsami, Opobalsami, Carpobalsami, & Xylobalsami, cum suo cortice Explanatio*. Lond. 1598, and the latter *Stirpium illustrationes*. Lond. 1655.

‡ The person here mentioned is *John Gerard*, one of the first of our *English* Botanists; he was by profession a Surgeon, and published in 1597 an Herbal, in a large folio, dedicated to the lord treasurer *Burleigh*, and two years after a Catalogue of Plants, Herbs, *&c.* to the number of eleven hundred, raised and naturalized by himself in a large garden near his house in *Holborn*. The latter is dedicated to Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

Bacon will allow the Eel's life to be but ten years, yet he, in his hiſtory of life and death, mentions a Lamprey belonging to the *Roman* emperor to be made tame, and ſo kept for almoſt threeſcore years: and that ſuch uſeful and pleaſant obſervations were made of this Lamprey, that *Craſſus* the orator, who kept her, lamented her death. And we read in Doctor *Hakewill*, that *Hortenſius* was ſeen to weep at the death of a Lamprey that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly *.

It is granted by all, or moſt men, that Eels, for about ſix months, that is to ſay, the ſix cold months of the year, ſtir not up and down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they uſually are, but get into the ſoft earth or mud, and there many of them together bed themſelves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you ſome ſwallows have been obſerved to do in hollow trees for thoſe ſix cold months: and this the Eel and ſwallow do, as not being able to endure winter weather: for *Geſner* quotes *Albertus* to ſay, that in the year 1125, that year's winter being more cold than uſually, Eels did by nature's inſtinct get out of the water into a ſtack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground †, and there bedded themſelves, but yet at laſt a froſt killed them. And our *Camden* relates, that in *Lancaſhire*, fiſhes were digged out of the earth with

* The author, page 119, has cited from *Pliny* an inſtance of the fondneſs of *Antonia*, a woman, for a tame Lamprey, which the tenderneſs of her ſex might perhaps excuſe; but the ſagacity and docibleneſs of theſe creatures ſeem leſs wonderful, than the weakneſs of ſuch men as *Craſſus* and *Hortenſius*, in becoming mourners for the death of an Eel.

The former of theſe two perſons was, for this his puſillanimity reproached in the ſenate of *Rome* by *Domitius*, in theſe words: "Fooliſh *Craſſus*, you wept for your *Murena* [or Lamprey] That is more, retorted *Craſſus*, than you did for your two wives." Lord *Bacon*'s Apophthegms.

† Dr. *Plot*, in his Hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, page 242, mentions certain waters and a pool that were ſtocked by Eels, that had from waters they liked not travelled *in arido*, or over dry land to theſe others.

ſpades, where no water was near to the place*. I ſhall ſay little more of the Eel, but that, as it is obſerved he is impatient of cold, ſo it hath been obſerved, that in warm weather an Eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

And laſtly, let me tell you, that ſome curious ſearchers into the natures of fiſh, obſerve that there be ſeveral ſorts or kinds of Eels, as the ſilver Eel, and green or greeniſh Eel, with which the river of *Thames* abounds, and thoſe are called grigs; and a blackiſh Eel, whoſe head is more flat and bigger than ordinary Eels; and alſo an Eel whoſe fins are reddiſh, and but ſeldom taken in this nation, and yet taken ſometimes: theſe ſeveral kind of Eels are, ſay ſome, diverſly bred, as namely, out of the corruption of the earth, and ſome by dew, and other ways, as I have ſaid to you: and yet it is affirmed by ſome for certain, that the ſilver Eel is bred by generation, but not by ſpawning as other fiſh do, but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live Eels no bigger nor longer than a pin; and I have had too many teſtimonies of this, to doubt the truth of it myſelf; and if I thought it needful I might prove it, but I think it is needleſs.

And this Eel, of which I have ſaid ſo much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits: as namely with powdered beef, with a lob or garden-worm, with a minnow, or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fiſh, or with almoſt any thing, for he is a greedy fiſh †: but

* *Camden's* relation is to this effect, *viz.* "That at a place called "*Sefton* in the above county, upon turning up the turf men find "a black deadiſh water with ſmall fiſhes therein. *Britannia*, Lancaſhire. *Fuller*, who alſo reports this ſtrange fact, humouroufly ſays, "That the men of this place go a fiſhing with ſpades and "mattocks; adding, that fiſhes are thus found in the country about "*Heraclea* and *Tius* in *Pontus*." Worthies in *Lancaſhire*, 107.

† To this truth I myſelf can bear witneſs. When I dwelt at *Twickenham*, a large canal adjoined to my houſe, which I ſtocked with fiſh. I had from time to time broods of ducks, which, with their young ones, took to the water: one dry ſummer, when the canal was very low, we miſſed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went; reſolving to make advantage of the low-

but the Eel may be caught especially with a little, a very little lamprey, which some call a pride, and may in the hot months be found many of them in the river *Thames*, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the Eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself, and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken; and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string cross the stream with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits, and a clod, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixt place, and then take it up with a drag-hook or otherwise: but these things are indeed too common to be spoken of, and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the Eel, by telling you, that in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good Eel by snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

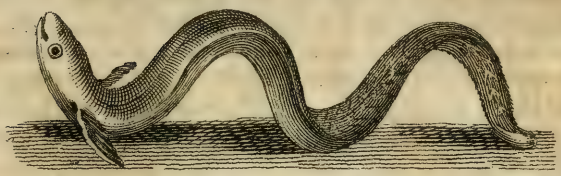
And because you that are but a young angler, know not what snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember I told you that Eels do not usually stir in the day-time, for then they hide themselves under some covert, or under boards or planks about flood-gates, or wears, or mills, or in holes in the river banks; so

ness of the water to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large Eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family, which being opened by the cook surprized us all; for in the stomachs of many of them were found undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which doubtless were those of the ducks we had missed. The fact seems to have been, that the water being shallow, they became an easy prey, and were pulled under by the Eels, or if you will by the *heels*.

that you obſerving your time in a warm day, when the water is loweſt, may take a ſtrong ſmall hook tied to a ſtrong line, or to a ſtring about a yard long, and then into one of theſe holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great ſtone or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide or ſhelter herſelf, you may, with the help of a ſhort ſtick put in your bait, but leiſurely, and as far as you may conveniently: and it is ſcarce to be doubted, but that if there be an Eel within the ſight of it, the Eel will bite inſtantly, and as certainly gorge it: and you need not doubt to have him, if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he lying folded double in his hole, will with the help of his tail break all, unleſs you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and ſo get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I ſhall next tell you how to make this

EEL



a moſt excellent diſh of meat.

Firſt,

Firſt, waſh him in water and ſalt, then pull off his ſkin below his vent or navel, and not much further: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but waſh him not: then give him three or four ſcotches with a knife, and then put into his belly and thoſe ſcotches, ſweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated, or cut very ſmall, and your herbs and anchovies muſt alſo be cut very ſmall, and mixt with good butter and ſalt; having done this, then pull his ſkin over him all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his ſkin about that part where his head grew, and it muſt be ſo tied as to keep all his moiſture within his ſkin: and having done this, tie him with tape or packthread to a ſpit, and roaſt him leiſurely, and baſte him with water and ſalt till his ſkin breaks, and then with butter: and having roaſted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his ſauce.

S. F.

When I go to dreſs an Eel thus, I wiſh he were as long and as big as that which was caught in *Peterborough* river, in the year 1667, which was a yard and three quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and ſee at one of the coffee-houſes in *King-ſtreet*, in *Weſtminſter*.

But now let me tell you, that though the Eel thus dreſt be not only excellent good, but more harmleſs than any other way, yet it is certain, that phyſicians account the Eel dangerous meat; I will adviſe you therefore, as *Solomon* ſays of honey, *Prov.* xxv. "Haſt "thou found it, eat no more than is ſufficient, leſt "thou ſurfeit, for it is not good to eat much honey." And let me add this, that the uncharitable *Italian* bids us "give Eels, and no wine to our enemies."

And I will beg a little more of your attention to tell you, that *Aldrovandus* and divers phyſicians commend the Eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one obſervation, that the Eel is

never out of ſeaſon, as Trouts, and moſt other fiſh are at ſet times, at leaſt moſt Eels are not *.

I might

* The haunts of the Eel are weeds, under roots, ſtumps of trees, holes, and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom, and in the plain mud; where they lie with only their heads out, watching for prey. They are alſo found under great ſtones, old timber, about flood-gates, wears, bridges, and old mills; they delight in ſtill waters, and in thoſe that are foul and muddy; though the ſmaller Eels are to be met with in all ſorts of rivers and ſoils.

Although the manner in which Eels, and indeed all fiſh, are generated, is ſufficiently ſettled, as appears by the foregoing notes, there yet remains a queſtion undecided by naturaliſts, and that is, Whether the Eel be an *oviparous* or a *viviparous* fiſh? *Walton* inclines to the latter opinion. The following relation from *Bowlker* may go near to determine the queſtion.

"Being acquainted with an elderly woman, who had been wife "to a miller near fifty years, and much employed in dreſſing of "Eels, I aſked her whether ſhe had ever found any ſpawn or "eggs in thoſe Eels ſhe opened? ſhe ſaid, ſhe never had obſerved "any; but that ſhe had ſometimes found living Eels in them, "about the bigneſs of a ſmall needle; and particularly, that ſhe "once took out ten or twelve, and put them upon the table, "and found them to be alive; which was confirmed to me by "the reſt of the family. The time of the year when this hap-"pened was, as they informed me, about a fortnight or three "weeks after *Michaelmas*; which makes me of opinion that they "go down to the ſea, or ſalt-water, to prepare themſelves for "the work of propagating and producing their young. To this I "muſt add another obſervation of the ſame nature, that was "made by a gentleman of fortune not far from *Ludlow*, and in "the commiſſion of the peace for the county of *Salop*; who, go-"ing to viſit a gentleman, his friend, was ſhewn a very fine "large Eel, that was going to be dreſſed, about whoſe ſides and "belly he obſerved a parcel of little creeping things, which at "firſt made him ſuſpect it had been kept too long; but upon "nearer inſpection, they were found to be perfect little Eels, or "Elvers. Upon this it was immediately opened in the ſight of "ſeveral other gentlemen, and, in the belly of it, they found a "lump about as big as a nutmeg, conſiſting of an infinite number "of thoſe little creatures, cloſely wrapped up together; which, "being put into a baſon of water, ſoon ſeparated, and ſwam "about the baſon. This he has often told to ſeveral gentlemen "of credit in his neighbourhood, from ſome of whom I firſt re-"ceived this account: but I have lately had the ſatisfaction of "having it from his own mouth, and therefore I think this may

"ſerve

I might here ſpeak of many other fiſh whoſe ſhape and nature are much like the Eel, and frequent both the ſea and freſh rivers; as namely the Lamprel, the Lamprey, and the Lamperne: as alſo of the mighty Conger, taken often in *Severn* about *Glouceſter*; and might alſo tell, in what high eſteem many of them are for the curioſity of their taſte; but theſe are not ſo proper to be talked of by me, becauſe they make us anglers no ſport, therefore I will let them alone as the *Jews* do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.

" ſerve to put the matter out of all doubt, and may be ſufficient " to prove that Eels are of the viviparous kind."

Taking it for granted then that Eels do not ſpawn, all we have to ſay in this place is, that though, as our author tells us, they are never out of ſeaſon, yet, as ſome ſay, they are beſt in winter, and worſt in *May*: and it is to be noted of Eels, that the longer they live the better they are. *Angler's ſure Guide*, 164.

Of baits for the Eel, the beſt are lob-worms, loach, minnows, ſmall pope or pearch with the fins cut off, pieces of any fiſh, eſpecially bleak, as being very lucid, with which I have taken very large ones.

As the angling for Eels is no very pleaſant amuſement, and is always attended with great trouble and the riſque of tackle, many, while they angle for other fiſh, lay lines for the Eel, which they tie to weeds, flags, *&c.* with marks to find them by; or you may take a long packthread line, with a leaden weight at the end, and hooks looped on at a yard diſtance from each other: faſten one end to the flags, or on the ſhore, and throw the lead out, and let the line lie ſome time; and in this way you may probably take a Pike.

The river *Kennet* in *Berkſhire*, the *Stour* in *Dorſetſhire*, *Irk* in *Lancaſhire*, and *Ankham* in *Lincolnſhire*, are famed for producing excellent Eels: the latter to ſo great a degree, as to give riſe to the following proverbial rhyme;

Ankham *Eel, and* Witham *Pike,*
In all England *is none ſike.*

But it is ſaid there are no Eels ſuperior in goodneſs to thoſe taken in the head of the *New River* near *Iſlington*; and I myſelf have ſeen Eels caught there with a rod and line, of a very large ſize.

Eels, contrary to all other fiſh, never ſwim up, but always down the ſtream.

And,

And, scholar, there is also a Flounder, a sea-fish, which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself, and dwell and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long; a fish without scales, and most excellent meat, and a fish that affords much sport to the angler with any small worm, but especially a little blueish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground or meadows, which should be well scoured *; but this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore, an abomination to the *Jews*.

But scholar, there is a fish that they in *Lancashire* boast very much of, called a Char, taken there, and I think there only, in a mere called *Winander-Mere* †; a mere, says *Camden*, that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and some say as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble: this fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and it is spotted like a Trout, and has scarce a bone but on the back: but this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a Guiniad, of which I shall tell you what *Camden* and others speak. The river *Dee*, which runs by *Chester*, springs in *Merionethshire*, and as it runs towards *Chester* it runs through *Pemble-Mere*, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river *Dee* abounds with Salmon, and *Pemble-Mere* with the Gui-

* The taking Flounders with a rod and line, is a thing so accidental, that it is hardly worth the mention. The same may be said of Smelts, which, in the *Thames*, and other great rivers, are caught with a bit of any small fish, but chiefly of their own species. In the month of *August*, about the year 1720, such vast quantities of smelts came up the *Thames*, that women, and even children, became anglers for them; and, as I have been told by persons who well remember it, in one day, between *London-bridge* and *Greenwich*, not fewer than two thousand persons were thus employed.

† It is also found in *Conningston* Mere in *Lancashire* Leigh's *Hist. of* Lancashire, 141.

niad,

niad, yet there is never any Salmon caught in the mere, nor a Guiniad in the river. And now my next obſervation ſhall be of the Barbel.

CHAP. XIV.

Obſervations of the BARBEL, *and Directions how to fiſh for him.*

PISCATOR.

THE Barbel is ſo called, ſays *Geſner*, by reaſon of his barb or wattles at his mouth, which are under his noſe or chaps. He is one of thoſe leather-mouthed fiſhes that I told you of, that does very ſeldom break his hold if he be once hooked: but he is ſo ſtrong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But the Barbel, though he be of a fine ſhape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the beſt fiſh to eat, neither for his wholeſomeneſs nor his taſte: but the male is reputed much better than the female, whoſe ſpawn is very hurtful, as I will preſently declare to you.

They flock together like ſheep, and are at the worſt in *April*, about which time they ſpawn, but quickly grow to be in ſeaſon. He is able to live in the ſtrongeſt ſwifts of the water, and in ſummer they love the ſhalloweſt and ſharpeſt ſtreams; and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel againſt a riſing ground, and will root and dig in the ſands with his noſe like a hog, and there neſts himſelf: yet ſometimes he retires to deep and ſwift bridges, or flood-gates, or wears, where he will neſt himſelf amongſt piles, or in hollow places, and take ſuch hold of moſs or weeds, that be the water never ſo ſwift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for. This is his conſtant cuſtom in ſummer, when he and moſt living creatures

creatures ſport themſelves in the ſun; but at the approach of winter, then he forſakes the ſwift ſtreams and ſhallow waters, and by degrees retires to thoſe parts of the river that are quiet and deeper; in which places, and I think about that time, he ſpawns, and as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his ſpawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel, and then they mutually labour to cover it with the ſame ſand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fiſh.

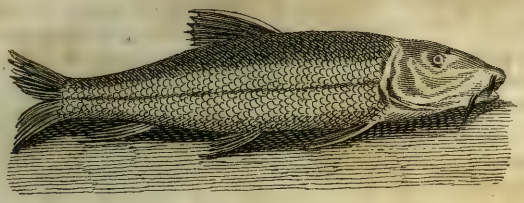
There be ſuch ſtore of this fiſh in the river *Danube*, that *Rondeletius* ſays, they may in ſome places of it, and in ſome months of the year, be taken by thoſe that dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time; he ſays, they begin to be good in *May*, and that they ceaſe to be ſo in *Auguſt*; but it is found to be otherwiſe in this nation: but thus far we agree with him, that the ſpawn of a Barbel, if it be not poiſon, as he ſays, yet that it is dangerous meat, and eſpecially in the month of *May*; which is ſo certain, that *Geſner* and *Gaſius* * declare it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.

This fiſh is of a fine caſt and handſome ſhape, with ſmall ſcales, which are placed after a moſt exact and curious manner,

* Of this perſon I can no where find any account.

† Though the ſpawn of the Barbel is known to be of a poiſonous nature, yet it is often taken by country people medicinally; who find it, at once, a moſt powerful emetic and cathartic. And, notwithſtanding what is ſaid of the wholeſomeneſs of the fleſh, with ſome conſtitutions it produces the ſame effects as the ſpawn. About the month of *September*, in the year 1754, a ſervant of mine, who had eaten part of a Barbel, though, as I had cautioned him, he abſtained from the ſpawn, was ſeized with ſuch a violent purging and vomiting, as had like to have coſt him his life.

BARBEL



and as I told you, may be rather ſaid not to be ill, than to be good meat; the Chub and he have, I think, both loſt part of their credit by ill cookery, they being reputed the worſt or coarſeſt of freſh-water fiſh: but the Barbel affords an angler choice ſport, being a luſty and a cunning fiſh; ſo luſty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert or hole, or bank; and then ſtriking at the line, to break it off with his tail, as is obſerved by *Plutarch*, in his book *De induſtriâ animalium*; and alſo ſo cunning to nibble and ſuck off your worm cloſe to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The Barbel is alſo curious for his baits, that is to ſay, that they be clean and ſweet; and have your worms well ſcoured, and not kept in ſour and muſty moſs, for he is a curious feeder; but at a well-ſcoured lob-worm, he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and eſpecially, if a night or two before you fiſh for him, you ſhall bait the places where you intend to fiſh for him, with

with big worms cut into pieces *; and note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fiſh too early or too late for a Barbel. And the Barbel will bite alſo at gentles, which not being too much ſcoured, but green, are a choice bait for him; and ſo is cheeſe, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth to make it tough: with this you may alſo bait the water a day or two before you fiſh for the Barbel, and be much the likelier to catch ſtore: and if the cheeſe were laid in clarified honey a ſhort time before, as namely, an hour or two, you are ſtill the likelier to catch fiſh: ſome have directed to cut the cheeſe into thin pieces, and toaſt it, and then tie it on the hook with fine ſilk: and ſome adviſe to fiſh for the Barbel with ſheep's tallow and ſoft cheeſe beaten or worked into a paſte, and that it is choicely good in *Auguſt*, and I believe it: but doubtleſs the lob-worm well ſcoured, and the gentle not too much ſcoured, and cheeſe ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will ſerve in any month; though I ſhall commend any angler that tries concluſions, and is induſtrious to improve the art. And now, my honeſt ſcholar, the long ſhower and my tedious diſcourſe, are both ended together: and I ſhall give you but this obſervation, that when you fiſh for a Barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good ſtrength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fiſh to be dealt withal, yet he ſeldom or never breaks his hold if he be once ſtrucken. And if you would know more of fiſhing for the Umber or Barbel, get into favour with Dr. *Sheldon* †, whoſe ſkill is above others;

* Graves, which are the ſediment of tallow melted for the making of candles, cut into pieces, are an excellent ground-bait for Barbel, Gudgeons, and many other fiſh, if thrown in the night before you angle.

† Dr. *Gilbert Sheldon*, warden of *All-Souls* college, chaplain to king *Charles* the Firſt, and, after the reſtoration, archbiſhop of *Canterbury*: he founded the theatre at *Oxford*, died in 1677, and lies buried under a ſtately monument at *Croydon* in *Surrey*.

and

and of that the poor that dwell about him, have a comfortable experience *.

And

* Of the haunts of the Barbel the author has ſpoke ſufficiently.

Barbel ſpawn about the middle of *April*, and grow in ſeaſon about a month after.

Baits for Barbel, other than what *Walton* has mentioned, are, the young brood of waſps, hornets, and humble bees.

In fiſhing for him uſe a very ſtrong rod, and a ſilk line with a ſhot and a bullet, as directed for the Trout: ſome uſe a cork-float; which if you do, be ſure to fiſh as cloſe to the bottom as poſſible, ſo as the bait does not touch the ground.

In angling for leſſer fiſh, the angler will ſometimes find it a misfortune to hook a Barbel, a fiſh ſo ſullen, that with fine tackle it is ſcarcely poſſible to land one of twelve inches long.

A lover of angling told me the following ſtory: he was fiſhing in the river *Lea*, at the ferry called *Jeremy*'s, and had hooked a large fiſh at the time when ſome *Londoners* with their horſes were paſſing: they congratulated him on his ſucceſs, and got out of the ferry-boat; but finding the fiſh not likely to yield, mounted their horſes and rode off. The fact was, that angling for ſmall fiſh, his bait had been taken by a Barbel too big for the fiſher to manage. Not caring to riſque his tackle by attempting to raiſe him, he hoped to tire him, and to that end ſuffered himſelf to be led, to uſe his own expreſſion, as a blind man is by his dog, ſeveral yards up, and as many down the bank of the river; in ſhort, for ſo many hours, that the horſemen above-mentioned, who had been at *Walthamſtow*, and dined, were returned: who, ſeeing him thus occupied, cried out, "What, maſter, another large fiſh?" "No," ſays *Piſcator*, "it is the very ſame." "Nay," ſays one of them, "that can never be, for it is five hours ſince we croſt the "river;" and not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a leſs patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land his fiſh, broke his tackle, and loſt him.

Fiſhing for Barbel is at beſt but a dull recreation. They are a ſullen fiſh, and bite but ſlowly. The angler drops in his bait, the bullet at the bottom of the line fixes it to one ſpot of the river. Tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and exerciſing the patience of a ſetting-dog, waits till he ſees the top of his rod move; then begins a ſtruggle between him and the fiſh, which he calls his ſport; and that being over, he lands his prize, freſh baits his hook, and lays in for another.

Living ſome years ago in a village on the banks of the *Thames*, I was uſed in the ſummer months to be much in a boat on the river. It chanced that at *Shepperton*, where I had been for a few days, I

frequently

And now let's go and ſee what intereſt the Trouts will pay us, for letting our angle-rods lie ſo long and ſo quietly in the water for their uſe. Come, ſcholar, which will you take up?

Ven. Which you think fit, maſter.

Piſc. Why, you ſhall take up that; for I am certain by viewing the line, it has a fiſh at it. Look you, ſcholar: well done. Come now, take up the other too; well, now you may tell my brother *Peter* at night, that you have caught a leaſh of Trouts this day. And now let's move toward our lodging, and drink a draught of red-cow's milk as we go, and give pretty *Maudlin* and her honeſt mother a brace of Trouts for their ſupper.

Ven. Maſter, I like your motion very well; and I think it is now about milking-time, and yonder they be at it.

Piſc. God ſpeed you, good woman; I thank you both for our ſongs laſt night; I and my companion have had ſuch fortune a fiſhing this day, that we reſolve to give you and *Maudlin* a brace of Trouts for ſupper, and we will now taſte a draught of your red-cow's milk.

frequently paſſed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fiſhing at different ſtations for Barbel. After a few ſalutations had paſſed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occaſion to enquire of him what diverſion he had met with: "Sir," ſays he, "I have had but bad luck to-day, for "I fiſh for Barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like "Gudgeons." "It is very true," anſwered I; "but what you "want in tale I ſuppoſe you make up in weight." "Why, Sir," ſays he, "That is juſt as it happens; it is true, I like the ſport, "and love to catch fiſh, but my great delight is in *going after* "*them*. I'll tell you what, Sir," continued he; "I am a man "in years, and have uſed the ſea all my life [he had been an *India* captain]" but I mean to go no more, and have bought that "little houſe that you ſee there," [pointing to it,] "for the ſake of "fiſhing: I get into this boat [which he was then mopping] on a "*Monday* morning, and fiſh on till *Saturday* night; for Barbel as I "told you, for that is my delight; and this I have ſometimes "done for a month together, and in all that while have not had one "bite."

Milkw.

Milkw. Marry, and that you ſhall with all my heart, and I will be ſtill your debtor when you come this way: if you will but ſpeak the word, I will make you a good ſyllabub of new verjuice, and then you may ſit down in a haycock and eat it, and *Maudlin* ſhall ſit by and ſing you the good old ſong of the *Hunting in Chevy Chaſe*, or ſome other good ballad, for ſhe hath good ſtore of them; *Maudlin*, my honeſt *Maudlin*, hath a notable memory, and ſhe thinks nothing too good for you, becauſe you be ſuch honeſt men.

Ven. We thank you, and intend once in a month to call upon you again, and give you a little warning, and ſo good night: good night *Maudlin*. And now, good maſter, let's loſe no time, but tell me ſomewhat more of fiſhing, and if you pleaſe, firſt ſomething of fiſhing for a Gudgeon.

Piſc. I will, honeſt ſcholar.

CHAP. XV.

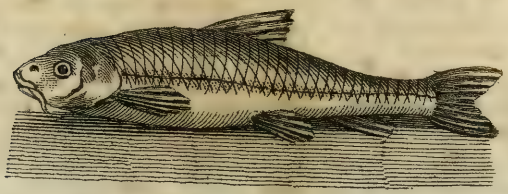
Obſervations of the GUDGEON, *the* RUFFE, *and the* BLEAK, *and how to fiſh for them.*

PISCATOR.

THE Gudgeon is reputed a fiſh of excellent taſte, and to be very wholeſome: he is of a fine ſhape, of a ſilver colour, and beautified with black ſpots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year, and always in ſummer. He is commended for a fiſh of excellent nouriſhment: the *Germans* call him Groundling, by reaſon of his feeding on the ground; and he there feaſts himſelf in ſharp ſtreams, and on the gravel. He and the Barbel both feed ſo, and do not hunt for flies at any time, as moſt other fiſhes do: he is an excellent fiſh to enter a young angler, being eaſy to be taken with a ſmall red-worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one

of thoſe leather-mouthed fiſh that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be loſt off from the hook if he be once ſtucken.

GUDGEON



They be uſually ſcattered up and down every river in the ſhallows, in the heat of ſummer; but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow four or rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fiſhed for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fiſh for him with a float, or with a cork; but many will fiſh for the Gudgeon by hand, with a running-line upon the ground, without a cork, as a Trout is fiſhed for; and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod and as gentle a hand *.

There is alſo another fiſh called a Pope, and by ſome a Ruffe, a fiſh that is not known to be in ſome rivers; he is much like the Pearch for his ſhape, and taken to be better than the Pearch, but will not grow to be bigger than a Gudgeon; he is an excellent fiſh,

* In fiſhing for Gudgeons have a rake, and every quarter of an hour rake the bottom of the river, and the fiſh will flock thither in ſhoals.

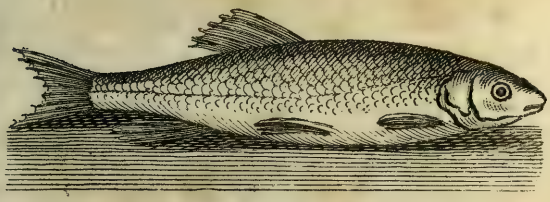
no

no fiſh that ſwims is of a pleaſanter taſte; and he is alſo excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter, and they will uſually lie abundance of them together, in one reſerved place, where the water is deep and runs quietly; and an eaſy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or ſometimes twice ſo many, at a ſtanding.

You muſt fiſh for him with a ſmall red worm, and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is alſo a

BLEAK



or freſh-water Sprat, a fiſh that is ever in motion, and therefore called by ſome the river-ſwallow; for juſt as you ſhall obſerve the ſwallow to be moſt evenings in ſummer, ever in motion, making ſhort and quick turns when he flies to catch flies in the air, by which he lives, ſo does the Bleak at the top of the water. *Auſonius* would have him called Bleak from his whitiſh colour: his back is of a pleaſant ſad or ſea-water-green, his belly white and ſhining as the mountain ſnow; and doubtleſs, though he have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want *Allamot* ſalt, and the ſkill that the *Italians* have to turn

them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a *Pater-noster* line *, that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time, and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks in a boat, or on a bank in the swift water in a summer's evening, with a hazle top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod: I have heard Sir *Henry Wotton* say, that there be many that in *Italy* will catch swallows so, or especially martins †, this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of: and let me tell you, scholar, that both martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a hern that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon. The line and hook must be strong, and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it, a line not exceeding two yards.

CHAP. XVI.

Is of nothing; or, that which is nothing worth.

PISCATOR.

MY purpose was to give you some directions concerning Roach and Dace, and some other inferior fish, which make the angler excellent sport,

* A rosary or string of beads is used by the Roman Catholic devotees to assist them in numbering their *Pater-nosters* or prayers: a line with many hooks at small distances from each other, though it little resembles a string of beads, is thence called a *Pater-noster* line.

† This is a common practice in *England* also.

for you know there is more pleaſure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear at this time to ſay any more, becauſe you ſee yonder come our brother *Peter* and honeſt *Coridon*: but I will promiſe you, that as you and I fiſh, and walk to-morrow towards *London*, if I have now forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen, this is lucky that we meet ſo juſt together at this very door. Come, hoſteſs, where are you? is ſupper ready? Come, firſt give us drink, and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother *Peter* and *Coridon*, to you both; come drink, and then tell me what luck of fiſh: we two have caught but ten Trouts, of which my ſcholar caught three; look here's eight, and a brace we gave away: we have had a moſt pleaſant day for fiſhing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry, and now meat and reſt will be pleaſant.

Pet. And *Coridon* and I have not had an unpleaſant day, and yet I have caught but five Trouts; for indeed we went to a good honeſt ale-houſe, and there we played at ſhovel-board half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fiſhed; and I am glad we are now with a dry houſe over our heads, for hark how it rains and blows. Come, hoſteſs, give us more ale, and our ſupper with what haſte you may: and when we have ſupp'd, let us have your ſong, *Piſcator*, and the catch that your ſcholar promiſed us, or elſe *Coridon* will be dogged.

Piſc. Nay, I will not be worſe than my word, you ſhall not want my ſong, and I hope I ſhall be perfect in it.

Venat. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too, and therefore let's go merrily to ſupper, and then have a gentle touch at ſinging and drinking; but the laſt with moderation.

Cor. Come, now for your ſong, for we have fed heartily. Come, hoſteſs, lay a few more ſticks on the fire, and now ſing when you will.

Pisc. Well then, here's to you, *Coridon*; and now for my song.

Oh the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd by many:
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is,
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's *peeping,*
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go,
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take,
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paſte and worms too,
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and ſtorms too:
None do here
Uſe to ſwear:
Oaths do fray
Fiſh away;
We ſit ſtill,
And watch our quill;
Fiſhers muſt not wrangle.

If the ſun's exceſſive heat
Make our bodies ſwelter,
To an oſier hedge we get
For a friendly ſhelter,
Where in a dike
Pearch or Pike,
Roach or Dace,
We do chaſe,
Bleak or Gudgeon
Without grudging,
We are ſtill contented.

Or we ſometimes paſs an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a ſhower,
Making earth our pillow,
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys,
Are but toys,
*And to be lamented**.

J. Chalkhill.
Venat.

* This in its kind is a good ſong: the following, taken from *Cotton*'s Poems, 8vo. 1689, is to the ſame purpoſe, and well deſerves a place here.

Venat. Well ſung, maſter; his day's fortune and pleaſure, and this night's company and ſong, do all make

I.

Away to the brook,
All your tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wiſhing;
See that all things be right,
For 'twould be a ſpight
To want tools when a man goes a fiſhing.

II.

Your rod with tops two,
For the ſame will not do,
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miſcarry.

III.

Then baſket, neat made
By a maſter in's trade,
In a belt at your ſhoulders muſt dangle;
For none ere was ſo vain
To wear this to diſdain,
Who a true brother was of the angle.

IV.

Next, pouch muſt not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, crewels, ſilks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make ſeveral flies
For the ſeveral ſkies,
That ſhall kill in deſpight of all weathers.

V.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for ſtrict need notwithſtanding,
Your ſciſſars and hone
To adjuſt your points on,
With a net to be ſure of your landing.

VI.

All theſe being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleaſure;
Till, here meeting at night,
We ſhall have the delight
To diſcourſe of our fortune's at leiſure.

The

make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day, and

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

Or stream now, or still,
A large panier will fill,
Trout and Grailing to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say,
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

IX.

Away then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us;
If Miss Fortune *should come,*
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.

X.

The angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds itself with so often tormented;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred a day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

XI.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet;
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

XII.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

While

and I verily believe he retired himſelf from talking with me, that he might be ſo perfect in this ſong; was it not, maſter?

Piſc. Yes indeed, for it is many years ſince I learned it, and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the ſong may teſtify; but of that I will ſay no more, leſt you ſhould think I mean by diſcommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, ſcholar, which I hope will be a good one, for you are both muſical, and have a good fancy to boot.

Venat. Marry, and that you ſhall, and as freely as I would have my honeſt maſter tell me ſome more ſecrets

XIII.

While quiet we ſit
We conclude all things fit,
Acquieſcing with hearty ſubmiſſion;
For, though ſimple, we know
That ſoft murmurs will grow
At the laſt unto downright ſedition,

XIV.

We care not who ſays,
And intends it diſpraiſe,
That an angler i' a fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate, what care we,
We're as honeſt as he,
And ſo let him take that for his labour.

XV.

We covet no wealth
But the bleſſing of health,
And that greater, good conſcience within us;
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win us.

XVI.

While we ſit and fiſh,
We pray as we wiſh,
For long life to our king, James *the Second;*
Honeſt anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the beſt of good ſubjects be reckon'd.

of

of fish and fishing as we walk and fish towards *London* to-morrow. But master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields*; for I could there sit quietly, and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lillies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping cul-

* There is so much fine and useful morality included in this sentiment, that to let it pass would be inexcusable in one who pretends to illustrate the author's meaning, or display his excellencies. The precept which he evidently meant to inculcate, is a very comfortable one, *viz.* that some of the greatest pleasures human nature is capable of, lie open and in common to the poor as well as the rich. It is not necessary that a man should have the fee-simple of all the land in prospect, from *Windsor* terras, or *Richmond* hill, to enjoy the beauty of those two delightful situations; nor can we imagine that no one but lord *Burlington* was ever delighted in the view of his most elegant villa at *Chiswick*.

But that excellent moralist, Dr. *Francis Hutcheson*, late of *Glasgow*, has a passage to this purpose, which is a much better comment on this reflection than any we can give: "As often," says he, "as the more important offices of virtue allow any intervals, our "time is agreeably and honourably employed in history, natural "or civil, in geometry, astronomy, poetry, painting, and mu-"sick, or such entertainments as ingenious arts afford. And "some of the sweetest enjoyments of this sort require no property, "nor need we ever want the objects. If familiarity abates the "pleasure of the more obvious beauties of nature, their more ex-"quisite inward structures may give new delights, and the stores "of nature are inexhaustible." See his *System of Moral Philosophy*, Book I. Chap. 7.

verkeys

verkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of *May*: these, and many other field-flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow, like that field in *Sicily*, of which *Diodorus* speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place, make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man, that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the *meek possess the earth*; or rather, they enjoy what the other possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily exprest it;

Hail blest estate of lowliness!
Happy enjoyments of such minds,
As rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small,
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind; they were written by *Phineas Fletcher*, an excellent divine, and an excellent angler, and the author of excellent Piscatory eclogues, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind, and I wish mine to be like it*.

No

* It would be great injustice to the memory of this person, whose name is now hardly known, to pass him by without notice. He was the son of *Giles Fletcher*, doctor of laws, and ambassador from queen *Elizabeth* to the duke of *Muscovy*; a fellow of *King*'s college, *Cambridge*, and the author of a fine allegorical poem, intitled, *The Purple Island*, printed at *Cambridge*, with other of his poems, in 4*to*, 1633; from whence the passage in the text, with a little variation is taken. The reader will not be displeased

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
No begging wants, his middle fortune bite,
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His

pleased with a more entire quotation from that work, which, for its elegant pastoral simplicity, I could wish to see equalled.

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,
Search either Inde, *vaunt of their scars and wounds;*
Let others their dear breath (nay, silence) sell
To fools, and (swoln, not rich) stretch out their bounds,
By spoiling those that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restless bed.

Oh! let them in their gold quaff dropsies down;
Oh! let them surfeits feast in silver bright,
While sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul to sell.
Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell:
Death weds and beds them; first in grave, and then in hell.

But, ah! let me under some Kentish *hill,*
Near rolling Medway, *'mong my shepherd-peers,*
With fearless merry-make, and piping still
Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:
While yet the great Augustus † *of our nation* [† K. James I.]
Shuts up old Janus *in this long cessation,*
Strengthning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare:
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
Whose love and look shall speak their father plain:
Health be my feast, heav'n hope, content my gain,
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reign.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chaunt to th' echoing wood:
Ah! singing might I live, and singing die:
So by fair Thames, *or silver* Medway's *flood,*
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In musick-strains breathes out her life and verse;
And, chaunting her own dirge, tides on her watry hearse.

Purple Island, *Canto* I.

The

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent:

His

The innocence of angling, the delightful scenes with which it is conversant, and its associated pleasures of ease, retirement, and meditation, have been a motive to the introduction of a new species of eclogue; where fishers are actors, as shepherds are in the pastoral. Mr. *Addison*, it is true, has censured *Sannazarius* for such an attempt; but it is to be remembered, that his are sea eclogues; the very idea of which, is surely inconsistent with the calmness and tranquillity of the pastoral life: not to say, that oysters and cray-fish are no very elegant or persuasive bribes to the favour of a mistress. But the ancient writers of pastoral, *Bion*, *Theocritus*, *Moschus*, and others, included under that species the manners of herdsmen, vine-dressers, and others; and why those of fishers are to be excluded, the legislators of pastoral would do well to inform us.

Of those who have attempted this kind of poetry, the above-mentioned Mr. *Fletcher* is one; and in the same volume with the *Purple Island* are several poems, which he calls *Piscatory Eclogues*, from whence the following passage is extracted.

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were
To bide among the simple fisher-swains;
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our simple pleasure mix'd with pains:
Our sports begin with the beginning year,
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land,
In roughs to sing, and dance along the golden sand.

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedst well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound)
Which oft to hear, fair Thetis *from her cell,*
Thetis, *the queen of seas, attended round,*
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell
In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to hear,
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtles grow,
Where th' ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft repair;
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row,
No other swains may come to note they're fair:
Yet my Amyntas *there with me shall go.*

Proteus

His life, is neither toſt in boiſt'rous ſeas,
Or the vexatious world, or loſt in ſlothful eaſe;
Pleas'd and full bleſt he lives, when he his God can pleaſe.

His bed, more ſafe than ſoft, yields quiet ſleeps,
While by his ſide his faithful ſpouſe hath place;
His little ſon, into his boſom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face;
His humble houſe, or poor ſtate, ne'er torment him;
Leſs he could like, if leſs his God had lent him,
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, theſe were a part of the thoughts that then poſſeſt me, and I there made a converſion of a piece of an old catch *, and added more to it, fitting them to be ſung by us anglers: come, maſter, you can ſing

Proteus *himſelf pipes to his flocks hereby,*
Whom thou ſhalt hear, ne'er ſeen by any jealous eye.
Eclogue I.

And beſides Mr. *Phineas Fletcher*, a gentleman now living, the Rev. Mr. *Moſes Browne* has obliged the world with Piſcatory Eclogues, which I would recommend to all lovers of poetry and angling; and am much miſtaken if the fifth of them, intitled *Renock's Deſpair*, is not by far the beſt imitation of *Milton's Lycidas*, that has ever yet appeared.

* The ſong here ſung can in no ſenſe of the word be termed a *catch*. It was probably ſet to muſic at the requeſt of *Walton*, and is to be found in a book, entitled, "*Select Ayres and Dialogues for* "*one, two, and three Voyces; to the Theorbo-Lute and Baſſe Viol.*" By *John Wilſon* and *Charles Colman*, doctors in muſic, *Henry Lawes* and others. Fol. *London*, 1659. It occurs in the firſt edition of *Walton's* book, publiſhed in 1653.

The reader is not to wonder at this motion of *Venator's*, nor that *Piſcator* ſo readily accepts it. At the time when *Walton* wrote, and long before, muſic was ſo generally well underſtood, that a man who had any voice or ear, was always ſuppoſed to be able to ſing his part in a madrigal or ſong at ſight. *Peacham* requires of his gentleman, only to be able "to ſing his part ſure, and "at the firſt ſight; and, withal, to play the ſame on the viol or "lute." *Compl. Gent.* 100. And *Philomathes*, in *Morley's* excellent *Introduction to practical muſick*, fol. *Lond.* 1597, thus complains; [at the banquet of maſter *Sophobulus*] "Supper being

ſing well, you muſt ſing a part of it as it is in this paper.

Pet. I marry, Sir, this is muſick indeed, this has chear'd my heart, and made me to remember ſix verſes

" ended, and muſick-books, according to cuſtom, being brought " to table, the miſtreſs of the houſe preſented me with a part, " earneſtly requeſting me to ſing. But when, after many ex- " cuſes, I proteſted unfeignedly, that I could not, every one be- " gan to wonder; yea, ſome whiſpered to others, demanding how " I was brought up: ſo that, upon ſhame of mine ignorance, I " go now to ſeek out mine old friend, maſter *Gnorimus*, to make " myſelf his ſcholar."

Another circumſtance, which ſhews how generally muſic was formerly known and practiſed in *England*, occurred to me upon the ſight of an old book of enigmas; to every one of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the ſubject of the enigma: the ſolution to one of theſe, is a barber, and the cut repreſents a barber's ſhop, in which there is one perſon ſitting in a chair, under the barber's hands, while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on the lute; and on the ſide of the ſhop hangs another inſtrument, of the lute or cittern kind. The inference I draw from hence is, that formerly a lute was conſidered as a neceſſary part of the furniture of a barber's ſhop, and anſwered the end of a news-paper, the now common amuſement of waiting cuſtomers; which it would never have done, if muſic had not, as is above obſerved, been generally known and practiſed.

In an old comedy of *Dekker*'s, entitled, "The ſecond Part of " the honeſt Whore," printed in *Dodſley*'s Collection, vol. iii. edit. 1780. *Matheo* ſpeaking of his wife, terms her, " a *barber's* " *citterne* for every ſerving man to play upon."

This inſtrument grew into diſuſe about the beginning of this century. Dr. *King*, taking occaſion to mention the barbers of his time, ſays, " that turning themſelves to perriwig-making, they " had forgot their *cittern* and their muſic." Works of Dr. *William King*, vol. ii. p. 79.

And the knowledge of this fact will enable us to explain and juſtify a paſſage in *Ben Jonſon*'s comedy of *The Silent Woman*, which none of his annotators ſeem to have underſtood. *Moroſe*, in act III. ſcene 5. of that play, after he has diſcovered that his ſuppoſed wife can talk, and that to the purpoſe too, cries out of *Cutberd*, " That curſed barber!——I have married his *Cittern*, " that's common to all men." Mr. *Upton*, in his notes on that play, ſuppoſes we ſhould read *Ciſtern*, *i. e.* the common ſink, the common ſewer, ciſtern, or receptacle: or, he ſays, we may

THE ANGLER'S Song

Set by Mr. H. Lawes

A 2. Voc

Cantus

Bassus

Man's Life is but vain for tis subject to

Pain and Sorrow and short as a Bubble tis a

Hodge Podge of Business and Money and Care and

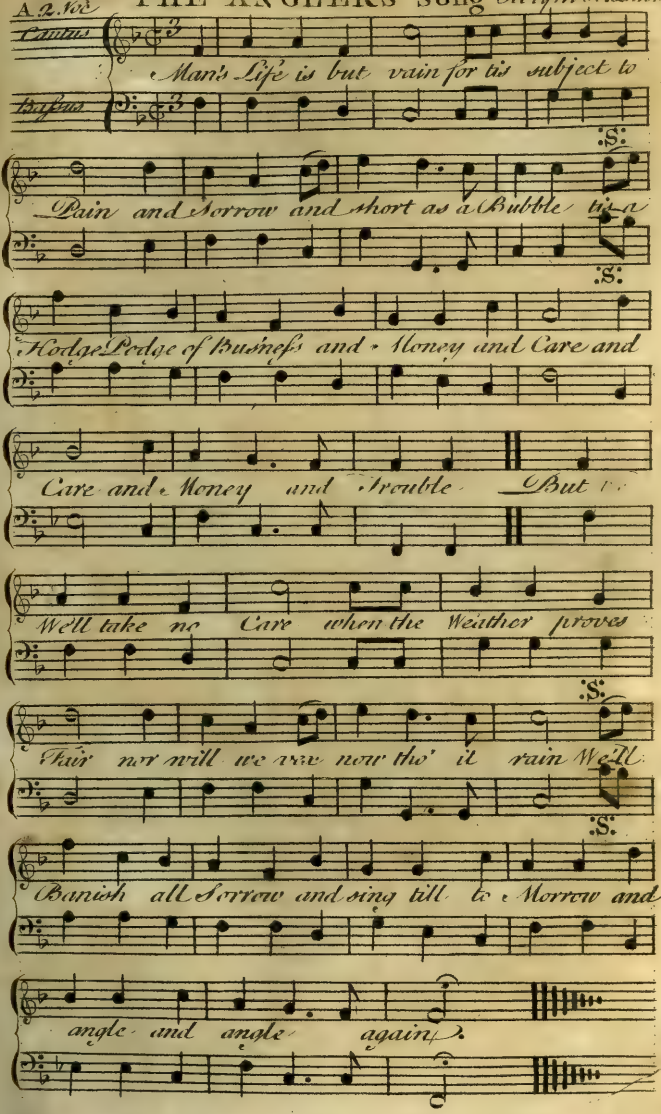
Care and Money and Trouble But

We'll take no Care when the Weather proves

Fair nor will we vex now tho' it rain We'll

Banish all Sorrow and sing till to Morrow and

angle and angle again.



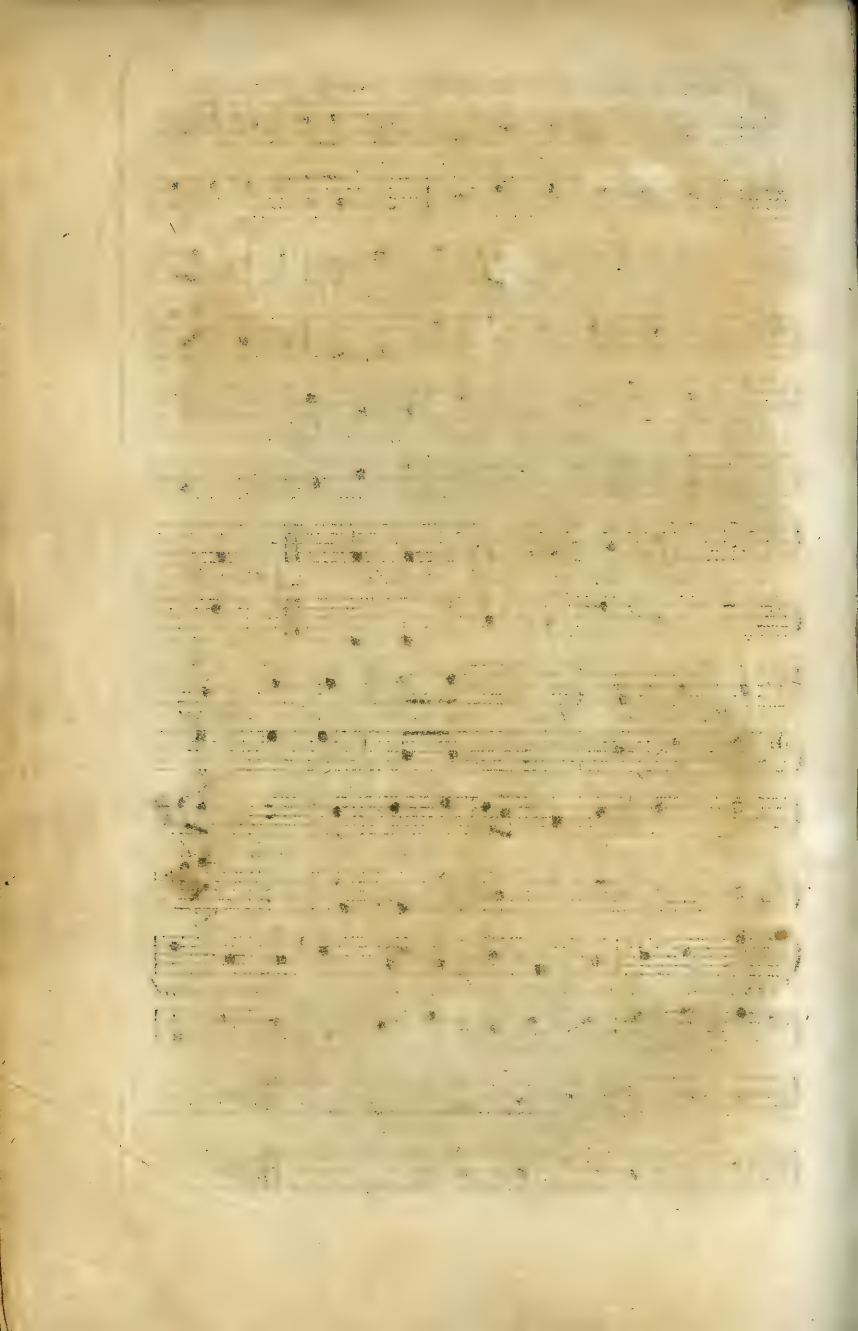


Plate VII. to Front. Page 209

S. Wale Inv.t Ryland Sc.t

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

verſes in praiſe of muſic, which I will ſpeak to you inſtantly.

Muſic,

may read *Cittern* in a ſenſe that has no relation to a barber's ſhop. But whether the circumſtance above-mentioned does not render any ſuch conjectures needleſs, the ingenious reader will determine.

Mr. *Henry Lawes*, who compoſed the muſic to this ſong, was the *Purcell* of the age he lived in: Mr. *Waller* has honoured him with a copy of verſes, inſcribed "To Mr. *Henry Lawes*, who had then new ſet a ſong of mine, in the year 1635." And *Milton* has celebrated his merit in an elegant ſonnet, "to Mr. *H. Lawes*, on "his airs." *Milton* was an excellent judge and performer of muſic, a particular which, as it has been very ſuperficially mentioned by the many writers of his life, it may not be amiſs to enlarge on here. And firſt, we are to know that his affection to this art was, in ſome ſort hereditary; for his father was not only a lover, but a compoſer of muſic: the common melody, known by the name of *York* pſalm-tune, which moſt country chimes play, and half the nurſes in this kingdom ſing by way of lullaby, was of his compoſition, as appears by *Ravenſcroft*'s collection of Pſalm-tunes, and other evidences. He alſo compoſed many madrigals, in four and five parts: ſome of which are to be ſeen in *The Triumphs of Oriana*, a collection of madrigals, to five and ſix voices, compoſed by divers authors, 4*to*. *Lond*. 1601, and in other collections. And laſtly, it appears from the life of *Milton*, by his nephew *Philips*, prefixed to a tranſlation of ſome of his letters of ſtate, printed in 12*mo*. 1694, that *Milton*, the father, compoſed an *In Nomine*, of forty parts; for which he was rewarded by a *Poliſh* prince, to whom he preſented it, with a gold medal and chain. And we are alſo told, by the above-mentioned nephew of *Milton*, that, when he was upon his travels, he collected a cheſt or two of choice muſic-books of the beſt maſters flouriſhing at that time in *Italy*, namely, *Luca Marenzio*, *Monteverde*, *Horatio Vecchi*, *Cifra*, the prince of *Veno*ſ*a*, and others.

It ſhould ſeem that *Lawes* and *Milton* were well acquainted, for the former compoſed the original muſic to the maſque of *Comus*; and, at the exhibition of that performance, at *Ludlow-caſtle*, acted the part of the attendant-ſpirit. The beſt account extant of him, except that in the *Athen. Oxon.* is contained in Mr. *Fenton*'s note on the poem of Mr. *Waller*, above-mentioned.

And, now I am upon this ſubject, I will tell the reader a ſecret; which is, that muſic was in its greateſt perfection in *Europe* from about the middle of the ſixteenth to the beginning of the ſeventeenth century; when, with a variety of treble-inſtruments, a vicious taſte was introduced, and vocal harmony received its mortal

Muſic, miraculous rhet'rick, that ſpeak'ſt ſenſe
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what eaſe might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th'art abus'd?
But though dull ſouls neglect, and ſome reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cauſe the Angels love thee *.

Ven. And the repetition of theſe laſt verſes of muſic has call'd to my memory what Mr. *Ed. Waller*, a lover of the angle *, ſays of love and muſic.

Whilſt

wound. In this period flouriſhed *Paleſtrina*, the prince of *Venoſa*, and the ſeveral other authors above-mentioned to have been collected by *Milton*; and, to the immortal honour of this nation, our own *Tallis* and *Byrd*; and, ſome years after, in the more elegant kinds of compoſition, ſuch as madrigals, canzonets, *&c. Wilbye*, *Weelkes*, *Bennet*, *Morley*, *Bateſon*, and others, whoſe works ſhew deep ſkill, and fine invention.

* See theſe verſes, with ſome ſmall variation, at the end of the book, entitled, *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, referred to from page 110 *in notâ*, with *W. D.* knight, under the bottom line, which I take to ſignify, that they were written by Sir *William Davenant*.

And let me be excuſed, if from the ſame book I here inſert the following verſes, on the ſubject of muſic, written by Mr. *Thomas Randolph*, and printed among his poems.

" Muſic, thou queen of ſouls, get up and ſtring
" Thy pow'rful lute, and ſome ſad *Requiem* ſing,
" Till rocks requite thy echo with a groan,
" And the dull cliffs repeat the duller tone;
" Then on a ſudden, with a nimble hand,
" Run gently o'er the chords, and ſo command
" The pine to dance, the oak his roots forego,
" The holm and aged elm to foot it too;
" Myrtles ſhall caper, lofty cedars run,
" And call the courtly palm to make up one.
" Then in the midſt of all their jolly train
" Strike a ſad note, and fix them trees again."

* As the author's concern for the honour of angling, induced him to enumerate ſuch perſons of note as were lovers of that recreation, the reader will allow me to add Mr. *John Gay* to the number. Any one who reads the firſt canto of his *Georgic*, intitled

While I liſten to thy voice,
Chloris *I feel my life decay;*
That powerful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away;
Oh! ſuppreſs that magick ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.

Peace Chloris, *peace, or ſinging die,*
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the bleſſed do above
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

Piſc. Well remembered, brother *Peter*, theſe verſes came ſeaſonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my hoſt and all, and ſing my ſcholar's catch over again, and then each man drink the other cup and to bed, and thank God we have a dry houſe over our heads.

tled *Rural Sports*, and obſerves how beautifully and accurately he treats the ſubject of fly-fiſhing, would conclude the author a proficient: but that it was his chief amuſement, I have been aſſured, by an intimate friend of mine, who has frequently fiſhed with him in the river *Kennet*, at *Ameſbury* in *Wilts*, the ſeat of his grace the duke of *Queenſberry*.

The reader will excuſe the following addition to this note, for the ſake of a beautiful deſcription of the materials uſed in fly-making, which is quoted from the above-mentioned poem.

" *To frame the little animal provide*
" *All the gay hues that wait on female pride;*
" *Let nature guide thee; ſometimes golden wire;*
" *The ſhining bellies of the fly require.*
" *The peacock's plumes thy tackle muſt not fail,*
" *Nor the dear purchaſe of the ſable's tail.*
" *Each gaudy bird ſome ſlender tribute brings,*
" *And lends the growing inſect proper wings.*
" *Silks, of all colours, muſt their aid impart,*
" *And ev'ry fur promote the fiſher's art.*
" *So the gay lady, with expenſive care,*
" *Borrows the pride of land, of ſea, of air;*
" *Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing diſplays,*
" *Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.*"

Pisc. Well now, good night to every body.

Pet. And so say I.

Ven. And so say I.

Cor. Good night to you all, and I thank you.

Pisc. Good-morrow, brother *Peter*, and the like to you, honest *Coridon:* come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay, let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Pet. The motion is liked by every body, and so, hostess, here's your money; we anglers are all beholding to you, it will not be long ere I'll see you again. And now, brother *Piscator*, I wish you and my brother, your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come, *Coridon*, this is our way.

CHAP. XVII.

Of ROACH *and* DACE, *and how to fish for them; and of* CADIS.

VENATOR.

GOOD master, as we go now towards *London*, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions, for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

Pisc. Well, scholar, that I will, and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art; and because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the Roach is so called, from *Rutilus*, which they say signifies red fins: he is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste, and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the Carp is accounted the water-fox for his cunning, so the Roach is accounted the

the water-ſheep for his ſimplicity or fooliſhneſs. It is noted that the Roach and Dace recover ſtrength, and grow in ſeaſon in a fortnight after ſpawning; the Barbel and Chub in a month, the Trout in four months, and the Salmon in the like time, if he gets into the ſea, and after into freſh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds uſually breed the biggeſt. But there is a kind of baſtard ſmall Roach that breeds in ponds with a very forked tail, and of a very ſmall ſize, which ſome ſay is bred by the Bream and right Roach, and ſome ponds are ſtored with theſe beyond belief; and knowing men that know their difference, call them Ruds; they differ from the true Roach, as much as a Herring from a Pilchard; and theſe baſtard breed of Roach are now ſcattered in many rivers, but I think not in *Thames*, which I believe affords the largeſt and fatteſt in this nation, eſpecially below *London-bridge* *: the Roach is a leather-mouthed fiſh, and

* I know not what Roaches are caught below bridge, but above I am ſure they are very large, for on the 15th of *September*, 1754, at *Hampton*, I caught one that was fourteen inches and an eighth from eye to fork, and in weight wanted but an ounce of two pounds.

The ſeaſon for fiſhing for Roach in the *Thames* begins about the latter end of *Auguſt*, and continues much longer than it is either pleaſant or ſafe to fiſh. It requires ſome ſkill to hit the time of taking them exactly; for all the ſummer long they live on the weed, which they do not forſake for the deeps till it becomes putrid, and that is ſooner or later, according as the ſeaſon is wet or dry; for you are to know, that much rain haſtens the rotting of the weed: I ſay it requires ſome ſkill to hit the time; for the fiſhermen who live in all the towns along the river, from *Chiſwick* to *Staines*, are about this time nightly upon the watch, as ſoon as the fiſh come out, to ſweep them away with a drag-net; and our poor patient angler is left baiting the ground, and adjuſting his tackle, to catch thoſe very fiſh which, perhaps, the night before had been carried to *Billingſgate*.

The *Thames*, as well above as below *London-bridge*, was formerly much reſorted to by the *London* anglers, and which is ſtrange to think on, conſidering the unpleaſantneſs of the ſtation, they were uſed to fiſh near the ſtarlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fiſhing tackle ſhops that were formerly in *Crooked-lane*, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a perſon, not long

and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the Roach makes an angler ex-

since living, a waterman that plied at *Essex-stairs*, his name *John Reeves*, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat; his method was to watch when the shoals of Roach came down from the country, and when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they settled opposite the *Temple*, at others at *Black-friars* or *Queen-hithe*, but most frequently about the *Chalk-hills*, near *London-bridge*. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and a silver badge, the impress whereof was, himself with an angler in his boat, and he had annually a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1780.

Shepperton and *Hampton* are the places chiefly resorted to by the *Londoners*, who angle there in boats; at each there is a large deep, to which Roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at *Hampton* is opposite the church-yard, and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose grave-stone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines.

"In memory of Mr. *Thomas Tombs*, goldsmith, of *London*, who departed this life *Aug.* 12th, 1758, aged 53 years.

"Each brother Bob that sportive passes here,
"Pause at this stone, and drop the silent tear,
"For him who lov'd your harmless sport,
"Who to this *Pitch** did oft resort;
"Who in free converse oft would please,
"With native humour, mirth and ease;
"His actions form'd upon so just a plan,
"He liv'd a worthy, died an honest man."

Before I dismiss the subject of *Thames* fishing I will let the reader know, that formerly the fishermen inhabiting the villages on the banks of the *Thames*, were used to inclose certain parts of the river with what they called *stops*, but which were in effect *wears*, or *kidels*, by stakes driven into the bed thereof, and to these they tied weels, creating thereby a current, which drove the fish into those traps. This practice, though it may sound oddly to say so, is against *Magna Charta*, and is expressly prohibited by the 23d chapter of that statute: In the year 1757, the Lord Mayor *Dickenson* sent the Water Bailiff up the *Thames* in a barge well manned and furnished with proper implements, who destroyed all those inclosures on this side of *Staines*, by pulling up the stakes and setting them adrift.

* A particular spot called a Pitch, from the act of pitching or fastning the boat there.

cellent

cellent ſport, eſpecially the great Roaches about *London*, where I think there be the beſt Roach-anglers: and I think the beſt Trout-anglers be in *Derbyſhire*, for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you ſhall fiſh for this

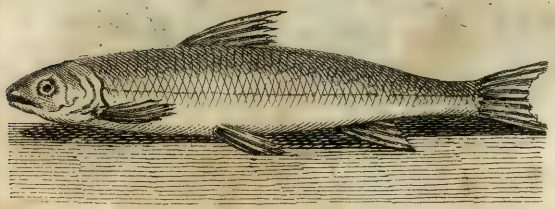
ROACH

in winter with paſte or gentles, in *April* with worms or cadis; in the very hot months with little white ſnails, or with flies under water, for he ſeldom takes them at the top, though the Dace will. In many of the hot months, Roaches may alſo be caught thus: take a *May*-fly, or ant-fly, ſink him with a little lead to the bottom near to the piles or poſts of a bridge, or near to any poſts of a wear, I mean any deep place where Roaches lie quietly, and then pull your fly up very leiſurely, and uſually a Roach will follow your bait to the very top of the water, and gaze on it there, and run at it and take it, leſt the fly ſhould fly away from him.

I have ſeen this done at *Windſor* and *Henley-bridge*, and great ſtore of Roach taken, and ſometimes a Dace or Chub; and in *Auguſt* you may fiſh for them with a paſte made only of the crumbs of bread, which ſhould be of pure fine manchet; and that paſte muſt be ſo tempered betwixt your hands, till it be both ſoft and tough

too; a very little water, and time and labour, and clean hands, will make it a moſt excellent paſte: but when you fiſh with it, you muſt have a ſmall hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is loſt and the fiſh too, if one may loſe that which he never had; with this paſte, you may, as I ſaid, take both the Roach, and the Dace or Dare,

DACE



for they be much of a kind, in matter of feeding, cunning, goodneſs, and uſually in ſize. And therefore take this general direction for ſome other baits which may concern you to take notice of. They will bite almoſt at any fly, but eſpecially at ant-flies; concerning which, take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackiſh ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill, in which place you ſhall find them in the month of *June*; or if that be too early in the year, then doubtleſs you may find them in *July*, *Auguſt*, and moſt of *September*; gather them alive with both their wings, and then put them into a glaſs that will hold a quart or a pottle; but firſt put into the glaſs a handful or more of the moiſt earth, out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the graſs of the ſaid hillock, and

and then put in the flies gently, that they loſe not their wings; lay a clod of earth over it, and then ſo many as are put into the glaſs without bruiſing, will live there a month or more, and be always in readineſs for you to fiſh with; but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, which is better; then waſh your barrel with water and honey, and having put into it a quantity of earth and graſs-roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year; theſe in any ſtream and clear water, are a deadly bait for Roach or Dace, or for a Chub; and your rule is, to fiſh not leſs than a handful from the bottom.

I ſhall next tell you a winter-bait for a Roach, a Dace, or Chub, and it is choicely good. About *All-hallantide*, and ſo till froſt comes, when you ſee men ploughing up heath ground, or ſandy ground, or green-ſwards, then follow the plough, and you ſhall find a white worm as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head; you may obſerve in what ground moſt are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very cloſe; it is all ſoft, and full of whitiſh guts: a worm that is in *Norfolk*, and ſome other counties, called a grub, and is bred of the ſpawn or eggs of a beetle, which ſhe leaves in holes that ſhe digs in the ground under cow or horſe-dung, and there reſts all winter, and in *March* or *April* comes to be firſt a red, and then a black beetle: gather a thouſand or two of theſe, and put them with a peck or two of their own earth into ſome tub or firkin, and cover and keep them ſo warm, that the froſt or cold air, or winds kill them not; theſe you may keep all winter, and kill fiſh with them at any time: and if you put ſome of them into a little earth and honey a day before you uſe them, you will find them an excellent bait for Bream, Carp, or indeed for almoſt any fiſh.

And after this manner you may alſo keep gentles all winter, which are a good bait then, and much the the better for being lively and tough: or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beaſt's liver,

liver, and with a croſs ſtick, hang it in ſome corner over a pot or barrel, half full of dry clay, and as the gentles grow big they will fall into the barrel and ſcour themſelves, and be always ready for uſe whenſoever you incline to fiſh; and theſe gentles may be thus created till after *Michaelmas*. But if you deſire to keep gentles to fiſh with all the year, then get a dead cat or a kite, and let it be fly-blown, and when the gentles begin to be alive and to ſtir, then bury it and them in ſoft moiſt earth, but as free from froſt as you can, and theſe you may dig up at any time when you intend to uſe them; theſe will laſt till *March*, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers ſeldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well made malt, and put it into a diſh of water, and and then waſh and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from huſks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a ſmall quantity of freſh water to it, and ſet it in ſomething that is fit for that purpoſe over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leiſurely and very ſoftly, until it become ſomewhat ſoft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is ſoft, then put your water from it, and then take a ſharp knife, and turning the ſprout end of the corn upward, with the point of your knife take the back part of the huſk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward huſk on the corn, or elſe it is marr'd; and then cut off that ſprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear, and ſo pull off the huſk on the cloven ſide, as I directed you, and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that ſo your hook may enter; and if your hook be ſmall and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait either for winter or ſummer, you ſometimes caſting a little of it into the place where your float ſwims.

And to take the Roach and Dace, a good bait is the young brood of waſps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; eſpecially good for Bream, if they be baked or hardened in their huſks in an oven, after the bread

is

is taken out of it, or hardened on a fire-ſhovel; and ſo alſo is the thick blood of ſheep, being half dried on a trencher, that ſo you may cut it into ſuch pieces as may beſt fit the ſize of your hook, and a little ſalt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worſe but better: this is taken to be a choice bait if rightly ordered.

There be ſeveral oils of a ſtrong ſmell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fiſh to bite, of which I could ſay much; but I remember I once carried a ſmall bottle from Sir *George Haſtings* to Sir *Henry Wotton*, they were both chemical men, as a great preſent; it was ſent, and received, and uſed with great confidence; and yet upon enquiry, I found it did not anſwer the expectation of Sir *Henry*, which, with the help of this and other circumſtances, makes me have little belief in ſuch things as many men talk of: not but that I think fiſhes both ſmell and hear, as I have expreſt in my former diſcourſe; but there is a myſterious knack, which, though it be much eaſier than the philoſopher's ſtone, yet it is not attainable by common capacities, or elſe lies locked up in the brain or breaſt of ſome chemical man, that like the *Roſicrucians* *, will not yet reveal it. But let me nevertheleſs tell you, that camphire put with moſs into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, if many anglers be not very much miſtaken, a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I ſtepped by chance into this diſcourſe

* *Vide ante*, p. 22 *& infra*, Part II. Chap. I. *in notâ*.

The *Roſicrucians* were a ſect of frantic enthuſiaſts, who ſprung up in *Germany* about the beginning of the 14th century; they profeſſed to teach the art of making gold, and boaſted of a ſecret, in their power, to protract the period of human life, and even to reſtore youth. Their founder having been to the *Holy Land*, pretended to have learned all this from the *Arabs*. They propagated their ſenſeleſs philoſophy by tradition, and revealed their myſteries only to a choſen few; and to this practice the author alludes. *Lemery*, in his book of *Chemiſtry*, has thus defined their art: "*Ars ſine arte cujus principium mentiri, medium laborare & finis mendicare.*" An art without art, whoſe beginning is lying, whoſe middle is labour, and whoſe end is beggary.

of oils and fiſhes ſmelling, and though there might be more ſaid, both of it and of baits for Roach and Dace, and other float-fiſh, yet I will forbear it at this time *, and

* Roach delight in gravelly or ſandy bottoms: their haunts, eſpecially as winter approaches, are clear, deep, and ſtill waters; at other times they lie in and near weeds, and under the ſhade of boughs.

They ſpawn about the latter end of *May*, when they are ſcabby and unwholeſome, but they are again in order in about three weeks: the largeſt are taken after *Michaelmas*, and their prime ſeaſon is in *February* or *March*.

The baits for Roach, not already mentioned, are cad-bait and oak-worms for the ſpring; in *May*, ant's eggs, and paſte made of the crumbs of a new roll, both white and tinged with red, which is done by putting vermilion into the water wherewith you moiſten it; this paſte will do for the winter alſo.

The largeſt Roach in this kingdom are taken in the *Thames*, where many have been caught of two pounds and a half weight; but Roach of any ſize are hardly to be come at without a boat.

The haunts of Dace are gravelly, ſandy, and clayey bottoms; deep holes that are ſhaded; water-lily leaves, and under the foam cauſed by an eddy: in hot weather they are to be found on the ſhallows, and are then beſt taken with an artificial fly, graſſhoppers, or gentles, as hereafter directed.

Dace ſpawn about the latter end of *March*, and are in ſeaſon about three weeks after; they are not very good till about *Michaelmas*, and are beſt in *February*.

Baits for Dace, other than thoſe mentioned by *Walton*, are the oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, gilt-tail, and indeed any worm bred on trees or buſhes, that is not too big for his mouth: almoſt all kinds of flies and caterpillars.

Though Dace are often caught with a float as Roach, yet they are not ſo properly float-fiſh; for they are to be taken with an artificial gnat, or ant-fly, or indeed, almoſt any other ſmall fly in its ſeaſon; but in the *Thames*, above *Richmond*, the largeſt are caught with a natural green or dun graſſhopper, and ſometimes with gentles; with both which you are to fiſh, as with an artificial fly; they are not to be come at till about *September*, when the weeds begin to rot; but when you have found where they lie, which in a warm day is generally on the ſhallows, 'tis incredible what havock you may make: pinch off the firſt joint of the graſſhopper's legs, put the point of the hook in at the head, and bring it out at the tail; and in this way of fiſhing you will catch Chub, eſpecially if you throw under the boughs.

But this can be done only in a boat, for the management whereof be provided with a ſtaff, and a heavy ſtone faſtened to a ſtrong

and tell you in the next place how you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which, I will, for ſport-ſake,

ſtrong rope of four or five yards in length; faſten the rope to the head of the boat, which, whether it be a punt or a wherry, is equally fit for this purpoſe, and ſo drive down with the ſtream: when you come to a ſhallow, or other place where the fiſh are likely to lie, drop the ſtone, and, ſtanding in the ſtern, throw right down the ſtream, and a little to the right and left: after trying about a quarter of an hour in a place, with the ſtaff puſh the boat about five yards down, and ſo throw again. Uſe a common fly-line, about ten yards long, with a ſtrong ſingle hair next the hook.

It is true, there is leſs certainty of catching in this way than with a float and ground-bait; for which reaſon I would recommend it only to thoſe who live near the banks of that delightful river, between *Windſor* and *Iſleworth*, who have or can command a boat for that purpoſe, and can take advantage of a ſtill, warm, gloomy day; and to ſuch it will afford much more diverſion, than the ordinary inartificial method of fiſhing in the deeps for Roach and Dace.

In fiſhing at bottom for Roach and Dace, uſe for ground-bait, bread ſoaked about an hour in water, and an equal quantity of bran; knead them to a tough conſiſtence, and make them up into balls, with a ſmall pebble in the middle, and throw theſe balls in where you fiſh; but be ſure to throw them up the ſtream, for otherwiſe they will draw the fiſh beyond the reach of your line.

Fiſh for Roach within ſix, and for Dace within three inches of the bottom.

Having enumerated the baits proper for every kind of fiſh in their reſpective places, it may not be amiſs here to mention one, which many authors ſpeak of as excellent for almoſt all fiſh, and that is the ſpawn of Salmon, or large Trout. *Barker*, who ſeems to have been the firſt that diſcovered it, recommends it to his patron in the following terms:

"Noble Lord,

"I have found an experience of late, which you may angle with, "and take great ſtore of this kind of fiſh. Firſt, It is the beſt "bait for a Trout that I have ſeen in all my time; and will take "great ſtore, and not fail, if they be there. Secondly, It is a "ſpecial bait for Dace or Dare, good for Chub or Bottlin, or "Grayling. The bait is the roe of a Salmon or Trout: if it be a "large Trout that the ſpawns be any thing great, you may angle "for the Trout with this bait as you angle with the brandlin, "taking a pair of ſciſſars, and cut ſo much as a large haſel-nut and

"bait

ſake, give you an old rhime out of an old fiſh-book, which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My

" bait your hook, ſo fall to your ſport; there is no doubt of " pleaſure. If I had known it but twenty years ago, I would " have gained a hundred pounds only with that bait. I am bound " in duty to divulge it to your honour, and not to carry it to my " grave with me. I do deſire that men of quality ſhould have it " that delight in that pleaſure. The greedy angler will murmur " at me, but for that I care not.

" For the angling for the Scale-fiſh, they muſt angle either with " cork or quill, plumming their ground, and with feeding with " the ſame bait, taking them aſunder, that they may ſpread " abroad, that the fiſh may feed and come to your place: there is " no doubt of pleaſure, angling with fine tackle; as ſingle hair " lines, at leaſt five or ſix lengths long, a ſmall hook, with two " or three ſpawns. The bait will hold one week; if you keep it " on any longer, you muſt hang it up to dry a little: when you " go to your pleaſure again, put the bait in a little water, it will " come in kind again."

Others, to preſerve Salmon-ſpawn, ſprinkle it with a little ſalt, and lay it upon wool in a pot, one layer of wool, and another of ſpawn. It is ſaid to be a lovely bait for the winter or ſpring, eſpecially where Salmon are uſed to ſpawn, for thither the fiſh gather, and there expect it. *Ang. Vade Mecum*, 53.

To know, at any time, what bait fiſh are apt to take, open the belly of the firſt you catch, and take out his ſtomach very tenderly; open it with a ſharp penknife, and you will diſcover what he then feeds on. *Venables*, 91.

The people who live in the fiſhing-towns along the banks of the *Thames*, have a method of dreſſing large Roach and Dace, which, as 'tis ſaid, renders them a very pleaſant and ſavoury food; it is as follows: Without ſcaling the fiſh, lay him on a gridiron, over a ſlow fire, and ſtrew on him a little flour; when he begins to grow brown, make a ſlit, not more than ſkin deep, in his back, from head to tail, and lay him on again: when he is broiled enough, the ſkin, ſcales and all, will peel off, and leave the fleſh, which will have become very firm, perfectly clean; then open the belly, and take out the inſide, and uſe anchovy and butter for ſauce.

Having promiſed the reader Mr. *Barker*'s recipe for anointing boots and ſhoes, and having no further occaſion to make uſe of his authority, it is here given in his own words:

" Take

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetſtone and knife,
My baſket, my baits both living and dead,
My net and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I muſt have thread, and hairs green and ſmall,
With mine angling purſe, and ſo you have all.

But you muſt have all theſe tackling, and twice ſo many more *, with which, if you mean to be a fiſher, you

" Take a pint of linſeed-oil, with half a pound of mutton-ſuet, " ſix or eight ounces of bees wax, and half a pennyworth of roſin; " boil all this in a pipkin together; ſo let it cool till it be milk- " warm; then take a little hair-bruſh, and lay it on your new " boots; but it is beſt that this ſtuff be laid on before the boot- " maker makes the boots; then bruſh them once over after they " come from him: as for old boots, you muſt lay it on when " your boots be dry."

* If you go any great diſtance from home, you will find it neceſſary to carry with you many more things than are here enumerated, moſt of which may be very well contained in a wicker panier of about twelve inches wide, and eight high, of the form, and put into a hawking-bag, as in Fig. 10. Plate IX. the following is a liſt of the moſt material: A rod with a ſpare top; lines coiled up, and neatly laid in round flat boxes; ſpare links, ſingle hairs, waxed thread, and ſilk; plummets of various ſizes, of the form of Fig. 11. Plate IX. floats of all kinds, and ſpare caps; worm-bags and a gentle-box, Fig. 12. Plate IX. hooks of all ſizes, ſome whipped to ſingle hairs; ſhot, ſhoe-maker's-wax, in a very ſmall gallipot covered with a bit of leather; a clearing-ring, tied to about ſix yards of ſtrong cord, of the ſhape of Fig. 13. Plate IX. the uſe of this is to diſengage your hook when it has caught a weed, *&c.* in which caſe take off the butt of your rod and ſlip the ring over the remaining joints, and, holding it by the cord, let it gently fall; a landing-net, the hoop whereof muſt be of iron, and made with joints to fold, in the ſhape of Fig. 14. Plate IX. and a ſocket to hold a ſtaff, Fig. 15. Take with you alſo ſuch baits as you intend to uſe. That you may keep your fiſh alive, be provided with a ſmall hoop-net, to draw cloſe to the top, and never be without a ſharp knife and a pair of ſciſſars; and, if you mean to uſe the artificial fly, have your fly-book always with you.

And, for the more convenient keeping and carriage of lines, links, ſingle hairs, *&c.* take a piece of parchment or vellum, ſeven inches by ten; on the longer ſides ſet off four inches, and then

I have heard that the tackling hath been prized at fifty pounds in the inventory of an angler.

you muſt ſtore yourſelf; and to that purpoſe, I will go with you either to Mr. *Margrave*, who dwells amongſt the bookſellers in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, or to Mr. *John Stubs*, near to the *Swan* in *Golden-lane*; they

then fold it croſs-wiſe, ſo as to leave a flap of two inches, of which hereafter; then take eight or ten pieces of parchment, of ſeven inches by four, put them into the parchment or vellum, ſo folded, and ſew up the ends; then cut the flap rounding, and fold it down like a pocket-book: laſtly, you may, if you pleaſe, bind the ends and round the flap with red tape.

Into this caſe put lines coiled up, ſpare links, ſingle hairs, hooks ready whipped and looped.

And having ſeveral of theſe caſes, you may fill them with lines, *&c.* proper for every kind of fiſhing; always remembering to put into each of them a gorger, or ſmall piece of cane, of five inches long, and a quarter of an inch wide, with a notch at each end; with this, when a fiſh has gorged your hook, you may, by putting it down his throat till you feel the hook, and holding the line tight while you preſs it down, eaſily diſengage it.

And if you ſhould chance to break your top, or any other part of your rod, take the following directions for mending it: Cut the two broken ends with a long ſlope, ſo that they fit neatly together; then ſpread ſome wax very thin on each ſlope, and, with waxed thread or ſilk, according as the ſize of the broken part requires, bind them very neatly together: to faſten off, lay the fore-finger of your left-hand over the binding, and, with your right, make four turns of the thread over it; then paſs the end of your thread between the under-ſide of your finger and the rod, and draw your finger away; laſtly, with the fore-finger and thumb of your right-hand, take hold of the firſt of the turns, and gathering as much of it as you can, bind on till the three remaining turns are wound off, and then take hold of the end, which you had before put through, and then draw cloſe. See the work, Plate X. Fig. 1, 2.

For whipping on a hook take the following directions: Place the hook betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left-hand, and, with your right, give the waxed ſilk three or four turns round the ſhank of the hook: then lay the end of the hair on the inſide of the ſhank, and, with your right-hand, whip down, as in Fig. 3. Plate X. when you are within about four turns of the bent of the hook, take the ſhank between the fore-finger and thumb of your left-hand, and place the end of the ſilk cloſe by it, holding them both tight, and leaving the end to hang down; then

they be both honeſt men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks *.

Venat. Then, good maſter, let it be at —— ——, for he is neareſt to my dwelling, and I pray let's meet there the ninth of *May* next, about two of the clock, and I'll want nothing that a fiſher ſhould be furniſhed with.

Piſc. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

Venat. I thank you, good maſter, and I will not fail you: and, good maſter, tell me what baits more you remember, for it will not now be long ere we ſhall be at *Tottenham-high-croſs*, and when we come thither I will make you ſome requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of verſes, as any we have heard ſince we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

then draw the other part of the ſilk into a large loop, and, with your right-hand turning backwards, as in Fig. 4. Plate X. continue the whipping for four turns, and draw the end of the ſilk, which has all this while hung down under the root of your left-thumb, cloſe, and twitch it off.

To tie a water-knot, lay the end of one of your hairs about five inches or leſs, over that of the other, and through the loop, which you would make to tie them in the common way, paſs the long and the ſhort end of the hairs, which will lie to the right of the loop, twice, and wetting the knot with your tongue, draw it cloſe, and cut off the ſpare hair. See Fig. 5. Plate X.

* In ſome former editions of this book the author has, in this place, mentioned *Charles Kirby* as a maker of excellent hooks; of whom take the following account: He was famous for the neatneſs and form of his hooks, when being introduced to prince *Rupert*, whoſe name frequently occurs in the hiſtory of king *Charles* the Firſt's reign, the prince communicated to him a method of tempering them, which has been continued in the family to this time; there being a lineal deſcendant of the above-named *Charles Kirby* now [1760] living in *Crowther's-well-alley*, near *Alderſgate-ſtreet*; whoſe hooks, for their ſhape and temper, exceed all others. This ſtory is the more likely to be true, as it is well known that the *German* nobility, in the laſt century, were much addicted to chemiſtry; and that to this prince *Rupert* the world is indebted for the invention of ſcraping in mezzotinto. See a head of his ſcraping in *Evelyn*'s Sculptura.

Pisc. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them; and I will as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus; take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get, boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft, and then fry it very leisurely with honey and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk, and you will find this a choice bait, and good I think for any fish, especially for Roach, Dace, Chub, or Grayling: I know not but that it may be as good for a river Carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the spawn of most fish is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile, and cut into fit pieces *. Nay, mulberries, and those black-berries which grow upon briars, be good baits for Chubs or Carps; with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruits customarily dropt into it; and there be a hundred other baits more than can be well named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of cadis, or case-worms, that are to be found in this nation, in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called a piper, whose husk or case is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a two-pence; these worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the Chub or Chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a cock-spur, being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at

* See the note in page 221.

one

one end, and the case or house in which this dwells is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made by man, no more than a king-fisher's nest can, which is made of little fishes bones, and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection, as the like is not to be done by the art of man: this kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish, it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered; and these may be so preserved ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer *.

There is also another cadis, called by some a straw-worm, and by some a ruff-coat, whose house or case is made of little pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what, which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case, not unlike the bristles of a hedge-hog; these three cadis's are commonly taken in the beginning of summer, and are good indeed to take any kind of fish with float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you by such a discourse; I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an

* To preserve cadis, grashoppers, caterpillars, oak-worms, or natural flies, the following is an excellent method: Cut a round bough of fine green-barked withy, about the thickness of one's arm, and taking off the bark about a foot in length, turn both ends together, into the form of an hoop, and fasten them with a pack-needle and thread; then stop up the bottom with a bung-cork; into this put your baits, tie it over with a colewort-leaf, and, with a red-hot wire, bore the bark full of holes, see Plate X. Fig. 6. and lay it in the grass every night; in this manner cadis may be kept till they turn to flies. To grashoppers you may put grass.

angler has not leiſure to ſearch after, and if he had, is not capable of learning *.

I will

* " The ſeveral ſorts of *phryganea*, or cadews, in their *nympha*, " or maggot ſtate, thus houſe themſelves; one ſort in ſtraws, " called from thence ſtraw-worms; others in two or more ſticks, " laid parallel to one another, creeping at the bottom of brooks; " others, with a ſmall bundle of pieces of ruſhes, duck-weed, " ſticks, *&c.* glued together, wherewith they float on the top, and " can row themſelves therein about the waters, with the help of " their feet: both theſe are called cad-bait. Divers ſorts there " are, which the reader may ſee a ſummary of, from Mr. *Willoughby*, in *Raii Method. Inſect.* p. 12. together with a good, " though very brief deſcription of the papilionaceous fly, that " comes from the cad bait cadew. It is a notable architectonic " faculty, which all the variety of theſe animals have, to gather " ſuch bodies as are fitteſt for their purpoſe, and then to glue " them together; ſome to be heavier than water, that the animal " may remain at bottom, where its food is; (for which purpoſe " they uſe ſtones, together with ſticks, ruſhes, *&c.*) and ſome to " be lighter than water, to float on the top, and gather its food " from thence. Theſe little houſes look coarſe, and ſhew no " great artifice outwardly; but are well tunnelled, and made " within with a hard tough paſte, into which the hind part of the " maggot is ſo fixed that it can draw its cell after it any where, " without danger of leaving it behind, as alſo thruſt out its body " to reach what it wanteth, or withdraw it into its cell to guard " it againſt harms." *Phyſ. Theol.* 234.

Thus much of cadis in general, as an illuſtration of what our author has ſaid on that ſubject; but to be more particular.

That which *Walton* calls the piper-cadis I have never ſeen; but a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who has, for fifty years paſt, been an angler, and a curious obſerver of aquatic productions, has furniſhed me with an account of that inſect; which I ſhall give the reader in nearly his own words:

" The piper-cadis I take to be the largeſt of the tribe, and that " it takes its name not from any ſound, but figure. I never met " with it but in rivers running upon beds of lime-ſtone, or large " pebbles; they are common in northern and *Welch* ſtreams. " The cadew itſelf is about an inch long, and in ſome above. " The caſe is ſtrait and rough, the outward ſurface covered with " gravel or ſand; the fiſtula, or pipe, in which it is contained, " ſeems to be a ſmall ſtick, of which the pith was quite decayed, " before the inſect, in its ſtate immediately ſucceeding the egg, " lodged itſelf. Advanced to an *aurelia*, which is generally in " *April*, or the beginning of *May*, it leaves its caſe and laſt co- " vering, a ſort of thin ſkin, reſembling a fiſh's bladder (and " this is likewiſe the method of the whole genus, as far as I

" could

I will tell you, ſcholar, ſeveral countries have ſeveral kinds of cadis's, that indeed differ as much as dogs

" could ever obſerve) and immediately paddles upon the top of " the water with its many legs. It ſeldom flies, though it has " four wings; and of theſe wings it is to be obſerved, that in the " infant-ſtate of the inſect, *viz.* for a week or longer, they are " ſhorter than the body, but afterwards they grow to be full as " long or longer: this is uſually called by ſportſmen the ſtone-" fly; in *Wales* they name it the water-cricket; the ſize and co-" lour being like that inſect."

As to the cock-ſpur, *Bowlker* expreſsly ſays, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 70. that it produces the May-fly, or yellow cadew; which I have ever underſtood to be the green-drake.

That which *Walton* calls the ſtraw-worm, or ruff-coat, though, by the way, he certainly errs in making theſe terms ſynonymous, as will hereafter be made to appear, and which is deſcribed in *Ray's Methodus Inſectorum*, p. 12. is, I take it, the moſt common of any, and is found in the river *Colne*, near *Uxbridge*; the *New River*, near *London*; the *Wandle*, which runs through *Carſhalton* in *Surrey*; and in moſt other rivers. Two of this ſpecies of inſects, drawn from nature, are given Plate XI. Fig. 4, and 5. and Fig. 6. is the appearance of the cadis when pulled out of its caſe. As to the ſtraw-worm, I am aſſured, by my friend above-mentioned, that it produces many and various flies, namely, that which is called about *London* the withy-fly, aſh-coloured duns, of ſeveral ſhapes and dimenſions, as alſo light and dark browns; all of them affording great diverſion in northern ſtreams.

It now remains to ſpeak of the ruff-coat, which ſeems to anſwer ſo nearly to the deſcription which *Walton* has given of the cock-ſpur, *viz.* that " the caſe or houſe in which it dwells, is made of " ſmall huſks, and gravel and ſlime, moſt curiouſly;" that there is no accounting for his making the term ſynonymous with that of the ſtraw-worm, which it does not in the leaſt reſemble: and yet that the ruff-coat and the cock-ſpur produce different flies, notwithſtanding their ſeeming reſemblance, muſt be taken for granted, unleſs we will reject *Bowlker*'s authority, when he ſays the cock-ſpur produces the May-fly, or yellow cadew; which, I own, I ſee no reaſon to do.

But, that I may not miſlead the reader, I muſt inform him, that I take the ruff-coat to be a ſpecies of cadis incloſed in a huſk about an inch long, ſurrounded by bits of ſtone, flints, bits of tile, *&c.* very near equal in their ſizes, and moſt curiouſly compacted together like moſaick.

In the month of *May* 1759, I took one of the inſects laſt above deſcribed, which had been found in the river *Wandle* in *Surrey*, and put it into a ſmall box, with ſand at the bottom, and wetted

dogs do: that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills or ditches that run into bigger rivers, and I think a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how or of what this cadis receives life, or what coloured fly it turns to; but doubtless, they are the death of many Trouts, and this is one killing way.

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis, pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will shew like the cadis-head, and a very little thin lead, so

† it five or six times a day, for five days; at the end whereof, to my great amazement, it produced a lovely large fly, nearly of the shape of, but less than a common white butterfly, with two pair of cloak wings, and of a light cinnamon-colour: the figure of the husk, and also of the fly, in two positions, is given in Plate XI. Fig. 1, 2, 3. This fly, upon enquiry, I find is called, in the north, the large light brown; in *Ireland*, and some other places, it has the name of the flame-coloured brown: and the method of making it, is given in the additional list of flies for *September*; where, from its smell, the reader will find it called the large fœtid light brown.

This seems to be the *Musca stercoraria* of *Swammerdam*, described in his *Hist. Insect. Gen.* p. 139. Vide *Morton*'s Nat. Hist of *Northamptonshire*, p. 414.

And there are many other kinds of these wonderful creatures, as may be seen in Mons. *De Reaumur*'s *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire des Insectes, Tome* III. from which, for the reader's greater satisfaction, the figures 7, 8, 9, 10. in Plate XI. are accurately delineated.

It is greatly to be wished, that none had undertaken to write on this subject of aquatic insects, but men conversant in the study of natural history; as *Ray*, *Derham*, *Swammerdam*, *Reaumur*, and others were; the consequence of which would have been, that these creatures would have had names assigned them which would at once have characterized them, and kept the several species distinct from each other; whereas the several illiberal terms of cadis, cadew, cod-bait, cad-bait, case-worm, and cod-worm, each of which, in some places, means two or three, and in others, all the different sorts of these creatures yet known, has been productive of inextricable confusion, and will, I fear, oblige us to consider their history as among the *desiderata* of this curious art.

put

put upon the ſhank of the hook that it may ſink preſently; throw this bait thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great ſtill hole where a Trout is, and he will preſently venture his life for it, it is not to be doubted, if you be not eſpied; and that the bait firſt touch the water before the line; and this will do beſt in the deepeſt ſtilleſt water.

Next let me tell you, I have been much pleaſed to walk quietly by a brook with a little ſtick in my hand, with which I might eaſily take theſe, and conſider the curioſity of their compoſure; and if you ſhall ever like to do ſo, then note, that your ſtick muſt be a little haſel or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it; by which means, you may with eaſe take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occaſion to uſe them. Theſe, my honeſt ſcholar, are ſome obſervations told to you as they now come ſuddenly into my memory, of which you may make ſome uſe: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and obſervation, and practice, and an ambition to be the beſt in the art, that muſt do it *. I will tell you, ſcholar, I once heard one ſay, "I envy

* The author has now done deſcribing the ſeveral kinds of fiſh, excepting the few little ones that follow, with the different methods of taking them, but has ſaid little or nothing of float-fiſhing: it may therefore not be amiſs here to lay down ſome rules about it.

Let the rod be light and ſtiff, and withal ſo ſmart in the ſpring, as to ſtrike at the tip of the whalebone: from fourteen to fifteen feet is a good length.

In places where you ſometimes meet with Barbel, as at *Shepperton* and *Hampton* in *Middleſex*, the fitteſt line is one of ſix or ſeven hairs at top; and ſo diminiſhing for two yards, let the reſt be ſtrong *Indian* graſs, to within about half a yard of the hook, which may be whipped to a fine graſs or ſilk-worm gut; and this line will kill a fiſh of ſix pounds weight.

But for mere Roach and Dace-fiſhing, accuſtom yourſelf to a ſingle-hair line, with which an artiſt may kill a fiſh of a pound and a half weight.

For your float, in ſlow ſtreams, a neat round gooſe-quill is proper; but for deep or rapid rivers, or in an eddy, the cork, ſhaped like a pear, is indiſputably the beſt; which ſhould not, in general exceed the ſize of a nutmeg; let not the quill, which you

" I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor " him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than " I do; I envy nobody but him, and him only, that " catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an angler, and this noble emulation I wish to you and all young anglers.

put through it, be more than half an inch above and below the cork; and this float, though some prefer a swan's quill, has great advantage over a bare quill; for the quill being defended from the water by the cork, does not soften, and the cork enables you to lead your line so heavily, as that the hook sinks almost as soon as you put into the water; whereas, when you lead but lightly, it does not get to the bottom till it is near the end of your swim. See the form of the float, Plate IX. Fig. 16. and, in leading your lines, be careful to balance them so nicely, that a very small touch will sink them; some use for this purpose lead shaped like a barley-corn, but there is nothing better to lead with than shot, which you must have ready cleft always with you; remembering, that when you fish fine, it is better to have on your line a great number of small than a few large shot.

Whip the end of the quill round the plug with fine silk, well waxed; this will keep the water out of your float, and preserve it greatly.

In fishing with a float, your line must be about a foot shorter than your rod; for if it is longer, you cannot so well command your hook when you come to disengage the fish.

Pearch and Chub are caught with a float, and also Gudgeons, and sometimes Barbel and Grayling.

For Carp and Tench, which are seldom caught but in ponds, use a very small goose or a duck-quill float; and for ground-bait throw in, every now and then, a bit of chewed bread.

For Barbel, the place should be baited the night before you fish, with graves, which are the sediment of melted tallow, and may be had at the tallow-chandlers: use the same ground-bait while you are fishing, as for Roach and Dace.

In fishing with a float for Chub, in warm weather, fish at mid-water, in cool lower, and in cold at the ground.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the MINNOW, *or* PENK, *of the* LOACH, *and of the* BULL-HEAD, *or* MILLER'S-THUMB.

PISCATOR.

THERE be alſo three or four other little fiſh that I had almoſt forgot, that are all without ſcales, and may for excellency of meat be compared to any fiſh of greateſt value and largeſt ſize. They be uſually full of eggs or ſpawn all the months of ſummer; for they breed often, as it is obſerved mice and many of the ſmaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as thoſe, ſo theſe, come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerouſly, for they be, beſides other accidents of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fiſh. And firſt, I ſhall tell you of the Minnow or Penk.

The Minnow hath, when he is in perfect ſeaſon and not ſick, which is only preſently after ſpawning, a kind of dappled or waved colour, like to a panther, on his ſides, inclining to a greeniſh and ſky-colour, his belly being milk white, and his back almoſt black or blackiſh. He is a ſharp biter at a ſmall worm, and in hot weather makes excellent ſport for young anglers, or boys, or women that love that recreation, and in the ſpring they make of them excellent Minnow-tanſies; for being waſhed well in ſalt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not waſhed after, they prove excellent for that uſe; that is, being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowſlips, and of primroſes, and a little tanſy; thus uſed, they make a dainty diſh of meat.

The Loach is, as I told you, a moſt dainty fiſh; he breeds and feeds in little and clear ſwift brooks or rills,

and lives there upon the gravel, and in the ſharpeſt ſtreams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is ſuitable to that length. This

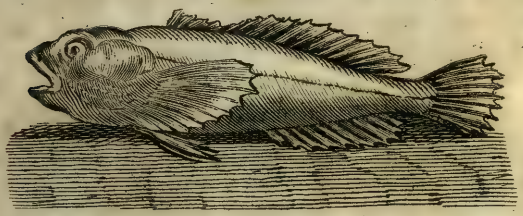
LOACH

is not unlike the ſhape of the Eel: he has a beard or wattles like a Barbel. He has two fins at his ſides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown ſpots; his mouth is Barbel-like under his noſe. This fiſh is uſually full of eggs or ſpawn, and is by *Geſner* and other learned phyſicians, commended for great nouriſhment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and ſtomach of ſick perſons; he is to be fiſhed for with a very ſmall worm at the bottom, for he very ſeldom or never riſes above the gravel, on which I told you he uſually gets his living.

The Miller's-thumb, or Bull-head, is a fiſh of no pleaſing ſhape. He is by *Geſner* compared to the Sea-toad-fiſh, for his ſimilitude and ſhape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than ſuitable to his body; a mouth very wide and uſually gaping. He is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file:

file; he hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundiſh or creſted, two fins alſo under the belly, two on the back, one below the vent, and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fiſh with whitiſh, blackiſh, browniſh ſpots. They be uſually full of eggs or ſpawn all the ſummer, I mean the females, and thoſe eggs ſwell their vents almoſt into the form of a dug. They begin to ſpawn about *April*, and, as I told you, ſpawn ſeveral months in the ſummer; and* in the winter the Minnow, and Loach, and Bull-head dwell in the mud as the Eel doth, or we know not where; no more than we know where the cuckow and ſwallow, and other half-year-birds, which firſt appear to us in *April*, ſpend their ſix cold, winter, melancholy months. This

BULL-HEAD



does

* Since *Walton* wrote, there has been brought into *England*, from *Germany*, a ſpecies of ſmall fiſh, reſembling Carp in ſhape and colour, called *Crucians*; with which many ponds are now plentifully ſtocked.

There has alſo been lately brought hither, from *China*, thoſe beautiful creatures Gold and Silver Fiſh; the firſt are of an orange-

does usually dwell and hide himself in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time, he will suffer an angler to put a hook baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth, and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught with the worst of anglers. *Matthiolus* * commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a Sticklebag: a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women-anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey; as Trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a Penk, and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him; for he may be so baited as his tail turning like the sail of a wind-mill, will make him turn more quick than any Penk or Minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning of that or the Minnow, is the perfection of Minnow-fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his mouth and out at his tail, and then having first tied him with white

orange-colour, with very shining scales, and finely variegated with black and dark brown; the Silver Fish are of the colour of Silver tissue with scarlet fins, with which colour they are curiously marked in several parts of the body.

These fish are usually kept in ponds, basons, and small reservoirs of water, to which they are a delightful ornament; and it is now a very common practice to keep them in a large glass vessel like a punch-bowl, with fine gravel strewed at the bottom, frequently changing the water, and feeding them with bread and gentles. Those who can take more pleasure in angling for, than in beholding them, which I confess I could never do, may catch them with gentles; but though costly, they are but coarse food.

* *Petrus Andreas Matthiolus*, of *Sienna*, an eminent physician of the sixteenth century, famous for his commentaries on some of the writings of *Dioscorides*.

thread

thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any Trout; but if he do not turn quick, then turn his tail a little more or less towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook, or put the Minnow or Sticklebag a little more crooked or more strait on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great Trout that lies in a swift stream *. And the Loach that I told you of, will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the Loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

Venat. But, master, you have by your former civility made me hope, that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them; and do it, I pray, good master, for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing; the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

* The Minnow, if used in this manner, is so tempting a bait, that few fish are able to resist it. The present Earl of ******** told me, that in the month of *June* last, at *Kimpton Hoo*, near *Wellwyn*, in *Hertfordshire*, he caught with a Minnow, a *Rud*, a fish described in page 213, which inasmuch as the *Rud* is not reckoned, nor does the situation of his teeth, which are in his throat, bespeak him to be a fish of prey, is a fact more extraordinary than that related by Sir *George Hastings*, in Chap. IV. of a *Fordidge* Trout (of which kind of fish none had ever been known to be taken with an angle), which he caught, and supposed it bit for wantonness.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of several RIVERS, *and some Observations of* FISH.

PISCATOR.

WELL, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that we yet see not *Tottenham-cross*, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And first, for the rivers of this nation, there be, as you may note out of Doctor *Heylin*'s geography * and others, in number 325, but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is *Thamesis*, compounded of two rivers, *Thame* and *Isis*; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond *Thame* in *Buckinghamshire*, and the latter near *Cirencester* in *Gloucestershire*, meet together about *Dorchester* in *Oxfordshire*; the issue of which happy

* It should be Dr. *Heylin*'s Cosmography, a book well known. Great confusion arises from the want of a clear idea of the many words in our language that have this termination; but it seems they are well understood by some. About forty years ago, Mr. *Jefferys*, a printseller at the corner of *St. Martin's-lane*, and a great engraver of maps, got himself to be enrolled in the list of the servants of *Frederic* Prince of *Wales*, by the designation of *Geographer* to his Royal Highness. *Rocque*, who published the great Map of *London*, at that time a young man, and desirous of an honourable adjunct to his name, applied shortly after to the servants of the Prince, and with the tender of a proper gratuity, solicited the same appointment; but was given to understand by them, that he was too late, for that the office of *Geographer* was disposed of; but they (probably hearing the chink of his money) comforted him by saying, that they could set him down, in terms of their own invention, either *Topographer* or *Chorographer*, to his Royal Highness the Prince. The charm of these sonorous appellations was too strong to be resisted. Mr. *Rocque*, therefore, after due deliberation upon a matter so important, made choice of the *former*; and, in addition to his name, caused it to be painted on the front of his shop in the *Strand*.

conjunction

conjunction is the *Thamesis*, or *Thames* *; hence it flieth betwixt *Berks*, *Buckinghamshire*, *Middlesex*, *Surrey*, *Kent*, and *Essex*, and so weddeth himself to the *Kentish Medway*, in the very jaws of the ocean: this glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in *Europe*, ebbing and flowing twice a day more than sixty miles; about whose banks

* Though the current opinion is, that the *Thames* had its name from the conjunction of *Thame* and *Isis*, it plainly appears that the *Isis* was always called *Thames*, or *Tems*, before it came near the *Tame*. Gibson's *Camden*, Edit. 1753. p. 99.

And as to the head of the *Thame*, although it is generally supposed to be in *Oxfordshire*, *Camden* (whom we may suppose *Walton* followed) Brit. 315. says it is in *Buckinghamshire*.

But what shall we say to the following account, which *Lambarde* has adopted? "*Tame* (saith *Ieland*) springeth out of the hills of "*Hertfordshire*, at a place called *Bulbourne*, a few miles from "*Penlye*, (the house of a family of gentlemen called *Verneys*) "it runneth from thence to *Aylesbury* in *Buckinghamshire*, and to "*Tame* (a market town in *Oxfordshire*, whereunto it giveth the "name) then passing under *Whatley-bridge*, it cometh to *Dor-*"*chester*, and hard by joineth with *Isis*, or *Ouse*, and from that "place joineth with it in name also." *Dictionarium Topographicum* voce THAME.

Unfortunately *Leland*'s manuscript has lost twenty-five leaves, in that part of it where one might expect to find this passage. But the following extract, from an author of great authority, and who had a seat in the county of *Hertford*, will determine the question.

"The *Thame* (the most famous river of *England*) issues from "three heads, in the parish of *Tring*; the first rises in an orchard, "near the parsonage-house; the second in a place called *Dun-*"*dell*; and the other proceeds from a spring named *Bulbourne*; "which last stream joins the other waters at a place called *New-*"*mill*, whence all, gliding together in one current, through *Tu-*"*tenham* in this county, pass by *Aylesbury* (a fair market town in "*Buckinghamshire*) to *Etherop* (an ancient pleasant seat of that "noble family of the *Dormers*, earls of *Caernarvon*) and crossing "that county by *Notley-abbey* to *Thame* (a market-town in *Ox-*"*fordshire*, which borrows its name from this river) hasteneth "away by *Whately-bridge* to *Dorchester* (an ancient episcopal seat) "and thence congratulates the *Isis*; but both emulating each "other for the name, and neither yielding, they are complicated "by that of *Thamesis*." Sir *Henry Chauncy*'s Historical Antiquities of *Hertfordshire*, p. 2. See also the later maps of *Hertfordshire* and *Buckinghamshire*.

are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a *German* poet * thus truly spake:

Tot campos, &c.

We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers;
So many gardens drest with curious care,
That Thames *with royal* Tiber *may compare.*

2. The second river of note is *Sabrina*, or *Severn*: it hath its beginning in *Plinlimmon-hill*, in *Montgomeryshire*, and his end seven miles from *Bristol*, washing in the mean space the walls of *Shrewsbury*, *Worcester*, and *Glouceſter*, and divers other places and palaces of note.

3. *Trent*, so called for thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers, who having his fountain in *Staffordshire*, and gliding through the counties of *Nottingham*, *Lincoln*, *Leicester*, and *York*, augmenteth the turbulent current of *Humber*, the most violent stream of all the isle. This *Humber* is not, to say truth, a distinct river, having a spring-head of his own, but it is rather the mouth, or *Æstuarium* of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together; namely, your *Derwent*, and especially of *Ouse* and *Trent*; and (as the *Danow*, having received into its channel, the river *Dravus*, *Savus*, *Tibiscus*, and divers others) changeth his name into this of *Humberabus*, as the old geographers call it.

4. *Medway*, a *Kentish* river, famous for harbouring the royal navy.

* Who this *German* poet was I cannot find; but the verses in the original *Latin* are in *Heylin*'s Cosmography, page 240, and are as follow:

Tot campos, sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos,
Artifici excultos dextrâ, tot vidimus arces;
Ut nunc Ausonio Thamisis *cum* Tibride *certet.*

5. *Tweed*,

5. *Tweed*, the north-eaſt bound of *England*, on whoſe northern banks is ſeated the ſtrong and impregnable town of *Berwick*.

6. *Tyne*, famous for *Newcaſtle*, and her inexhauſtible coal-pits*. Theſe and the reſt of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr. *Drayton*'s ſonnets.

Our floods' queen, Thames, *for ſhips and ſwans is*
crown'd,
And ſtately Severn *for her ſhore is prais'd*,
The cryſtal Trent *for fords and fiſh renown'd*,
And Avon's *fame to* Albion's *cliffs is rais'd*,
Carlegion Cheſter *vaunts her holy* Dee,
York *many wonders of her* Ouſe *can tell*,
The Peak *her* Dove, *whoſe banks ſo fertile be*,
And Kent *will ſay her* Medway *doth excell*;
Cotſwold *commends her* Iſis *to the* Tame,
Our northern borders boaſt of Tweed's *fair flood*,
Our weſtern parts extol their Willy's *fame*,
And the old Lea *brags of the* Daniſh *blood**.

Theſe

* It would have been beſide the author's purpoſe, and, indeed inconſiſtent with the brevity of his work, to have given ſuch a deſcription and hiſtory of the rivers of this kingdom as ſome readers would wiſh for: ſuch, however, may find, in *Selden*'s notes on the *Polyolbion*, a great variety of curious and uſeful learning on the ſubject. And it were to be wiſh'd that ſome perſon, ſkilled like *Leland*, *Camden*, *Lambarde*, or that excellent perſon above-mentioned, in the antiquities of this country, if any ſuch there are, would undertake the delightful taſk of ſurveying them, and giving their hiſtory.

In the mean while we would recommend to our angler the uſe of a map of the county where he fiſhes; by means whereof he may ſee the rivers contained in it, with their courſes; which is, perhaps, as much as a mere angler need know about the matter.

* "LEE flu. Lygan, Saxon. *Luy*, Mar. [*forſan* Marcellinus] *Lea*, Polydoro. "The name of the water which (runnyn betwene *Ware* " and *London*) devydethe, for a great part of the way, *Eſſex* and *Hert*- " *fordſhyre*. It begynnethe near a place called *Whitchurche*, and from " thence, paſſinge by *Hertford*, *Ware* and *Waltham*, openethe into " the *Thamiſe*, at *Ham* in *Eſſex*; wheare the place is, at this day,

Theſe obſervations are out of learned Dr. *Heylin*, and my old deceaſed friend *Michael Drayton*; and becauſe

" called *Lee Mouthe*: It hathe, of longe tyme, borne veſſells from " *London*, 20 miles towarde the head; for, in tyme of Kinge " *Alfrede*, the *Danes* entered *Leymouthe*, and fortified at a place " adjoyninge to this ryver, 20 myles from *London*; where, by " fortune, king *Alfrede* paſſinge by, eſpied that the channell of " the ryver might be in ſuche ſorte weakened, that they ſhould " want water to returne withe their ſhippes; he cauſed therefore " the water to be abated by two greate trenches, and ſettinge the " *Londoners* upon theim, he made them batteil; wherein they loſt " four of their capitaines, and a greate nomber of their common " ſouldiers, the reſt flyinge into the caſtle which they had builte. " Not longe after they weare ſo preſſed, that they forſoke all, " and lefte their ſhippes as a pray to the *Londoners*, which break- " inge ſome, and burninge other, conveyed the reaſt to *London*. " This caſtle, for the diſtance might ſeme *Hertforde*; but it was " ſome other upon that banke, which had no longe continuance; " for *Edward* the elder, and ſon of this *Alfrede*, builded *Hertford* " not longe after." *Vid.* Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum*. Voce LEE. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the twelfth, and the firſt note thereon.

Other authors, who confirm this fact, alſo add, That for the purpoſe aforeſaid he opened the mouth of the river. *Vid. Sir* William Dugdale's *Hiſtory of the embanking and draining the fens*, and *Sir* John Spelman's *Life of* Ælfred *the Great, publiſhed by* Hearne, *in* 8vo, 1709. the peruſal of which laſt named author will leave the reader in very little doubt but that theſe trenches are the very ſame that now branch off from the river between *Temple-Mills* and *Old-Ford*, and, croſſing the *Stratford* road, enter the *Thames* together with the principal ſtream, a little below *Blackwall*.

It is hardly ſuppoſeable, that every reader of this work is acquainted with the character of that excellent prince, whoſe wiſdom and policy are above celebrated. Let us therefore ſtop a moment, to contemplate that venerable and amiable aſſemblage of regal and private virtues, which has hitherto diſtinguiſhed his name: and when we are told, that he was the founder of that excellent conſtitution, which even foreigners confeſs to be the beſt formed in the world for the purpoſes of government; that he eſtabliſhed, if not invented, *the method of trial by juries*; that *he built many cities and churches*; reſtored, if not founded, *the univerſity of* Oxford, and *re-edified almoſt every monaſtery in his dominions*; that *he fought no leſs than fifty-ſix battles*, including ſea-fights; that he was *pious, wiſe, chaſte, temperate, brave, learned, munificent*, and *merciful*; a i

cauſe you ſay, you love ſuch diſcourſes as theſe of rivers and fiſh and fiſhing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you: nevertheleſs, ſcholar, if I ſhould begin but to name the ſeveral ſorts of ſtrange fiſh that are uſually taken in many of thoſe rivers that run into the ſea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both; and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth, concerning one lately diſſected by Dr. *Wharton*, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art, one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choiceſt obſervations that I have imparted to you *. This good man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an untruth, did, I ſay, tell me, he lately diſſected one ſtrange fiſh, and he thus deſcribed it to me.

and that he *delivered this country from the inſupportable tyranny of the* Danes; who can reflect on his memory without gratitude and admiration!

Aſſerius Menevenſis, his hiſtorian, tells us, that, "for dividing "his time, and keeping an account of it, he cauſed wax-can- "dles, to the number of ſix, to be made, each of them twelve "inches long, on which he cauſed the inches to be marked; and "having found that one of them burnt juſt four hours, he com- "mitted them to the care of the keepers of his chapel, who, "from time to time, gave him notice how the hours went. But, "as in windy weather the candles were waſted by the impreſſion "of the air on the flame, he, to remedy this inconvenience, in- "vented *lanthorns*, there then being no glaſs in his dominions."

The ſame author has given us the following pleaſant ſtory of him, which concludes this note.

"Seeing his ſubjects fly the enemy, in the midſt of his country, "he took the diſguiſe of a common ſoldier, and committed himſelf "to one who had the keeping of the king's cows; whoſe wife "having one day ſet a cake of bread to bake before the fire, "where the king ſat trimming his bow and arrows, the cake "burnt, which the king heeded not, till the woman, enraged at "his inattention, with all the fury of a good houſewife, called "him an *idle lubber*; and gave him to underſtand, that *if he ex-* "*pected to eat, he muſt work*." Vide Spelman's *Life of* Ælfred *aforeſaid*.

* See an account of him, page 16 *in notâ*.

" The fiſh was almoſt a yard broad, and twice that " length; his mouth wide enough to receive or take " into it the head of a man, his ſtomach ſeven or eight " inches broad: he is of a ſlow motion, and uſually " lies or lurks cloſe in the mud, and has a moveable " ſtring on his head about a ſpan, or near unto a " quarter of a yard long, by the moving of which, " which is his natural bait, when he lies cloſe and un- " ſeen in the mud, he draws other ſmaller fiſh ſo cloſe " to him, that he can ſuck them into his mouth, and " ſo devours and digeſts them."

And, ſcholar, do not wonder at this, for beſides the credit of the relator you are to note, many of theſe, and fiſhes which are of the like and more unuſual ſhapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our ſea-rivers, and on the ſea-ſhore; and this will be no wonder to any that have travelled *Egypt*, where 'tis known the famous river *Nilus* does not only breed fiſhes that yet want names, but, by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the ſun's heat on the fat ſlime which that river leaves on the banks, when it falls back into its natural channel, ſuch ſtrange fiſh and beaſts are alſo bred, that no man can give a name to, as *Grotius*, in his *Sopham*, and others, have obſerved.

But whither am I ſtrayed in this diſcourſe! I will end it by telling you, that at the mouth of ſome of theſe rivers of ours, Herrings are ſo plentiful, as namely, near to *Yarmouth* in *Norfolk*, and in the weſt-country, Pilchards ſo very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned *Camden* relates of them in his *Britannia*, p. 178, 186.

Well, ſcholar, I will ſtop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have obſerved concerning fiſh-ponds.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of FISH-PONDS, *and how to order them.*

DOCTOR *Lebault*, the learned *Frenchman*, in his large diſcourſe of *Maiſon Ruſtique**, gives this direction for making of fiſh-ponds; I ſhall refer you to him to read it at large, but I think I ſhall contract it, and yet make it as uſeful.

He adviſeth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond muſt be, that you muſt then in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which ſhould be ſcorched in the fire, or half burnt before they be driven into the earth; for being thus uſed, it preſerves them much longer from rotting: and having done ſo, lay faggots or bavins of ſmaller wood betwixt them, and then earth betwixt and above them, and then having firſt very well rammed them and the earth, uſe another pile in like manner as the firſt were: and note, that the ſecond pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your ſluice or flood-gate, or the vent that you intend ſhall convey the overflowings of your pond in any flood that ſhall endanger the breaking of the pond-dam.

Then he adviſes that you plant willows or owlers about it, or both, and then caſt in bavins in ſome places not far from the ſide, and in the moſt ſandy places, for fiſh both to ſpawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fiſh, and alſo from vermin that lie at watch to deſtroy them, eſ-

* This book, tranſlated into *Engliſh* by *Richard Surflet*, and corrected by *Gervaſe Markham*, is extant, under the title of *The Countrey Farm*, *London*, 1616, folio.

pecially the ſpawn of the Carp and Tench, when 'tis left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He and *Dubravius*, and all others adviſe, that you make choice of ſuch a place for your pond, that it may be refreſhed with a little rill, or with rain-water running or falling into it; by which fiſh are more inclined both to breed, and are alſo refreſhed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much ſweeter and more pleaſant taſte.

To which end it is obſerved, that ſuch pools as be large and have moſt gravel, and ſhallows where fiſh may ſport themſelves, do afford fiſh of the pureſt taſte. And note, that in all pools it is beſt for fiſh to have ſome retiring place; as namely hollow banks, or ſhelves, or roots of trees to keep them from danger; and, when they think fit, from the extream heat of ſummer; as alſo, from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauſeous to the fiſh, and the fiſh to be ſo to the eater of it.

'Tis noted that the Tench and Eel love mud, and the Carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on graſs: you are to cleanſe your pond, if you intend either profit or pleaſure, once every three or four years, eſpecially ſome ponds, and then let it lie dry ſix or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate and bulruſhes that breed there; and alſo that as theſe die for want of water, ſo graſs may grow in the ponds bottom, which Carps will eat greedily in all the hot months if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry and ſowing oats in the bottom is alſo good, for the fiſh feed the faſter: and being ſome time let dry, you may obſerve what kind of fiſh either increaſes or thrives beſt in that water; for they differ much both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault alſo adviſes, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fiſh by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains,

or

or the entrails of chickens, or of any fowl or beaſt that you kill to feed yourſelves; for theſe afford fiſh a great relief. He ſays that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the ſpawn and the young fry of all fiſh, eſpecially of the Carp. And I have, beſides experience, many teſtimonies of it; but *Lebault* allows water-frogs to be good meat, eſpecially in ſome months, if they be fat: but you are to note, that he is a *Frenchman*, and we *Engliſh* will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are uſually eaten in his country: however, he adviſes to deſtroy them and king-fiſhers out of your ponds; and he adviſes, not to ſuffer much ſhooting at wild-fowl, for that he ſays affrightens, and harms and deſtroys the fiſh.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed beſt when no other fiſh is put with them into the ſame pond; for all other fiſh devour their ſpawn, or at leaſt the greateſt part of it. And note, that clods of graſs thrown into any pond, feed any Carps in ſummer; and that garden-earth and parſley thrown into a pond, recovers and refreſhes the ſick fiſh. And note, that when you ſtore your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one ſpawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurſe-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken, whether there be moſt male or female Carps.

It is obſerved, that the beſt ponds to breed Carps are thoſe that be ſtoney or ſandy, and are warm, and free from wind, and that are not deep, but have willow-trees and graſs on their ſides, over which the water does ſometimes flow: and note, that Carps do more uſually breed in marle-pits, or pits that have clean clay bottoms, or in new ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter ſeaſon, than in old ponds, that be full of mud and weeds.

Well, ſcholar, I have told you the ſubſtance of all that either obſervation or diſcourſe, or a diligent ſurvey of *Dubravius* and *Lebault* hath told me; not that they in their long diſcourſes have not ſaid more, but the moſt of the reſt are ſo common obſervations, as if

a man ſhould tell a good arithmetician, that twice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this diſcourſe, and we will here ſit down and reſt us *.

CHAP.

* It is obſervable, that the author has ſaid very little of pond-fiſhing, which is in truth a dull recreation; and to which I have heard it objected, that fiſh in ponds are already caught. Nevertheleſs I find that in the canal in St. *James*'s Park, which, though a large one, it yet a pond, it was in the reign of *Charles* II. the practice of ladies to angle.

" Beneath, a ſhole of ſilver fiſhes glides,
" And plays about the gilded barges ſides;
" The ladies angling in the chryſtal lake,
" Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
" At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,
" They make the fiſhes, and the men, their prize."

Waller. Poem on St. *James*'s Park, lately improved by his Majeſty.

As the method of ordering fiſh-ponds is now very well known, and there are few books of gardening but what give ſome directions about it, it is hoped the reader will think the following quotation from *Bowlker* ſufficient, by way of annotation on this chapter.

" When you intend to ſtock a pool with Carp or Tench, make " a cloſe ethering-hedge acroſs the head of the pool about a yard " diſtance of the dam, and about three feet above the water, " which is the beſt refuge for them I know of, and the only me- " thod to preſerve pool-fiſh; becauſe if any one attempts to rob " the pool, muddies the water, or diſturbs it with nets, moſt of " the fiſh, if not all, immediately fly between the hedge and the " dam, to preſerve themſelves; and in all pools, where there are " ſuch ſhelters and ſhades, the fiſh delight to ſwim backwards and " forwards, through and round the ſame, rubbing and ſporting " themſelves therewith. This hedge ought to be made chiefly of " orls, and not too cloſe, the boughs long and ſtraggling towards " the dam, by which means you may feed and fatten them as you " pleaſe. The beſt baits for drawing them together at firſt, are, " maggots or young waſps; the next are, bullock's-brains and " lob-worms chopped together, and thrown into the pools in " large quantities, about two hours before ſun-ſet, ſummer and " winter. By thus uſing theſe ground-baits, once a day for a " fortnight together, the fiſh will come as conſtantly and naturally " to the place, as cattle to their fodder; and to ſatisfy your cu- " rioſity, and convince you herein, after you have baited the " pool for ſome time, as directed, take about the quantity of a " two-penny loaf of wheaten bread, cut it into ſlices and wet it;

" then

CHAP. XXI.

Directions for making of a Line, and for the colouring of both Rod and Line.

PISCATOR.

WELL, ſcholar, I have held you too long about theſe cadis, and ſmaller fiſh, and rivers, and fiſh-ponds, and my ſpirits are almoſt ſpent, and ſo I doubt is your patience; but being we are now almoſt at *Tottenham*, where I firſt met you, and where we are to part, I will loſe no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and alſo how to paint your rod, eſpecially your top, for a right-grown

" then throw it into the pool where you had baited, and the " Carp will feed upon it: after you have uſed the wet bread three " or four mornings, then throw ſome dry bread in, which will lie " on the top of the water: and if you watch, out of ſight of the " fiſh, you will preſently ſee them ſwim to it and ſuck it in. I " look upon wheaten bread to be the beſt food for them, though " barley or oaten bread is very good. If there be Tench and " Pearch in the ſame pond, they will feed upon the four former " baits, and not touch the bread. Indeed there is no pool-fiſh ſo " ſhy and nice as a Carp. When the water is diſturbed, Carp " will fly to the ſafeſt ſhelter they can; which I one day obſerved, " when aſſiſting a gentleman to fiſh his pool; for another perſon " diſturbed the water, by throwing the caſting-net, but caught " never a Carp; whereupon two or three of us ſtripped, and " went into the pool, which was provided with ſuch a ſort of a " hedge in it as is before deſcribed, whither the Carp had fled for " ſafety; then fiſhing with our hands on both ſides the hedge, " that is, one on either ſide, we catched what quantity of Carp " was wanting." *Bowlker*, 62.

The reader may alſo conſult a book publiſhed about the year 1720, intitled, *A diſcourſe of Fiſh and Fiſh-ponds*, by a perſon of honour; who, I have been told by one that knew him, was the Hon. *Roger North*, author of *The Life of the Lord Keeper* Guildford. *Vide ante*, page 111.

top

top is a choice commodity, and ſhould be preſerved from the water ſoaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fiſh ill-favouredly, and not true, and alſo it rots quickly for want of painting: and I think a good top is worth preſerving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years *.

But

* The author having ſaid nothing about chuſing or making rods in any part of his book, it was thought proper to inſert the following directions. For fiſhing at the bottom, whether with a running-line or float, the reed or cane-rod is, on account of its lightneſs and elaſticity, the beſt, eſpecially if you angle for thoſe fiſh which bite but tenderly, as Roach and Dace; and of theſe there are rods that put up, and make a walking-ſtick: there are others, in many joints, that put up all together in a bag, and are therefore called bag-rods; theſe laſt are very uſeful to travel with, as they take up but little room. Next to theſe is the haſel, but that is more apt to warp than the cane: theſe, as alſo excellent fly-rods, are to be had at all the fiſhing-tackle ſhops in *London*, and therefore need no particular deſcription; only be careful, whenever you beſpeak a rod of reed or cane, that the workman does not raſp down into the bark which grows round the joints, a fault which the makers of rods are often guilty of; the conſequence whereof is, that the rod is thereby made weaker at the joints than elſewhere; and there being no bark to repel the wet, it ſoon rots, and, whenever you hook a large fiſh, certainly breaks.

But if you live in the country, and are forced to make your own rods, take theſe directions:

Between the latter end of *November* and *Chriſtmas*, when the ſap is gone down into the roots of trees, gather the ſtraiteſt haſels you can find for ſtocks, and let them, at the greater end, be about an inch or more in diameter: at the ſame time gather ſhoots of a leſs ſize for middle-pieces and tops; tie them together in a bundle, and let them lie on a dry floor; at the end of fifteen months match them together, and to the ſlender end of the tops, after cutting off about eight or ten inches, whip a fine taper piece of whalebone of that length; then cut the ends of the ſtock, the middle-piece and the top with a long ſlant, ſo that they may join exactly to each other, and ſpread ſome ſhoemaker's-wax, very thin, over the ſlants; bind them neatly with ſtrong waxed thread: and laſtly, fix a ſtrong loop of horſe-hair to the whalebone; let the rod, ſo made, lie a week to ſettle before you uſe it: in this manner alſo you are to make a fly-rod; only obſerve, that the latter muſt be much ſlenderer from the end of the ſtock than the former.

But, for the neateſt fly-rod you can make, get a yellow whole-deal board that is free from knots, cut off about ſeven feet of the

bed

But first for your line. First, note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from

beſt end, and ſaw it into ſquare breadths; let a joiner plane off the angles, and make it perfectly round, a little tapering, and this will ſerve for the ſtock: then piece to it a fine ſtrait haſel, of about ſix feet long, and then a delicate piece of fine-grained yew, planed round like an arrow, and tapering, with whalebone as before, of about two feet in length: there is no determining preciſely the length of a fly-rod, but one of fourteen feet is as long as can be well managed with one hand. To colour the ſtock, dip a feather in aqua fortis, and, with your hand, chafe it into the deal, and it will be of a cinnamon colour.

But before you attempt this ſort of work, you muſt be able to bind neatly, and faſten off; for which directions are given in the notes on Chap. XVII.

When the ſeaſon is over, and you have done with your rods, take them to pieces, and bind the joints to a ſtrait pole, and let them continue ſo bound till the ſeaſon returns for uſing them again. See more directions about the fly-rod, Part II. Chap. V.

Rods for Barbel, Carp, and other large fiſh, ſhould be of haſel, and proportionably ſtronger than thoſe for Roach and Dace: and note, that for fly-fiſhing the bamboo-cane is excellent. Screws to rods are not only heavy, and apt to be out of repair, but they are abſolutely unneceſſary; and the common way of inſerting one joint in another is ſufficiently ſecure, if the work be true.

Our forefathers were wont to purſue even their amuſements with great formality. An angler of the laſt age muſt have his fiſhing-coat, which, if not black, was, at leaſt, of a very dark colour; a black velvet cap, like thoſe which jockeys now wear, only larger, and a rod with a ſtock as long as a halbert; and thus equipped, would he ſtalk forth with the eyes of a whole neighbourhood upon him.

But in theſe later days bag-rods have been invented, which the angler may eaſily conceal, and do not proclaim to all the world where he is going: thoſe for float-fiſhing are now become common, but this invention has lately been extended to rods for fly-fiſhing; and here follows a deſcription of ſuch a neat, portable, and uſeful one, as no angler, that has once tried it, will ever be without.

Let the joints be four in number, and made of hiccary, or ſome ſuch very tough wood, and two feet four inches in length, the largeſt joint not exceeding half an inch in thickneſs. The top muſt be bamboo ſhaved; and for the ſtock let it be of aſh, full in the graſp, of an equal length with the other joints, and with a ſtrong ferrule at the ſmaller end, made to receive the large joint, which

from galls or ſcabs, or frets; for a well-choſen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glaſs-colour, will prove as ſtrong as three uneven ſcabby hairs, that are ill-choſen, and full of galls or unevenneſs. You ſhall ſeldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glaſs-colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, obſerve this rule; firſt let your hair be clean waſhed ere you go about to twiſt it: and then chuſe not only the cleareſt hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigneſs, for ſuch do uſually ſtretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigneſs never do, but break ſingly, and ſo deceive the angler that truſts to them.

When you have twiſted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at leaſt, and then twiſt them over again before you tie them into a line: for thoſe that do not ſo, ſhall uſually find their line to have a hair or two ſhrink, and be ſhorter than the reſt at the firſt fiſhing with it, which is ſo much of the ſtrength of the line loſt for want of firſt watering it, and then re-twiſting it; and this is moſt viſible in a ſeven-hair line, one of thoſe which hath always a black hair in the middle *.

which muſt be well ſhouldered, and fitted to it with the utmoſt exactneſs.

This rod will go into a bag, and lie very well concealed in a pocket, in the lining of your coat on the left-ſide, made ſtrait on purpoſe to receive it.

* Your line, whether it be a running-line, or for float-fiſhing, had beſt be of hair, unleſs you fiſh for Barbel, and then it muſt be of ſtrong ſilk; and the latter muſt be proportioned to the general ſize of the fiſh you expect; always remembering, that the ſingle hair is to be preferred for Roach or Dace-fiſhing: but the fly-line is to be very ſtrong, and, for the greater facility in throwing, ſhould be eighteen or twenty hairs at the top, and ſo diminiſhing inſenſibly to the hook. There are lines now to be had, at the fiſhing-tackle ſhops, that have no joints, but wove in one piece.

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of ſtrong ale, half a pound of ſoot, and a little quantity

But notwithſtanding this, and other improvements, perhaps, ſome may ſtill chuſe to make their own lines; in which caſe, if they prefer thoſe twiſted with the fingers, they need only obſerve the rules given by the author for that purpoſe: but, for greater neatneſs and expedition, I would recommend an engine lately invented, which is now to be had at almoſt any fiſhing-tackle ſhop in *London*; it conſiſts of a large horizontal wheel, and three very ſmall ones, incloſed in a braſs box about a quarter of an inch thick, and two inches in diameter; the axis of each of the ſmall wheels is continued through the under-ſide of the box, and is formed into a hook: by means of a ſtrong ſcrew it may be fixed in any poſt or partition, and is ſet in motion by a ſmall winch in the centre of the box.

To twiſt links with this engine, take as many hairs as you intend each ſhall conſiſt of, and, dividing them into three parts, tie each parcel to a bit of fine twine, about ſix inches long, doubled, and put through the aforeſaid hooks; then take a piece of lead, of a conical figure, two inches high, and two in diameter at the baſe, with a hook at the apex, or point; tie your three parcels of hair into one knot, and to this, by the hook, hang the weight.

Laſtly, Take a quart or larger bottle-cork, and cut into the ſides, at equal diſtances, three grooves; and placing it ſo as to receive each diviſion of hair, begin to twiſt: you will find the link begin to twiſt with great evenneſs at the lead; as it grows tighter, ſhift the cork a little upwards; and when the whole is ſufficiently twiſted, take out the cork, and tie the link into a knot; and ſo proceed till you have twiſted links ſufficient for your line, obſerving to leſſen the number of hairs in each link in ſuch proportion as that the line may be taper. See the engine, Plate X. Fig. 7. Fig. 8. is the form of the cork.

When you uſe the fly, you will find it neceſſary to continue your line to a greater degree of fineneſs; in order to which, ſuppoſing the line to be eight yards in length, faſten a piece of three or four twiſted links, tapering till it becomes of the ſize of a fine graſs, and to the end of this fix your hook-link, which ſhould be either of very fine graſs, or ſilk-worm gut. A week's practice will enable a learner to throw one of theſe lines; and he may lengthen it, by a yard at a time, at the greater end, till he can throw fifteen yards neatly; till when he is to reckon himſelf but a novice.

For the colour, you muſt be determined by that of the river you fiſh in: but I have found that a line of the colour of pepper and ſalt, when mixed, will ſuit any water.

Many

quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of allum; put theſe together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having ſo done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glaſs-colour, or greeniſh, and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be; you might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpoſe; for doubtleſs the water-colour, or glaſs-coloured hair, is the moſt choice and moſt uſeful for an angler; but let it not be too green.

But if you deſire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of ſmall ale, half a pound of allum; then put theſe into a pan, or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil ſoftly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having ſo done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of

Many inconveniencies attend the uſe of twiſted hairs for your hook-line; ſee Part II. Chap. V. Silk-worm gut is both fine and very ſtrong, but then it is apt to fray; though this may, in ſome meaſure, be prevented by waxing it well.

Indian, or ſea-graſs, makes excellent hook-lines; and though ſome object to it as being apt to grow brittle, and to kink in uſing, with proper management it is the beſt material for the purpoſe yet known, eſpecially if ordered in the following manner:

Take as many of the fineſt you can get, as you pleaſe, put them into any veſſel, and pour therein the ſcummed fat of a pot wherein freſh, but by no means ſalt meat has been boiled; when they have lain three or four hours, take them out one by one, and ſtripping the greaſe off with your finger and thumb, but do not wipe them, ſtretch each graſs as long as it will yield, coil them up in rings, and lay them by, and you will find them become near as ſmall, full as round, and much ſtronger than the beſt ſingle hairs you can get. To preſerve them moiſt, keep them in a piece of bladder well oiled, and, before you uſe them, let them ſoak about half an hour in water; or, in your walk to the river-ſide, put a length of it into your mouth.

If your graſs is coarſe, it will fall heavily in the water, and ſcare away the fiſh; on which account, gut has the advantage. But, after all, if your graſs be fine and round, it is the beſt thing you can uſe.

marigolds,

marigolds, and cover it with a tile, or what you think fit, and ſet it again on the fire, where it is to boil again ſoftly for half an hour, about which time the ſcum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten ſmall, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled ſoftly till half the liquor be waſted, and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it: and you are to obſerve, that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtleſs, the pale green is beſt: but if you deſire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in the more marigolds, and abate moſt of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigreaſe inſtead of it.

This for colouring your hair. And as for painting your rod, which muſt be in oil, you muſt firſt make a ſize with glue and water boiled together until the glue be diſſolved, and the ſize of a lye-colour; then ſtrike your ſize upon the wood with a briſtle, or a bruſh, or pencil, whilſt it is hot; that being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, ſo much as altogether will make an aſh-colour; grind theſe all together with linſeed-oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a bruſh or pencil; this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a green: take pink and verdigreaſe, and grind them together in linſeed-oil, as thin as you can well grind it; then lay it ſmoothly on with your bruſh, and drive it thin; once doing, for the moſt part will ſerve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be ſure your firſt colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a ſecond.

Well, ſcholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having ſtill a mile to *Tottenham-high-croſs*, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool ſhade of this ſweet honeyſuckle hedge, mention to you ſome of the thoughts and joys that have poſſeſt my ſoul ſince we two met together. And theſe thoughts ſhall be told you, that you alſo may join with me in thankfulneſs, to the Giver of every good and perfect gift,

for

for our happineſs. And that our preſent happineſs may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to conſider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the ſtone, the gout, and tooth-ach; and this we are free from. And every miſery that I miſs is a new mercy, and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, ſince we met, others that have met diſaſters of broken limbs; ſome have been blaſted, others thunder-ſtrucken; and we have been freed from theſe, and all thoſe many other miſeries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unſupportable burthen of an accuſing tormenting conſcience; a miſery that none can bear, and therefore let us praiſe him for his preventing grace, and ſay, every miſery that I miſs is a new mercy: nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our eſtates, that would give the greateſt part of it to be healthful and chearful like us; who, with the expence of a little money, have eat and drank, and laught, and angled, and ſung, and ſlept ſecurely; and roſe next day, and caſt away care, and ſung, and laught, and angled again; which are bleſſings rich men cannot purchaſe with all their money. Let me tell you, ſcholar, I have a rich neighbour, that is always ſo buſy that he has no leiſure to laugh; the whole buſineſs of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may ſtill get more and more money; he is ſtill drudging on, and ſays, that *Solomon* ſays, "The diligent hand maketh rich:" and it is true indeed; but, he conſiders not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wiſely ſaid, by a man of great obſervation, "That there be as many miſeries "beyond riches, as on this ſide them:" and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content, and thankful. Let not us repine, or ſo much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we ſee another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares, that are the keys

keys that keep thoſe riches, hang often ſo heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and reſtleſs nights, even when others ſleep quietly. We ſee but the outſide of the rich man's happineſs; few conſider him to be like the ſilk-worm, that, when ſhe ſeems to play, is, at the very ſame time, ſpinning her own bowels, and conſuming herſelf. And this many rich men do; loading themſelves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconſcionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conſcience.

Let me tell you, ſcholar, that *Diogenes* walked on a day, with his friend, to ſee a country-fair; where he ſaw ribbons, and looking-glaſſes, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horſes, and many other gim-cracks; and having obſerved them, and all the other *finnimbruns* * that make a compleat country-fair, he ſaid to his friend, "Lord how many things are there in this world of which *Diogenes* hath no need!" And truly it is ſo, or might be ſo, with very many who vex and toil themſelves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtleſs; for nature is content with a little: and yet you ſhall hardly meet with a man, that complains not of ſome want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will, it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worſhipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourſelves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himſelf becauſe he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glaſs becauſe it would not ſhew her face to be as young and handſome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health, and plenty; but a wife, that nature had made peeviſh, and her huſband's riches had made purſe-proud, and muſt, becauſe ſhe

* I take this to be a word of the author's own invention, for I cannot find it in any dictionary.

was rich, and for no other virtue, ſit in the higheſt pew in the church; which being denied her, ſhe engaged her huſband into a contention for it, and at laſt into a law-ſuit, with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peeviſh and purſe-proud as the other: and this law-ſuit begot higher oppoſitions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-ſuits; for you muſt remember that both were rich, and muſt therefore have their will. Well, this wilful purſe-proud law-ſuit, laſted during the life of the firſt huſband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till ſhe alſo chid and vext herſelf into her grave: and ſo the wealth of theſe poor rich people was curſt into a puniſhment, becauſe they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for thoſe only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and ſeveral houſes, all beautiful, and ready furniſhed, and would often trouble himſelf and family to be removing from one houſe to another; and being aſked by a friend, Why he removed ſo often from one houſe to another? replied, "It was to find content in "ſome one of them." But his friend knowing his temper, told him, If he would find content in any of his houſes, he muſt leave himſelf behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet ſoul. And this may appear, if we read and conſider what our Saviour ſays in St. *Matthew*'s goſpel; for he there ſays, —"Bleſſed be the merciful, for they ſhall obtain "mercy.—Bleſſed be the pure in heart, for they ſhall "ſee God.—Bleſſed be the poor in ſpirit, for theirs is "the kingdom of heaven. And,—Bleſſed be the meek, "for they ſhall poſſeſs the earth." Not that the meek ſhall not alſo obtain mercy, and ſee God, and be comforted, and at laſt come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the mean time he, and he only, poſſeſſes the earth as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and chearful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deſerves better; nor is vext when he ſees others poſſeſt of more honour

or more riches than his wife God has allotted for his share; but he poſſeſſes what he has with a meek and contented quietneſs, ſuch a quietneſs as makes his very dreams pleaſing, both to God and himſelf.

My honeſt ſcholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulneſs; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet *David* was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the moſt deadly ſins, yet he was ſaid to be a man after God's own heart, becauſe he abounded more with thankfulneſs than any other that is mentioned in holy ſcripture, as may appear in his book of Pſalms; where there is ſuch a commixture of his confeſſing of his ſins and unworthineſs, and ſuch thankfulneſs for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himſelf, to be a man after his own heart; and let us in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the bleſſings we receive daily from God, make us not to value, or not praiſe him, becauſe they be common; let not us forget to praiſe him, for the innocent mirth and pleaſure we have met with ſince we met together. What would a blind man give to ſee the pleaſant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with ſince we met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind, could obtain to have his ſight for but only one hour during his whole life, and ſhould, at the firſt opening of his eyes, fix his ſight upon the ſun when it was in its full glory, either at the riſing or ſetting of it, he would be ſo tranſported and amazed, and ſo admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that firſt raviſhing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could preſent to him. And this, and many other like bleſſings, we enjoy daily; and for moſt of them, becauſe they be ſo common, moſt men forget to pay their praiſes; but let not us, becauſe it is a ſacrifice ſo pleaſing to him that made the ſun and us, and ſtill protects us, and gives us flowers and ſhowers, and ſtomachs and meat, and content, and leiſure to go a fiſhing.

Well ſcholar, I have almoſt tired myſelf, and, I fear, more than almoſt tired you: but I now ſee *Tottenham-high-croſs*, and our ſhort walk thither ſhall put a period to my too long diſcourſe; in which my meaning was and is, to plant that in your mind, with which I labour to poſſeſs my own ſoul: that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end, I have ſhewed you that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares: and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honeſtly rich, or contentedly poor: but be ſure that your riches be juſtly got, or you ſpoil all. For it is well ſaid by *Cauſſin* *, "he that loſes his conſcience, has "nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be ſure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praiſe God, and value it next to a good conſcience; for health is the ſecond bleſſing that we mortals are capable of; a bleſſing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be ſaid to be the third bleſſing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no neceſſity of being rich: for I told you, there be as many miſeries beyond riches, as on this ſide them: and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, chearful, thankful heart. I will tell you, ſcholar, I have heard a grave divine † ſay, that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which almighty God grant to me, and to my honeſt ſcholar: and ſo you are welcome to *Tottenham-high-croſs*.

* *Nicholas Cauſſin*, a native of *Troyes* in *Champagne*, wrote a book called, *The Holy Court*; of which there is an *Engliſh* tranſlation in folio. He was eſteemed a perſon of great probity, and of ſuch a ſpirit, that he attempted to diſplace cardinal *Richelieu*; but that miniſter proved too hard for him, and got him baniſhed. The ſentiment above quoted from him is worthy of *Marcus Antoninus*, or, if that be not enough to ſay, of Dr. *Jeremy Taylor* himſelf.

† Dr. *Donne*, as a reverend and learned friend of mine informs me.

Venat.

Plate VIII. to Front *Page* 261

S. Wale Inv. Ryland. Sculp.

Pub^d. According to Act of Parliam^t. 1759.

Venat. Well maſter, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this laſt of thankfulneſs, which I hope I ſhall never forget. And pray let's now reſt ourſelves in this ſweet ſhady arbour, which nature herſelf has woven with her own fine fingers; it is ſuch a contexture of woodbines, ſweet-brier, jeſſamin, and myrtle, and ſo interwoven, as will ſecure us both from the ſun's violent heat, and from the approaching ſhower; and, being ſat down, I will requite a part of your courteſies with a bottle of ſack, milk, oranges, and ſugar; which all put together, make a drink like nectar, indeed, too good for any body but us anglers.——And ſo, maſter, here is a full glaſs to you of that liquor; and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verſes which I promiſed you: it is a copy printed among ſome of Sir *Henry Wotton*'s *, and doubtleſs made either by him, or by a lover of angling. Come, maſter, now drink a glaſs to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a deſcription of ſuch country recreations, as I have enjoyed ſince I had the happineſs to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious ſighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's ſports,
Where ſtrain'd Sardonic *ſmiles* † *are gloſing ſtill,*
And grief is forc'd to laugh againſt her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And ſorrows only real be.

Fly from our country paſtimes, fly,
Sad troops of human miſery.
Come ſerene looks,
Clear as the cryſtal brooks,

* See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 8vo. 1685, page 390.

† *Feigned*, or *forced* ſmiles, from the word *Sardon*, the name of a herb reſembling *ſmallage*, and growing in *Sardinia*, which being eaten by men, contracts the muſcles, and excites laughter, even to death. Vide *Eraſmi Adagia*, tit. RISUS.

Or the pure azur'd heaven that ſmiles to ſee
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a ſecure mind,
Which all men ſeek, we only find.

Abuſed mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's-eaſe, and comforts grow,
You'd ſcorn proud towers,
And ſeek them in theſe bowers,
Where winds ſometimes our woods perhaps may ſhake,
But bluſt'ring care could never tempeſt make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantaſtick maſk nor dance,
But of our kids that friſk and prance;
Nor wars are ſeen,
Unleſs upon the green
Two harmleſs lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother.
And wounds are never found,
Save what the plough-ſhare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To haſten to too haſty fates,
Unleſs it be
The fond credulity
Of ſilly fiſh, which, worldling like, ſtill look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:
Nor envy, 'leſs among
The birds for prize of their ſweet ſong.

Go, let the diving negro ſeek
For gems hid in ſome forlorn creek:
We all pearls ſcorn,
Save what the dewy morn

Congeals

Congeals upon each little ſpire of graſs,
Which careleſs ſhepherds beat down as they paſs:
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres *bears.*

Bleſt ſilent groves, oh may you be
For ever mirth's beſt nurſery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon theſe downs, theſe meads, theſe rocks, theſe mountains,
And peace ſtill ſlumber by theſe purling fountains:
Which we may every year
Meet when we come a fiſhing here.

Piſc. Truſt me ſcholar, I thank you heartily for theſe verſes, they be choicely good, and doubtleſs made by a lover of angling: come, now, drink a glaſs to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a farewel to the vanities of the world, and ſome ſay written by Sir *Harry Wotton*, who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave ſoul, and muſt needs be poſſeſt with happy thoughts at the time of their compoſure.

Farewel, ye gilded follies, pleaſing troubles;
Farewel, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one ſhort day.
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damaſk'd ſkin;
State but a golden priſon to live in,
And torture free born minds: embroidered trains
Merely but pageants for proud ſwelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatneſs, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, ſtate, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading bloſſoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass grows free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich hated: wise suspected: scorn'd if poor:
Great fear'd: fair tempted: high still envy'd more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with *India* *; *with a speaking eye*

Command

* An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words to *vie angels* are a *periphrasis*, and signify to *compare wealth*. In the old ballad of the Beggar's Daughter of *Bethnal-Green*, a competition of this kind is introduced: a young knight, about to marry the beggar's daughter, is dissuaded from so unequal a match by some gentlemen, his relations, who urge the poverty of her father: the beggar challenges them to *drop angels* with him, and fairly empties the purses of them all. The contest and its issue are related in the following stanzas, part of the ballad.

Then spake the blind beggar, although I be poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own door:
Though shee be not decked in velvet and pearle,
Yett I will dropp angells *with you for my girle.*

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to bee.

But

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, ſtrike juſtice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To ſtones by epitaphs: be call'd great maſter
In the looſe rhimes of every poetaſter?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wiſe, all in ſuperlatives:
Yet I more freely would theſe gifts reſign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leiſure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleaſure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye ſilent groves,
Theſe gueſts, theſe courts, my ſoul moſt dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the ſky ſhall ſing
My chearful anthems to the gladſome ſpring:
A prayer-book now, ſhall be my looking-glaſs,
In which I will adore ſweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:

But firſt you ſhall promiſe, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop ſhall all be your owne.
With that they replyed, contented bee wee,
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Beſſee.

With that an angell he caſt on the ground,
And dropped in angells full three thouſand pound;
And oftentimes it was proved moſt plain,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twayne.

Soe that the place wherein they did ſitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their ſtore,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Thou haſt fulfilled thy promiſe aright.
Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight;
And here, added he, I will now throwe you downe,
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The neighbourhood of *Bethnal-Green* is ſeldom without a public-houſe with a ſign repreſenting the beggar and the diſſuaders of the match dropping gold; the young woman and the knight her lover ſtanding between them.

Then here I'll ſit, and ſigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a ſtranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again *.

Venat. Well maſter, theſe verſes be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank you for your many inſtructions, which, God willing, I will not forget: and as St. *Auſtin* in his confeſſions, book 4. chap. 3. commemorates the kindneſs of his friend *Verecundus*, for lending him and his companion a country-houſe, becauſe there they reſted and enjoyed themſelves free from the troubles of the world; ſo, having had the like advantage, both by your converſation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like: for indeed, your company and diſcourſe have been ſo uſeful and pleaſant, that I may truly ſay, I have only lived ſince I enjoyed them and turn'd angler, and not before. Nevertheleſs, here I muſt part with you; here in this now ſad place, where I was ſo happy as firſt to meet you; but I ſhall long for the ninth of

* To the many ſhort poems abounding with fine moral ſentiments contained in this book, I here add the following lines of Mr. *Cowley*, tranſlated from *Martial*, Lib. II. Epig. 53. which, far ſurpaſſing the original, exhibit a lovely picture of a contented mind; and, for the manly ſpirit of independence that breathes in them, I have never yet ſeen equalled by any in our own language.

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wiſh, you ſay,
Come on, I'll ſhew thee, friend, the certain way.
If to no feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whilſt bounteous God does bread at home beſtow;
If thou the goodneſs of thy cloaths doſt prize,
By thine own uſe, and not by others eyes;
If (only ſafe from weathers) thou canſt dwell
In a ſmall houſe, but a convenient ſhell;
If thou, without a ſigh, or golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy beechen bowl and diſh;
If in thy mind ſuch power and greatneſs be,
The Perſian *king's a ſlave, compar'd with thee.*

May,

May, for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously, as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can by my hopes and wishes. And my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me *Socrates* taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavour to do so; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider, how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. *Peter*'s master be with mine.

Pisc. And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a angling.

"Study to be quiet." 1 Thess. iv. 11.

The END of the First Part.

IT is imagined that the ſeveral deſcriptions of River-fiſh, contained in the foregoing pages, are abundantly ſufficient for the information of any mere angler: *but thoſe who are curious to know the eſſential differences between the various ſpecies, are hereby recommended to a work entitled,* Ichthyographia, *ſ.* Hiſtoria Piſcium, *by* Francis Willughby, *Eſq*; Oxon, 1686, *and to a poſthumous work of that learned man and excellent naturaliſt, the Reverend Mr.* John Ray, *entitled* Synopſis Methodica Avium & Piſcium, *publiſhed by Dr.* Derham, *in* Octavo, 1713.

And whereas in page 252 *it is hinted, that the hiſtory of* aquatic inſects *is but little known, and this ſtupendous branch of natural ſcience is well worthy of further inveſtigation, the reader is hereby directed to the peruſal of the life of the* Ephemeron, *an inſect little differing from our* green *and* grey drake, *tranſlated from the* Low Dutch *of Dr.* Swammerdam, *by Dr.* Edw. Tyſon, London, *Quarto*, 1681. *And for his further information on this ſubject, we have added, as the firſt number of the appendix to this work, a tranſlation of a* Synopſis *of theſe creatures, drawn out from the obſervations of the above Mr.* Willughby, *and exhibited in Mr.* Ray's Methodus Inſectorum, *mentioned by Dr.* Derham *in his* Phyſico Theology, *page* 234.

It is not for the improvement of angling alone that the above authors are referred to; the ſtudy of the works of nature is the moſt effectual way to open and enlarge the mind, and excite in us the affections of reverence and gratitude towards that being whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs are diſcernible in the ſtructure of the meaneſt reptile. Further, The wiſdom of God receives ſmall honor from thoſe vulgar heads that rudely ſtare about, and with a *groſs ruſticity* admire his works: thoſe highly magnify him, whoſe judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate reſearch into his creatures return the duty of a *devout* and *learned* admiration, *Religio Medici, Sect.* 13.

Plate IX to be Placed at the End of Part I.

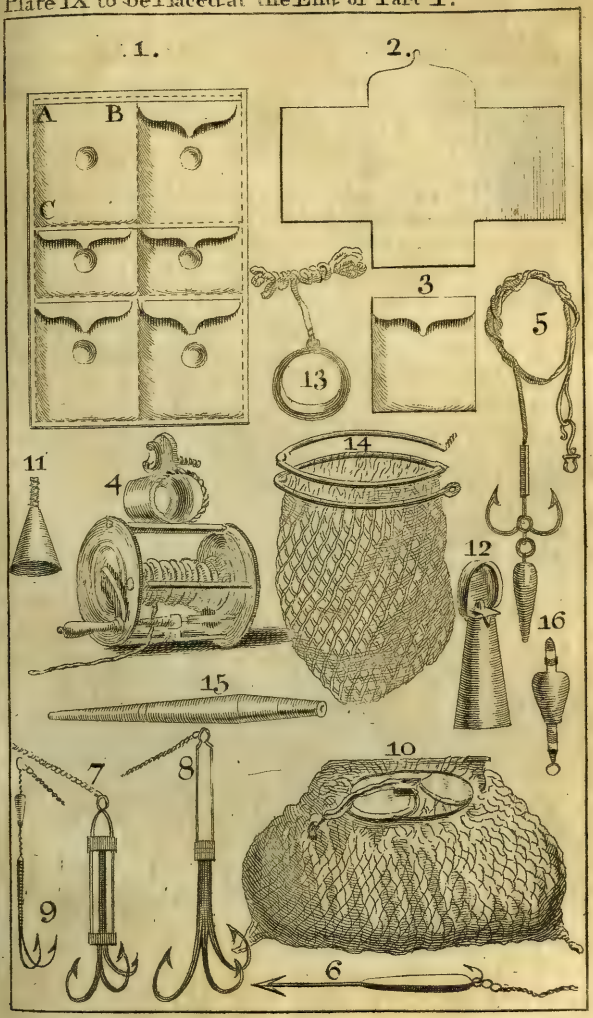
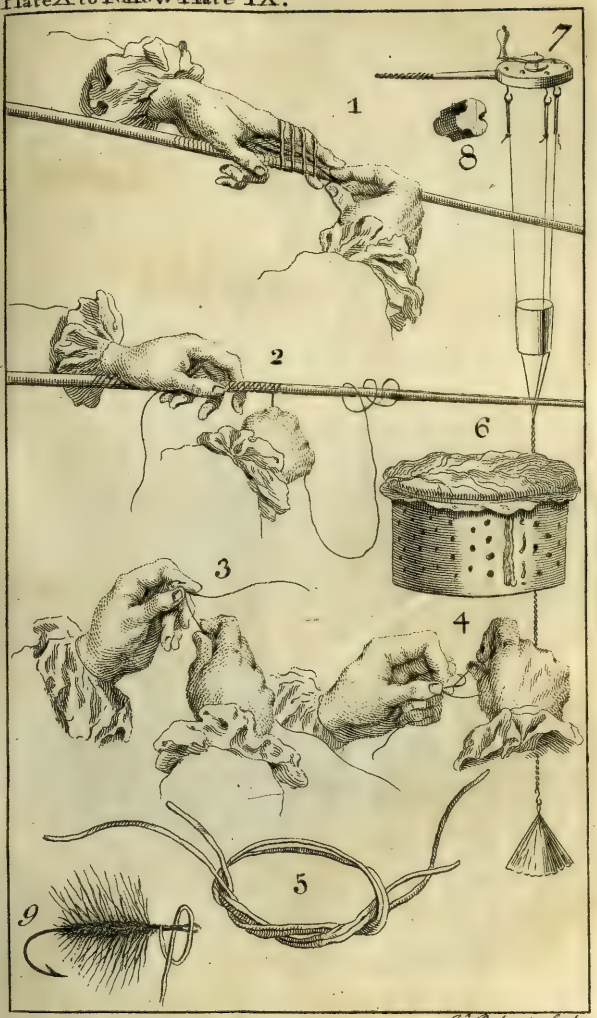
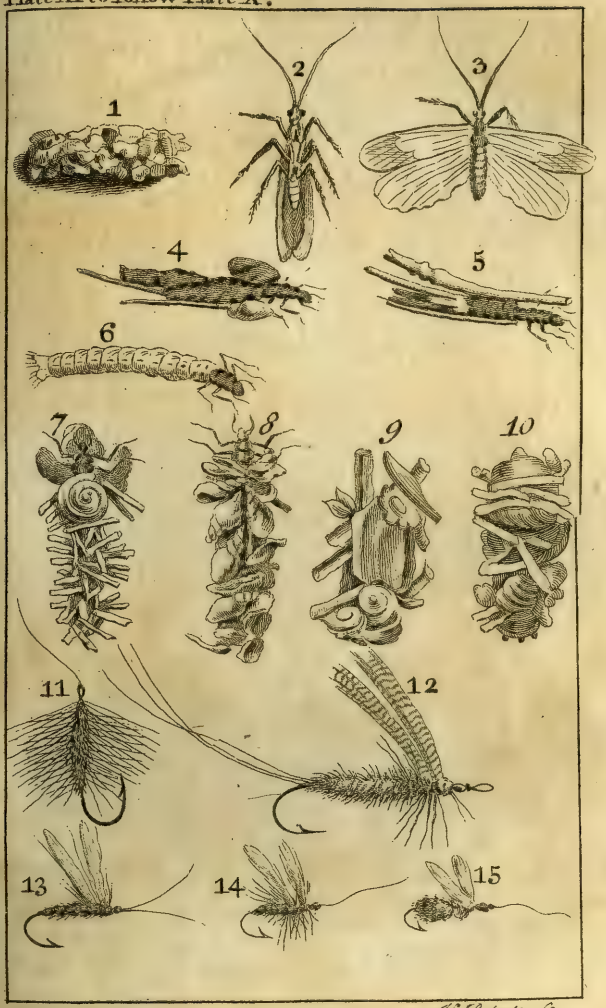


Plate X to Follow Plate IX.

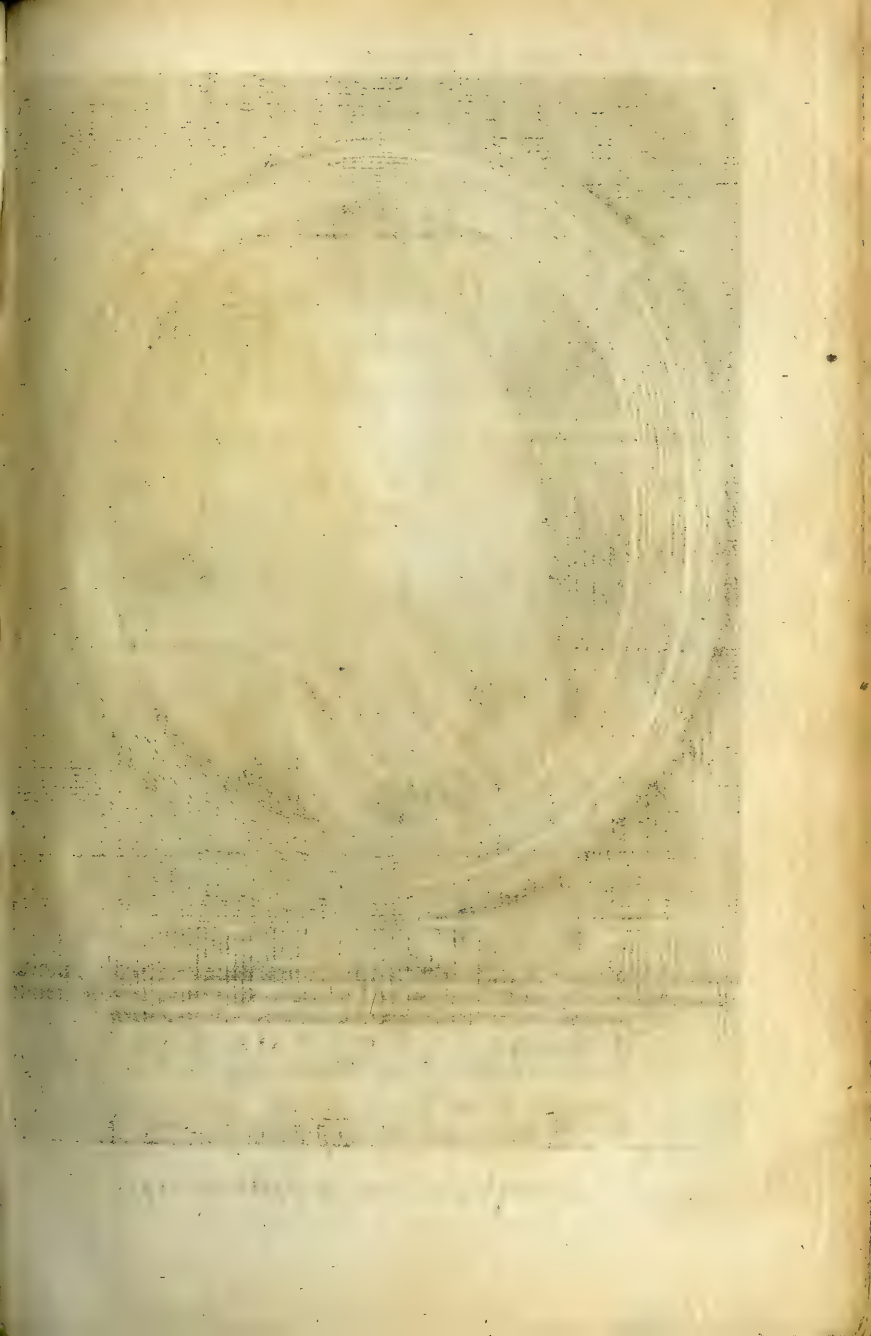


T. Roberts Sculp.

Plate XI to Follow Plate X.



H. Roberts Sc.



To Front the Title of Part II.

CHARLES COTTON *Esq.*
From an Original Painting in the
Possession of BROOKE BOOTHBY *Esq.*

P. Lely Pinxt. *Myland Sculp.*

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER.

PART II.

BEING

INSTRUCTIONS how to ANGLE for a TROUT or GRAYLING in a clear Stream.

Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periclum:
Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.

LONDON, MDCCLXXXIV.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

CHARLES COTTON, Esq;*

CHARLES COTTON, Esq; was descended from an honourable family of the town and county of *Southampton*: his grandfather was Sir *George Cotton*, Knight, and his grandmother *Cassandra*, the heiress of a family named *Mac Williams*: the issue of their marriage were a daughter, named *Cassandra*, who died unmarried; and a son, named *Charles*, who settling at *Ovingden* in the county of *Sussex*, married *Olive*, the daughter of Sir *John Stanhope*, of *Elvaston* in the county of *Derby*, Knight, half brother to *Philip*, the first Earl of *Chesterfield*, and ancestor of the present earl of *Harrington*; and by her had issue *Charles*, the author of the ensuing Dialogues †.

* It has been thought proper to omit the letter to the editor in the former impression, and to give the life of Mr. *Cotton* in another form, retaining nevertheless such facts as are best ascertained, and seem in any degree worthy of credit.

† The above is the account of Mr. *Cotton*'s descent, as given by Mr. *Oldys*, in the former edition; but it agrees not in what respects his being descended by the mother's side from the family of *Mac Williams*, with *Collins*'s account of Sir *John Stanhope*, in his Peerage, under the article STANHOPE, Earl of *Chesterfield*.

Of

Of the elder *Charles* we learn from unqueſtionable authority, that he was even when young a perſon of diſtinguiſhed parts and accompliſhments; for in the enumeration of thoſe eminent perſons whom Mr. *Hyde*, afterwards the lord chancellor *Clarendon*, choſe for his friends and aſſociates, while a ſtudent of the law, we find Mr. *Cotton* mentioned, together with *Ben Jonſon*, Mr. *Selden*, Mr. *John Vaughan*, afterwards lord chief juſtice, Sir *Kenelm Digby*, Mr. *Thomas May*, the tranſlator of *Lucan*, and *Thomas Carew*, the poet. The characters of theſe ſeveral perſons are exhibited with the uſual elegance and accuracy of their author in the life of *Edward*, earl of *Clarendon*, written by himſelf, and lately publiſhed: that of Mr. *Cotton* here follows:

" CHARLES COTTON was a gentleman born to a " competent fortune, and ſo qualified in his perſon and " education, that for many years he continued the " greateſt ornament of the town, in the eſteem of " thoſe who had been beſt bred: his natural parts were " very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of con- " verſation; the ſuperſtructure of learning not raiſed " to a conſiderable height, but having paſſed ſome " years in *Cambridge*, and then in *France*, and con- " verſing always with learned men, his expreſſions were " ever proper and ſignificant, and gave great luſtre to " his diſcourſe upon any argument; ſo that he was " thought by thoſe who were not intimate with him, to " have been much better acquainted with books than " he was: he had all thoſe qualities, which in youth " raiſe men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; " ſuch a pleaſantneſs and gaiety of humour, ſuch a " ſweetneſs and gentleneſs of nature, and ſuch a civi- " lity and delightfulneſs in converſation, that no man, " in the court or out of it, appeared a more accom- " pliſhed perſon, all theſe extraordinary qualifications " being ſupported by as extraordinary a clearneſs of " courage and fearleſſneſs of ſpirit, of which he gave " too often manifeſtation. Some unhappy ſuits in " law, and waſte of his fortune in thoſe ſuits, made

" ſome

" ſome impreſſion on his mind, which being improved " by domeſtic afflictions, and thoſe indulgences to him- " ſelf which naturally attend thoſe afflictions, rendered " his age leſs reverenced than his youth had been, and " gave his beſt friends cauſe to have wiſhed that he " had not lived ſo long."

The younger Mr. *Cotton* was born on the 28th day of *April*, 1630, and, having, as we muſt ſuppoſe, received ſuch a ſchool education as qualified him for an univerſity, he was ſent to *Cambridge*, where alſo his father had ſtudied: he had for his tutor Mr. *Ralph Rawſon*, once a fellow of *Brazen-noſe* college, *Oxford*, but who had been ejected from his fellowſhip by the parliament viſitors, in 1648. This perſon he has gratefully celebrated in a tranſlation of an ode of *Johannes Secundus*.

What was the courſe of his ſtudies; whether they tended to qualify him for either of the learned profeſſions, or to furniſh him with thoſe endowments of general learning and poliſhed manners which are requiſite in the character of a gentleman, we know not: it is however certain, that in the univerſity he improved his knowledge of the *Greek* and *Roman* claſſics, and became a perfect maſter of the *French* and *Italian* languages.

But whatever were the views of his father in placing him at *Cambridge*, we find not that he betook himſelf in earneſt to the purſuit of any lucrative profeſſion; it is true, that in a poem of his writing he hints that he had a ſmattering of the law, which he had gotten

——— *More by practice than reading*;
By ſitting o' th' bench * *while others were pleading.*

But it is rather probable, that, returning from the univerſity to his father's, he addicted himſelf to the lighter kinds of ſtudy, and the improvement of a talent in poetry, of which he found himſelf poſſeſſed; and alſo

* Probably, in his more advanced years, at ſeſſions, as a juſtice of the peace in his county.

that he might travel abroad, for in one of his poems * he ſays he had been at *Roan*. His father having married a lady of a *Derbyſhire* family, and ſhe being the daughter and heireſs of *Edward Beresford*, of *Beresford* and *Enſon* in *Staffordſhire*, and of *Bently* in the county of *Derby*, it may be preſumed that the deſcent of the family ſeat at *Beresford* to her, might have been the inducement with her huſband to remove, with his family, from their firſt ſettlement at *Ovingden* to *Beresford*, a village near the *Peak* in *Derbyſhire*, and in the neighbourhood of the *Dove*, a river that divides the counties of *Derby* and *Stafford*, and of which the reader will be told ſo much hereafter.

And here we may ſuppoſe the younger Mr. *Cotton*, tempted by the vicinity of a river plentifully ſtored with fiſh of the beſt kinds, to have choſen angling for his recreation; and, looking upon it to be, what *Walton* rightly terms it, *an art*, to have applied himſelf to the improvement of that branch of it, fiſhing with an artificial fly: to this end he made himſelf acquainted with the nature of aquatic inſects, with the forms and colours of the ſeveral flies that are found on or near rivers, the times of their appearance and departure, and the methods of imitating them with furs, ſilks, feathers and other materials; in all which reſearches he exerciſed ſuch patience, induſtry, and ingenuity, and ſucceeded ſo well, that having in the following dialogues communicated to the public the reſult of his experience, he muſt be deemed the great improver of this elegant recreation, and a benefactor to his poſterity.

There is reaſon to think, that after his leaving the univerſity, he was received into his father's family; for we are told that his father, being a man of bright parts, gave him themes and authors whereon to exerciſe his judgment and learning, even to the time of his entering into the ſtate of matrimony †; the firſt fruit of which exerciſes was, as it ſeems, his elegy on the gallant lord *Derby* ‡.

* *The Wonders of the Peak.* † *Oldys's* life, xii. ‡ Ibid.

In

In 1656, being then twenty-six years of age, and before any patrimony had descended to him or he had any visible means of subsisting a family, he married a distant relation, *Isabella*, daughter of Sir *Thomas Hutchinson*, of *Owthorp*, in the county of *Nottingham*, Knt.* The distress in which this step might have involved him, was averted by the death of his father in 1658, an event that put him into the possession of the family estate; but, from the character of his father, as given by lord *Clarendon*, it cannot be supposed but that it was struggling with law-suits, and laden with incumbrances.

The great lord *Falkland* was wont to say, that he *pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather:* Mr. *Cotton* might possibly entertain the same sentiment, for in this situation we find, that his employments were, *study*, for his *delight* and *improvement*, and *fishing*, for his *recreation* and *health*; for each of which several employments, we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons.

In 1663 he published the *Moral Philosophy of the Stoics*, translated from the *French* of Monsieur *de Vaix*, president of the parliament of *Provence*; in obedience, as the preface informs us, to a command of his father, doubtless with a view to his improvement in the science of morality; and this notwithstanding the book had been translated by Dr. *James*, the first keeper of the *Bodleian* library, above threescore years before.

His next publication was *Scarronides*, or *Virgil travestie*, being the first book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*, in *English* burlesque, 8vo. 1664, concerning which, and also the fourth book, translated by him, and afterwards published, it may be sufficient to say, that for degrading sublime poetry into doggrel, *Scarron*'s example is no authority; and that, were the merit of this practice greater than many men think it, those who admire the wit, the humour, and the learning of *Hudibras*, cannot but be disgusted at the *low buffoonery*, the *forced wit*,

* *Oldys*'s life, xiii.

and the *coarſeneſs* and *obſcenity* of the *Virgil traveſtie*; and yet the poem has its admirers, is commended by Sir *John Suckling*, in his *Seſſion of the Poets*, and has paſſed *fourteen* editions.

To ſay the truth, the abſurdity of that ſpecies of the mock epic, which gives to princes the manners of the loweſt of their inferiors, has never been ſufficiently noticed: in the inſtance before us how is the poet embarraſſed, when he deſcribes *Dido* as exerciſing regal authority, and at the ſame time employed in the meaneſt of domeſtic offices! and *Æneas*, a perſon of royal deſcent, as a clown, a commander, and a common ſailor! In the other kind of burleſque, *viz.* where the characters are *elevated*, no ſuch difficulty interpoſes: grant but to *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, to *Hudibras* and *Ralpho*, the ſtations which *Cervantes* and *Butler* have reſpectively aſſigned them, and all their actions are conſiſtent with their ſeveral characters.

Soon after he engaged in a more commendable employment, a tranſlation of the *Hiſtory of the Life of the Duke d'Eſpernon*, from 1598, where *D'Avila*'s hiſtory ends, to 1642, in twelve books; in which undertaking he was interrupted by an appointment to ſome place or poſt, which he hints at in the preface, but did not hold long; as alſo by a ſickneſs that delayed the publication until 1670, when the book came out in a folio volume, with a handſome dedication to Dr. *Gilbert Sheldon*, archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

In the ſame year, being the fortieth of his age, and having been honoured with a captain's commiſſion in the army, he was drawn by ſome occaſion, of buſineſs or intereſt to viſit *Ireland*; which event he has recorded, with ſome particular circumſtances touching the courſe of his life, in a burleſque poem, called *A Voyage to Ireland*, careleſsly written, but abounding in humorous deſcription, as will appear by the following extract therefrom:

A guide I had got, who demanded great vails
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales;

Twenty

Twenty good ſhillings which ſure very large is,
Yet that would not ſerve but I muſt bear his charges;
And yet for all that rode aſtride on a beaſt
The worſt that e'er went on three legs I proteſt:
It certainly was the moſt ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of ſpades.
His ſides were two ladders, well ſpur-gall'd withal,
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall:
For his colour my pains and your trouble I'll ſpare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And except for two things as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a ſprig of a tail.
Now ſuch as the beaſt was even ſuch was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg and legs like a ſpider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a gooſe, and the heart of a cat:
Even ſuch was my guide and his beaſt; let them paſs,
The one for a horſe and the other an aſs.

In this poem he relates, with ſingular pleaſantry, that at *Cheſter*, coming out of church, he was taken notice of by the mayor of the city for his rich garb; and particularly a gold belt that he then wore, and by him invited home to ſupper, and very hoſpitably entertained.

In the ſame year, and alſo the year after more correctly, he publiſhed a tranſlation of the tragedy, entitled, *Les Horaces*, *i. e.* the *Horatii*, from the *French* of *Pierre Corneille*; and in 1674 the *Fair One of Tunis*, a novel, tranſlated alſo from the *French*, as alſo a tranſlation of the Commentaries of *Blaiſe de Montluc*, marſhal of *France*, a thraſonical gaſcon, as lord *Herbert* has ſhewn in his Hiſtory of *Hen.* VIII. far better ſkilled in the arts of flight than of battle.

In 1675 Mr. *Cotton* publiſhed two little books, *The Planter's Manual, being inſtructions for cultivating all ſorts of fruit-trees*, 8vo. and a burleſque of ſundry ſelect dialogues of *Lucian*, with the title of *Burleſque upon Burleſque*, or the Scoffer ſcoffed, 12mo. which has much the ſame merit as the *Virgil traveſtie*.

Angling having been the favourite recreation of Mr.

Cotton for many years before this, we cannot but ſuppoſe that the publication of ſuch a book as the *Complete Angler* of Mr. *Walton* had attracted his notice, and probably excited in him a deſire to become acquainted with the author; and that ſetting aſide other circumſtances, the advantageous ſituation of Mr. *Cotton*, near the fineſt Trout-river in the kingdom, might conduce to beget a great intimacy between them; for certain it is, that by the year 1676 they were united by the cloſeſt ties of friendſhip: *Walton*, as alſo his ſon, had been frequent viſitants to Mr. *Cotton* at *Beresford*, who, for the accommodation of the former, no leſs than of himſelf, had erected a fiſhing-houſe on the bank of the river, with a ſtone in the front thereof, containing a cypher that incorporated the initials of both their names.

Theſe circumſtances, together with a formal adoption by *Walton* of Mr. *Cotton* for his ſon, that will be explained in its place*, were doubtleſs the inducements with the latter to the writing of a ſecond part of the *Complete Angler*, and therein to explain more fully the art of fiſhing either with a natural or an artificial fly, as alſo the various methods of making the latter: the book, as the author aſſures us, was written in the ſhort ſpace of ten days, and firſt came abroad with the fifth edition of the firſt part in the above year 1676; and ever ſince, the two parts have been conſidered as one book.

The ſecond part of the *Complete Angler*, is apparently an imitation of the firſt: it is a courſe of dialogues between the author, ſhadowed under the name of *Piſcator*, and a Traveller, the very perſon diſtinguiſhed in the firſt part by the name of *Venator*, and whom *Walton* of a *Hunter* had made an *Angler* †; in which, beſides the inſtructions there given, and the beautiful ſcenery of a wild and romantic country therein diſplayed, the urbanity, courteſy, and hoſpitality of a well-bred country gentleman, are repreſented to great advantage.

This book might be thought to contain a delineation of the author's character, and diſpoſe the reader to

* *Viz.* in a note on a paſſage in the firſt chapter of this ſecond part of the *Complete Angler*. † Vide Part II. Chap. I.

think

think that he was delighted with his ſituation, content with his fortunes, and in ſhort one of the happieſt of men; but his next publication ſpeaks a very different language; for, living in a country that abounds above all others in this kingdom in rocks, caverns and ſubterraneous paſſages; objects that to ſome minds afford more delight than ſtately woods and fertile plains, rich incloſures, and other the milder beauties of rural nature, he ſeems to have been prompted by no other than a *ſullen curioſity* to explore the ſecrets of that nether world; and ſurveying it rather with wonder than philoſophical delight, to have given way to his diſguſt, in a deſcription of the dreary and terrific ſcenes around and beneath him, in a poem written, as it is ſaid, in emulation of *Hobbes*'s *De mirabilibus Pecci*, entitled *The Wonders of the Peak:* this he firſt publiſhed in 1681, and afterwards with a new edition of the *Virgil traveſtie* and the burleſque of *Lucian.*

The only praiſe of this poem, is the truth of the repreſentations therein contained; for it is a mean compoſition, inharmonious in the verſification, and abounding in expletives. Of the ſpirit in which it is written, a judgment may be formed from the following lines, part of the *exordium:*

Durſt I expoſtulate with Providence,
I then ſhould aſk wherein the innocence
Of my poor undeſigning infancy,
Could Heav'n offend to ſuch a black degree,
As for th' offence to damn me to a place
Where nature only ſuffers in diſgrace.

and theſe other equally ſplenetic:

Environ'd round with nature's ſhames and ills,
Black heaths, wild rocks, black crags and naked hills.

So far was Mr. *Cotton* from thinking with the Pſalmiſt, "that his lot was fallen in a fair ground, or that he had "a goodly heritage."

But a greater, and to the world a more beneficial employment at this time ſolicited his attention: the old tranſlation of *Montaigne*'s Eſſays, by the *reſolute John Florio*, as he ſtyled himſelf, was become obſolete, and the world were impatient for a new one: Mr. *Cotton* not only underſtood *French* with a critical exactneſs, but was well acquainted with the almoſt barbarous dialect in which that book is written: and the freedom of opinion and general notions of men and things, which the author diſcovers, perhaps falling in with Mr. *Cotton*'s ſentiments of human life and manners, he undertook, and in 1685 gave to the world, in a tranſlation of that author in three volumes 8vo. one of the moſt valuable books in the *Engliſh* language; in ſhort, a tranſlation, that if it does not, and many think it does in ſome reſpects, tranſcend, is yet nothing inferior to the original; and indeed, little leſs than this is to be inferred from the teſtimony of the noble marquis to whom it is dedicated, who concludes a letter of his to Mr. *Cotton* with this elegant encomium: "Pray believe, that he "who can tranſlate ſuch an author, without doing "him wrong, muſt not only make me glad, but proud "of being his very humble ſervant, HALIFAX."

Theſe are the whole of Mr. *Cotton*'s writings publiſhed in his life-time: thoſe that came abroad after his deceaſe, were *Poems on ſeveral Occaſions*, 8vo. 1689. A bookſeller's publication tumbled into the world without preface, apology, or even correction, that will be ſpoken of hereafter; and a tranſlation from the *French* of the *Memoirs of the Sieur de* Pontis, publiſhed in 1694, by his ſon, Mr. *Beresford Cotton*, and by him dedicated to the then duke of *Ormond*, as having been undertaken and completed at the requeſt of the old duke, his grace's grandfather.

It is too much to be feared, that the difficulties he laboured under, and in ſhort the ſtraitneſs of his circumſtances, were the reaſons that induced Mr. *Cotton* to employ himſelf in writing, and in that, ſo much more in *tranſlation* than *original compoſition*; for firſt, by the way, they are greatly miſtaken who think that the buſineſs

buſineſs of writing for bookſellers is a new occupation; it is known that *Greene*, *Peacham*, and *Howel*, for a great part of their lives ſubſiſted almoſt wholly by it; though perhaps Mr. *Cotton* is the firſt inſtance of a gentleman by deſcent, and the inheritor of a fair eſtate, being reduced by a ſad neceſſity to write for ſubſiſtence. But ſecondly, whether through misfortune, or the want of œconomy, or both, it may be collected from numberleſs paſſages in his writings, that Mr. *Cotton*'s circumſtances were narrow, his eſtates incumbered with mortgages, and his income leſs than ſufficient for his maintenance in the port and character of a gentleman; why elſe thoſe querulous exclamations againſt the *clamours of creditors*, the *high rate of intereſt*, and the *extortions of uſurers*, that ſo frequently occur in his poems? From which ſeveral particulars it ſeems a natural, and at the ſame time a melancholy inference, that he was, not to ſay an author, a *tranſlator*; probably for *hire*, but certainly by *profeſſion*.

It is of all employments one of the moſt painful, to enumerate the misfortunes and ſufferings of worthy and deſerving men; and moſt ſo, of ſuch as have been diſtinguiſhed for either their natural or acquired endowments: but truth, and the laws of biographic hiſtory, oblige all that undertake that kind of writing, to relate as well the *adverſe* as the *proſperous* events in the lives of thoſe whom they mean to celebrate; elſe we would gladly omit to ſay, that Mr. *Cotton* was, during the whole of his life involved in difficulties: Lord *Clarendon* ſays of his father, that he was *engaged in lawſuits*, and had *waſted his fortune*; and it cannot be ſuppoſed but that his ſon inherited, in ſome degree, the vexation and expence of uncertain litigation, together with the paternal eſtate; and might finally be diveſted of great part of it: farther we may ſuppoſe, that the eaſineſs of his nature, and a diſpoſition to oblige others amounting even to *imbecility*, laid him open to the arts of deſigning men, and gave occaſion to thoſe complaints of *ingratitude* and *neglect* which we meet with in his eclogues, odes, and other of his writings.

It

It is true, that he was never reduced by neceſſity to alienate the family eſtate, nor were his diſtreſſes uniformly extreme, but they were at times *ſeverely pungent:* it is ſaid, that the numerous pecuniary engagements into which he had entered, drew on him the misfortune of perſonal reſtraint; and that during his *confinement* in one of the city priſons, he inſcribed on the wall of his apartment therein theſe affecting lines:

A priſon is a place of care,
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchſtone ſure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.

And to aggravate theſe his afflictions he had a wife, whom he appears to have tenderly loved, and of whom, in an ironical poem, entitled *The Joys of Marriage*, he ſpeaks thus handſomely:

Yet with me 'tis out of ſeaſon
To complain thus without reaſon,
Since the beſt and ſweeteſt fair
Is allotted to my ſhare.
But alas! I love her ſo,
That my love creates my woe;
For if ſhe be out of humour,
Straight diſpleas'd I do preſume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her ſo;
Or if ſhe be diſcontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to perſuade her,
That I have unhappy made her;
But if ſick, then I am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying.

This lady, the delight of his heart and the partner of his ſorrows, he had the misfortune to loſe; but at what period of his life is not certain.

We

We might flatter ourſelves that his ſun ſet brighter than it roſe, for his ſecond marriage, which was with the counteſs dowager of *Ardglas*, who poſſeſſed a jointure of fifteen hundred a year, and ſurvived him, might ſuggeſt a hope that he might have been thereby enabled to extricate himſelf out of the greateſt of his difficulties, and in reality to enjoy that tranquillity of mind which he deſcribes with ſo much feeling in the *Stanzes irreguliers*; but this ſuppoſition ſeems to be contradicted by a fact, which the act of adminiſtration of his effects upon his deceaſe diſcloſes, *viz.* that the ſame was granted "to *Elizabeth Bludworth*, his prin-"cipal creditrix, the honourable *Mary* counteſs "dowager of *Ardglas*, his widow; *Beresford Cotton*, "Eſq; *Olive Cotton*, *Catherine Cotton*, *Jane Cotton* and "*Mary Cotton*, his natural and lawful children, firſt re-"nouncing."

The above act bearing date the 12th day of *September*, 1687, fixes, perhaps, within a few days, the day of his death, and deſcribes him as having lived in the pariſh of St. *James*, *Weſtminſter*: it alſo aſcertains his iſſue, which were all by his firſt lady.

There is a tradition current in his neighbourhood, that he had, by ſome ſarcaſtic expreſſion in his writings, ſo offended an aunt of his, that ſhe revoked a clauſe in her will, whereby ſhe had bequeathed to him an eſtate of five hundred pounds a year; but as two unlikely circumſtances muſt concur to render ſuch a report credible, *great imprudence* in himſelf, and *want of charity* in her; and there is no ſuch offenſive paſſage to be found in any of his writings, we may preſume the tradition to be groundleſs.

Of the future fortunes of his deſcendants little is known, ſave that to his ſon *Beresford Cotton*, was given a company in a regiment of foot, raiſed by the earl of *Derby*, for the ſervice of king *William*; and that one of his daughters became the wife of that eminent divine Dr. *George Stanhope*, dean of *Canterbury*; who from his name, the ſame with that of Mr. *Cotton*'s mother, is conjectured to have been diſtantly allied to the family.

The

The above are the moſt remarkable particulars that at this time are recoverable of the life of Mr. *Cotton*. His moral character is to be collected, and indeed does naturally ariſe, out of the ſeveral ſentiments contained in his writings, more eſpecially thoſe in the collection of his poems above-mentioned; which, conſiſting of all ſuch verſes of his as the publiſhers could get together, as namely, eclogues, odes and epiſtles to his friends; and tranſlations from *Auſonius*, *Catullus*, *Martial*, Monſ. *Maynard*, *Corneille*, *Benſerade*, *Guarini*, and others, if peruſed with a ſevere and indiſcriminating eye may, perhaps, be thought to reflect no great credit on his memory; for many of them are ſo inexcuſably licentious as to induce a ſuſpicion, that the author was but too well practiſed in the *vices of the town*; and yet it may be ſaid of the book, that it contains the only good poems he ever wrote.

It is true, that for the looſeneſs of his writings, and, if we may judge by them, of his manners he deſerves cenſure; but at the ſame time it is to be noted, that he was a *warm and ſteady friend*, and a lover of ſuch as he thought more worthy than himſelf; of which laſt quality, his attachment to Mr. *Walton* affords the cleareſt proof.

Nor did it derogate from the character of honeſt old *Iſaac*, to contract and cheriſh an intimacy with one, who being of the cavalier party, might have ſomewhat of the *gallant*, not to ſay the *rake* in him, and be guilty of ſome of thoſe practices which it was the employment of *Iſaac*'s life and writings to diſcountenance. Mr. *Cotton* was both a *wit* and a *ſcholar*; of an *open*, *chearful* and *hoſpitable* temper, endowed with *fine talents for converſation*, and the *courteſy* and *affability* of a gentleman; and was withal as great a proficient in the art, as a lover of the recreation of angling; theſe qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his father *Walton*, could not but endear him to the good old man, whoſe charitable practice it was, to reſolve all the deviations from that

rule

rule of conduct which he had prescribed himself, not into *vicious inclination* but *error*.

But notwithstanding this creditable connexion, and the qualities above ascribed to him, Mr. *Cotton*'s moral character must appear very ambiguous to any one, that shall reflect on the subjects by him chosen for the exercise of his poetical talent: a burlesque of an epic poem, a version of the most licentious of *Lucian*'s dialogues, and a ludicrous delineation of some of the most stupendous works of nature; in all which we meet with such *foul imagery*, such *obscene allusions*, such *offensive descriptions*, such *odious comparisons*, such *coarse sentiment*, and such *filthy expression*, as could only proceed from a polluted imagination, and tend to excite *loathing* and *contempt*.

On the other hand, there are in his poems on several occasions, verses to ladies in particular, of so courtly and elegant a turn, that, bating their incorrectness, might vie with many of *Waller* and *Cowley*; others there are that bespeak him to have had a just sense of *honour*, *loyalty*, and *moral rectitude*, as do these that follow, penned by him with a view to preserve the memory of a deceased friend *.

Virtue in those good times that bred good men,
No testimony crav'd of tongue or pen;
No marble columns nor engraven brass
To tell the world that such a person was;
For then each pious act to fair descent
Stood for the worthy owner's monument;
But in this change of manners and of states,
Good names, though writ in marble, have their fates;
Such is the barb'rous and irrev'rent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.
Yet may this happy stone that bears a name
(Such as no bold survivor dares to claim)

* On a monument of *Robert Port*, Esq; in the church of *Ilam*, in the county of *Stafford*.

To

To ages yet unborn, unblemiſh'd ſtand,
Safe from the ſtroke of an inhuman hand.
Here, reader, here a Port's *ſad relics lie*
To teach the careleſs world mortality;
Who, while he mortal was, unrivall'd ſtood,
The crown and glory of his ancient blood;
Fit for his prince's and his country's truſt;
Pious to God, and to his neighbour juſt;
A loyal huſband to his lateſt end,
A gracious father and a faithful friend:
Belov'd he liv'd, and died o'ercharg'd with years
Fuller of honour than of ſilver hairs;
And, to ſum up his virtues, this was he,
Who was what all we *ſhould, but cannot be.*

To this it may be added, that in ſundry parts of his writings, and even in his poems, the evidences of *piety* in the author are diſcernible: among them is a paraphraſe on that noble and ſublime hymn, the eighth pſalm; and in the poem entitled *Stanzes irreguliers*, are the following lines:

Dear ſolitude, the ſoul's beſt friend,
That man acquainted with himſelf doſt make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converſe at will,
And would be glad to do ſo ſtill,
For it is thou alone that keep'ſt the ſoul awake.

And laſtly, in the following book, he, in the perſon of *Piſcator*, thus utters his own ſentiment of a practice which few that love fiſhing, and have not a ſenſe of decorum, not to ſay of religion, would in theſe days of licence forbear: "A worm is ſo ſure a bait at all "times that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid "[me] a thouſand pounds that I did not kill fiſh, "more or leſs, with it, winter or ſummer, every day "in the year; *thoſe days always excepted, that upon a "more ſerious account always ought ſo to be:*" * from whence it is but juſt to infer, that the delight he took

* Chap. XI.

in

in fishing was never a temptation with him to *profane the sabbath.*

The inconsistencies above pointed out we leave the perusers of his various writings to reconcile; with this remark, that he must have possessed a mind well stored with ideas, and habituated to reflection, who could write such verses as immediately follow this account, and in many respects have been an amiable man, whom *Walton* could choose for his *friend,* and adopt for his *son.*

J. H.

CONTENTATION, *directed to my dear father and most worthy friend, Mr.* Isaac Walton.

I.

Heav'n, what an age is this! what race
Of giants is sprung up that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war!

II.

I can go no where but I meet
With malecontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

III.

O senseless man! that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

IV.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning fortune plac'd
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

V.

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare;
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils;
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The

VI.

The one ſupinely yawns to reſt,
Th' other eternally doth toil;
Each of them equally a beaſt,
A pamper'd horſe, or lab'ring moil.

VII.

The tituladó's *oft diſgrac'd*
By public hate, or private frown:
And he whoſe hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

VIII.

The drudge who would all get, all ſave,
Like a brute beaſt both feeds and lies,
Prone to the earth he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

IX.

Exceſs of ill got, ill kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilſt one rich worldling ſtarves himſelf,
With what would thouſand others feed.

X.

By which we ſee that wealth and power,
Although they make men rich and great,
The ſweets of life do often ſour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

XI.

Nor is he happier than thoſe,
Who in a moderate eſtate,
Where he might ſafely live at eaſe,
Has luſts that are immoderate.

XII.

For he by thoſe deſires miſled,
Quits his own vine's ſecuring ſhade,
T' expoſe his naked, empty head
To all the ſtorms man's peace invade.

XIII.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trickt up in favours of the fair;
Mirrors, with ev'ry breath made dim,
Birds caught in ev'ry wanton ſnare.

XIV.

Woman, man's greateſt woe or bliſs,
Does oftner far, than ſerve, enſlave,
And with the magic of a kiſs,
Deſtroys whom ſhe was made to ſave.

XV.

Oh fruitful grief! the world's diſeaſe,
And vainer man to make it ſo,
Who gives his miſeries increaſe,
By cultivating his own woe.

XVI.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving ſhapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous miſtake
That cauſes all our ſufferings.

XVII.

We call that ſickneſs which is health,
That perſecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that diſhonour which is praiſe.

XVIII.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye;
And if to miſery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

XIX.

'Tis want of foreſight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb;
And want of virtue when the old
At perſecution do repine.

XX.

Alas! our time is here ſo ſhort,
That in what ſtate ſoe'er 'tis ſpent
Of joy or woe does not import
Provided it be innocent.

XXI.

But we may make it pleaſant too,
If we will take our meaſures right,
And not what heav'n has done undo
By an unruly appetite.

XXII.

'Tis contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to heav'n too.

XXIII.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

XXIV.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

XXV.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear;
Who ill of princes in worst times,
Will neither speak himself nor hear.

XXVI.

Who from the busy world retires
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

XXVII.

Who with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII.

This man is happier far than he,
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy
To crooked and forbidden ways.

XXIX.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden

XXX.

Untrodden paths are then the beſt,
When the frequented are unſure;
And he comes ſooneſt to his reſt
Whoſe journey has been moſt ſecure.

XXXI.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleaſure here;
And who buys ſorrow cheapeſt takes
An ill commodity too dear.

XXXII.

But he has fortune's worſt withſtood,
And happineſs can never miſs;
Can covet nought but where he ſtood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

To my moſt Worthy

FATHER * and FRIEND,

Mr. IZAAK WALTON,

The ELDER.

SIR,

BEING you were pleaſed, ſome years paſt, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted; and obſerving you never retract any promiſe, when made in

* The reader will ſee the reaſon why *Cotton* calls *Walton* his father, in a ſubſequent note.

favour even of your meaneſt friends, I accordingly expect to ſee theſe following particular directions for the taking of a Trout, to wait upon your better and more general rules for all ſorts of angling: and, though mine be neither ſo perfect, ſo well digeſted, nor indeed ſo handſomely coucht, as they might have been, in ſo long a time as ſince your leave was granted, yet I dare affirm them to be generally true: and they had appeared too in ſomething a neater dreſs, but that I was ſurprized with the ſudden news of a ſudden new edition of your *Complete Angler*; ſo that, having but a little more than ten days time to turn me in, and rub up my memory; for, in truth, I have not, in all this long time,

though

though I have often thought on't, and almoſt as often reſolved to go preſently about it, I was forced upon the inſtant to ſcribble what I here preſent you: which I have alſo endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honeſt brothers of the angle readily to underſtand, which is the only thing I aim at, then I have my end, and ſhall need to make no further apology; a writing of this kind not requiring, if I were maſter of any ſuch thing, any eloquence to ſet it off, or recommend it: ſo that if you, in your better judgment, or kindneſs rather, can allow it paſſable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour if the cypher, fixed and carved in the front of my

little fiſhing-houſe, may be here explained: and to permit me to attend you in publick, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever reſolve to be,

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate Son,

Berisford, 10th of *March*, 1675-6. *And Servant,*

CHARLES COTTON.

TO

TO

My most HONOURED FRIEND,

CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

SIR,

YOU now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of The Art of Fly-fishing, *printed just as it was sent me: for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And, when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love; then, let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.*

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation, both of your fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a copy of verses that you were pleased to send me, now some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold; if you do, I will say so too; and

so

so far commute for my offence, that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live,

SIR,

London,
April 29, 1676.

Your most affectionate

Father and Friend,

IZAAK WALTON.

THE

THE

RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS,

TO

Mr. IZAAK WALTON.

I.

FAREWEL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

III. *Oh,*

III.

Oh, how happy here's our leiſure!
Oh, how innocent our pleaſure!
Oh, ye vallies, Oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves, and chryſtal fountains!
How I love at liberty,
By turns to come and viſit ye!

IV.

Dear ſolitude, the ſoul's beſt friend,
That man acquainted with himſelf doſt make;
And all his Maker's wonder to intend,
With thee I here converſe at will,
And would be glad to do ſo ſtill,
For it is thou alone that keep'ſt the ſoul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, ſit, or ſleep at one's own eaſe!
And, pleaſing a man's ſelf, none other to diſpleaſe.

VI.

Oh my beloved nymph, fair Dove!
Princeſs of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie,
And view thy ſilver ſtream,
When gilded by a ſummer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty:
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, induſtriouſly to try.

VII. *Such*

VII.

Such ſtreams, Rome's *yellow* Tyber *cannot ſhow,*
The Iberian Tagus, *or* Ligurian Po;
The Maeſe, *the* Danube, *and the* Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine:
And Loire's *pure ſtreams yet too polluted are*
With thine much purer to compare:
The rapid Garonne, *and the winding* Seine,
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, *with thee*
To vie priority:
Nay, Tame *and* Iſis, *when conjoin'd, ſubmit,*
And lay their trophies at thy ſilver feet.

VIII.

Oh my beloved rocks, that riſe
To awe the earth and brave the ſkies:
From ſome aſpiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleaſure to look down:
And from the vales to view the heights above!
Oh my beloved caves! from dog-ſtar's heat,
And all anxieties, my ſafe retreat:
What ſafety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft when grief has made me fly
To hide me from ſociety,
Ev'n of my deareſt friends, have I
In your receſſes friendly ſhade,
All my ſorrows open laid,
And my moſt ſecret woes intruſted to your privacy!

IX.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myſelf to be,
Might I in this deſert place,
Which moſt men in diſcourſe diſgrace,
Live but undiſturb'd and free!

Here

Here in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
*Try to live out to sixty full years old**
And all the while,
Without an envious eye,
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

C. C.

* This he did not, for he was born in 1630, and died in 1687. See the account of his life prefixed.

THE

THE COMPLETE ANGLER:

OR THE

Contemplative Man's Recreation.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

PISCATOR JUNIOR, *and* VIATOR.

PISCATOR.

YOU are happily overtaken, Sir; may a man be so bold as to enquire how far you travel this way?

Viator. Yes sure, Sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to *Ashborn*, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

Piscat. Why then, Sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called *Brelsford**, it is five miles; and you are not yet above half a mile on this side.

* *Bralesford. Spelman's Villare.*

Viat.

Viat. So much! I was told it was but ten miles from *Derby*; and methinks I have rode almoſt ſo far already.

Piſcat. O, Sir, find no fault with large meaſure of good land, which *Derbyſhire* abounds in, as much as moſt counties of *England*.

Viat. It may be ſo; and good land, I confeſs, affords a pleaſant proſpect: but by your good leave, Sir, large meaſure of foul way is not altogether ſo acceptable.

Piſcat. True, Sir, but the foul way ſerves to juſtify the fertility of the ſoil, according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way;" and is of good uſe to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffic to the country-town you came from; which is alſo very obſervable by the fulneſs of its road, and the loaden horſes you meet every where upon the way.

Viat. Well, Sir, I will be content to think as well of your country as you would deſire; and I ſhall have a great deal of reaſon both to think and to ſpeak very well of you, if I may obtain the happineſs of your company to the fore-mentioned place, provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to ſlack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a ſtranger in theſe parts, and who am ſtill to wander further out of my own knowledge.

Piſcat. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage, and I am ready to attend you, my way lying through that town; but my buſineſs, that is, my home, ſome miles beyond it: however, I ſhall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterwards to perform my own journey. In the mean time, may I be ſo bold as to enquire the end of your journey?

Viat. 'Tis into *Lancaſhire*, Sir, and about ſome buſineſs of concern to a near relation of mine: for I aſſure you, I do not uſe to take ſo long journies as from *Eſſex*, upon the ſingle account of pleaſure.

Piſcat. From thence, Sir! I do not then wonder you ſhould appear diſſatisfied with the length of the miles,

miles, and the foulneſs of the way: though I am ſorry you ſhould begin to quarrel with them ſo ſoon; for believe me, Sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worſe, before you come to your journey's end.

Viat. Why truly, Sir, for that I am prepared to expect the worſt; but methinks the way is mended, ſince I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

Piſcat. You are not obliged to my company for that; but becauſe you are already paſt the worſt, and the greateſt part of your way to your lodging.

Viat. I am very glad to hear it, both for the eaſe of myſelf and my horſe; but eſpecially becauſe I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your converſation; though the ſhortneſs of the way will, I fear, make me loſe it the ſooner.

Piſcat. That, Sir, is not worth your care; and I am ſure you deſerve much better for being content with ſo ill company: but we have already talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this ſandy hill you have but three miles to *Aſhborn*.

Viat. I meet every where in this country with theſe little brooks, and they look as if they were full of fiſh; have they not Trouts in them?

Piſcat. That is a queſtion which is to be excuſed in a ſtranger, as you are; otherwiſe, give me leave to tell you, it would ſeem a kind of affront to our country to make a doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal; for you are to underſtand, that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets and brooks, as any country whatever; and they are all full of Trouts, and ſome of them the beſt, it is ſaid, by many degrees, in *England*.

Viat. I was firſt, Sir, in love with you; and now ſhall be ſo enamoured of your country by this account you give me of it, as to wiſh myſelf a *Derbyſhire* man, or at leaſt that I might live in it: for you muſt know

I am a pretender to the angle, and, doubtleſs, a Trout affords the moſt pleaſure to the angler of any ſort of fiſh whatever; and the beſt Trouts muſt needs make the beſt ſport: but this brook, and ſome others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

Piſcat. This, Sir! why this, and ſeveral others like it, which you have paſt, and ſome that you are like to paſs, have ſcarce any name amongſt us: but we can ſhew you as fine rivers, and as clear from wood, or any other incumbrance to hinder an angler, as any you ever ſaw; and for clear beautiful ſtreams, *Hantſhire* itſelf, by Mr. *Iſaac Walton*'s good leave, can ſhew none ſuch; nor I think any country in *Europe*.

Viat. You go far, Sir, in the praiſe of your country rivers, and I perceive have read Mr. *Walton*'s *Complete Angler*, by your naming of *Hantſhire*; and I pray what is your opinion of that book?

Piſcat. My opinion of Mr. *Walton*'s book is the ſame with every man's that underſtands any thing of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one, and that the fore-mentioned gentleman underſtands as much of fiſh, and fiſhing, as any man living: but I muſt tell you further, that I have the happineſs to know his perſon, and to be intimately acquainted with him, and in him to know the worthieſt man, and to enjoy the beſt, and the trueſt friend any man ever had: nay, I ſhall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet aſhamed to own me for his adopted ſon *.

Viat.

* It was a practice with the pretended maſters of the Hermetic ſcience, to adopt favourite perſons for their ſons, to whom they imparted their ſecrets. *Aſhmole*, in his Diary, p. 25. ſays, "Mr. *Backhouſe* told me, I muſt now needs be his ſon, becauſe "he had communicated ſo many ſecrets to me." And, a little after, p. 27. "My *father Backhouſe*, lying ſick in *Fleet-ſtreet*, told "me, in ſyllables, the true matter of the philoſopher's ſtone, "which he bequeathed to me as a legacy." See more of this practice, and of the tremendous ſolemnities with which the ſecret was communicated, in *Aſhmole*'s Theat. Chem. Brit. p. 440.

And,

Viat. In earneſt, Sir, I am raviſhed to meet with a friend of Mr. *Iſaac Walton*'s, and one that does him ſo much right in ſo good and true a character; for I muſt boaſt to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the ſame manner I do with you; that he was my maſter, who firſt taught me to love angling, and then to become an angler; and to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of *Venator*; for I was wholly addicted to the chace, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and leſs dangerous diverſion.

Piſcat. Sir, I think myſelf happy in your acquaintance, and before we part ſhall entreat leave to embrace you; you have ſaid enough to recommend you to my beſt opinion: for my father *Walton* will be ſeen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but ſuch as he believes to be very honeſt men; which is one of the beſt arguments, or at leaſt of the beſt teſtimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of thoſe, ſeeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

Viat. You ſpeak like a true friend, and in doing ſo render yourſelf worthy of his friendſhip. May I be ſo bold as to aſk your name?

Piſcat. Yes ſurely, Sir, and if you pleaſe a much nicer queſtion; my name is ———, and I intend to ſtay long enough in your company, if I find you do not diſlike mine, to aſk your's too. In the mean time, becauſe we are now almoſt at *Aſhborn*, I ſhall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too, and, peradventure, can give you ſome inſtructions how to angle for a Trout in a clear river, that my father *Walton* himſelf will not diſapprove, though he did either purpoſely omit, or did not remember

And, in imitation of this practice, *Ben Jonſon* adopted ſeveral perſons his ſons, to the number of twelve or fourteen; among whom were, *Cartwright*, *Randolph*, and *Alexander Brome*; and it ſhould ſeem by the text, that *Walton* followed the above-mentioned examples, by adopting *Cotton* for his ſon.

them, when you and he ſat diſcourſing under the ſycamore-tree *. And being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are, I will heartily and earneſtly entreat you will not think of ſtaying at this town; but go on with me ſix miles further, to my houſe, where you ſhall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your way; we have day enough to perform our journey, and as you like your entertainment, you may there repoſe yourſelf a day or two, or as many more as your occaſions will permit, to recompenſe the trouble of ſo much a longer journey.

Viat. Sir, you ſurpriſe me with ſo friendly an invitation upon ſo ſhort acquaintance: but how advantageous ſoever it would be to me, and that my haſte, perhaps, is not ſo great but it might diſpenſe with ſuch a divertiſement as I promiſe myſelf in your company, yet I cannot, in modeſty, accept your offer, and muſt therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwiſe, I confeſs, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr. *Iſaac Walton*, and to receive thoſe inſtructions you ſay you are able to give me for the deceiving a Trout; in which art I will not deny, but that I have an ambition to be one of the greateſt deceivers; though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to ſay much more than has been read to me upon that ſubject.

Piſcat. Well, Sir, I grant that too; but you muſt know that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you ſhall have the beſt rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myſelf as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years experience; for ſo long I have been a dabbler in that art; and that if you pleaſe to ſtay a few days, you ſhall in a very great meaſure ſee made good to you. But of that hereafter; and now, Sir, if I am not miſtaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modeſty of your's, I will take

* See Part I. Page 98.

upon

upon me to be ſo familiar as to ſay, you muſt accept my invitation; which, that you may the more eaſily be perſuaded to do, I will tell you that my houſe ſtands upon the margin of one of the fineſt rivers for Trouts and Grayling in *England*; that I have lately built a little fiſhing-houſe upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will ſee the two firſt letters of my father *Walton*'s name and mine twiſted in cypher *; that you ſhall lie in the ſame bed he has ſometimes been contented with, and have ſuch country entertainment as my friends ſometimes accept; and be as welcome too as the beſt friend of them all.

* *As in the Title-page.*

Viat. No doubt, Sir, but my maſter *Walton* found good reaſon to be ſatisfied with his entertainment in your houſe; for you who are ſo friendly to a mere ſtranger, who deſerves ſo little, muſt needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deſerves ſo much.

Piſcat. Believe me, no; and ſuch as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman, know him to be a man, who will not endure to be treated like a ſtranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainments, has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good-nature, and nothing elſe. But, Sir, we are now going down the *Spittle-hill* into the town; and therefore let me importune you ſuddenly to reſolve, and moſt earneſtly not to deny me.

Viat. In truth, Sir, I am ſo overcome by your bounty, that I find I cannot, but muſt render myſelf wholly to be diſpoſed by you.

Piſcat. Why that's heartily and kindly ſpoken, and I as heartily thank you; and being you have abandoned yourſelf to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glaſs on horſeback at the *Talbot*, and away.

Viat. I attend you; but what pretty river is this, that runs under this ſtone-bridge? has it a name?

Piſcat. Yes, it is called *Henmore*, and has in it both Trout and Grayling; but you will meet with one or two better anon. And ſo ſoon as we are paſt through the town, I will endeavour, by ſuch diſcourſe

as beſt likes you, to paſs away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

Viat. We can talk of nothing with which I ſhall be more delighted than of rivers and angling.

Piſcat. Let thoſe be the ſubjects then; but we are now come to the *Talbot*; What will you drink, Sir, ale, or wine?

Viat. Nay, I am for the country liquor, *Derbyſhire* ale, if you pleaſe; for a man ſhould not, methinks, come from *London* to drink wine in the *Peak*.

Piſcat. You are in the right; and yet let me tell you, you may drink worſe *French* wine in many taverns in *London*, than they have ſometimes at this houſe. What ho! bring us a flaggon of your beſt ale; and now, Sir, my ſervice to you, a good health to the honeſt gentleman you know of, and you are welcome into the *Peak*.

Viat. I thank you, Sir, and preſent you my ſervice again, and to all the honeſt brothers of the angle.

Piſcat. I'll pledge you, Sir: ſo, there's for your ale, and farewel. Come, Sir, let us be going, for the ſun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride; for you will ſee an odd country, and ſights that will ſeem ſtrange to you.

CHAP. II.

PISCATOR.

SO, Sir, now we have got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

Viat. Bleſs me, what mountains are here! are we not in *Wales?*

Piſcat. No, but in almoſt as mountainous a country; and yet theſe hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton, above ground, and afford good ſtore of lead within.

Viat.

Viat. They had need of all thoſe commodities to make amends for the ill landſkip: but I hope our way does not lie over any of theſe, for I dread a precipice.

Piſcat. Believe me, but it does, and down one eſpecially, that will appear a little terrible to a ſtranger: though the way is paſſable enough, and ſo paſſable, that we who are natives of theſe mountains, and acquainted with them, diſdain to alight.

Viat. I hope, though, that a foreigner is privileged to uſe his own diſcretion, and that I may have the liberty to entruſt my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to thoſe of my horſe, for I have no more at home.

Piſcat. 'Twere hard elſe. But in the mean time, I think 'twere beſt, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be paſt that hill I ſpeak of; to the end your apprehenſion may not be doubled, for want of light to diſcern the eaſineſs of the deſcent.

Viat. I am willing to put forward as faſt as my beaſt will give me leave, though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

Piſcat. Why this, Sir, is called *Bently-brook*, and is full of very good Trout and Grayling; but ſo encumbered with wood in many places, as is troubleſome to an angler.

Viat. Here are the prettieſt rivers, and the moſt of them in this country that ever I ſaw; do you know how many you have in the country?

Piſcat. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble, but the moſt conſiderable of them I will preſently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you muſt know we are now upon the very ſkirts of *Derbyſhire*; we have firſt the river *Dove*, that we ſhall come to by and by, which divides the two counties of *Derby* and *Stafford* for many miles together; and is ſo called from the ſwiftneſs of its current, and that ſwiftneſs occaſioned by the declivity of its courſe, and by being ſo ſtraitned in that courſe betwixt the rocks; by which, and thoſe

very high ones, it is hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow ſtream: a river that from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is ſwelled, before it falls into *Trent*, a little below *Eggington*, where it loſes the name, to ſuch a breadth and depth, as to be in moſt places navigable, were not the paſſage frequently interrupted with fords and wears, and has as fertile banks as any river in *England*, none excepted. And this river, from its head, for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the reſt of the *Derbyſhire* rivers of note originally are, for they all ſpring from the moſſes; but is in a few miles travel, ſo clarified by the addition of ſeveral clear and very great ſprings, bigger than itſelf, which guſh out of the lime-ſtone rocks, that before it comes to my houſe, which is but ſix or ſeven miles from its ſource, you will find it one of the pureſt cryſtalline ſtreams you have ſeen.

Viat. Does *Trent* ſpring in theſe parts?

Piſcat. Yes, in theſe parts; not in this county, but ſomewhere towards the upper end of *Staffordſhire*, I think not far from a place called *Trentham*, and thence runs down not far from *Stafford* to *Wolſly-bridge*, and waſhing the ſkirts and purlieus of the foreſt of *Need-wood*, runs down to *Burton* in the ſame county; thence it comes into this where we now are, and running by *Swarkſton* and *Dunnington*, receives *Derwent* at *Wildon*, and ſo to *Nottingham*, thence to *Newark*, and by *Gainſborough* to *Kingſton* upon *Hull*, where it takes the name of *Humber*, and thence falls into the ſea; but that the map will beſt inform you.

Viat. Know you whence this river *Trent* derives its name?

Piſcat. No, indeed; and yet I have heard it often diſcours'd upon, when ſome have given its denomination from the fore-named *Trentham*, though that ſeems rather a derivative from it; others have ſaid it is ſo called from thirty rivers that fall into it, and there loſe their names; which cannot be neither, becauſe it carries

carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it; others derive it from thirty ſeveral ſorts of fiſh that breed there; and that is the moſt likely derivation: but be it how it will, it is doubtleſs one of the fineſt rivers in the world, and the moſt abounding with excellent Salmon, and all ſorts of delicate fiſh.

Viat. Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this digreſſion, and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this diſcourſe.

Piſcat. It was no interruption, but a very ſeaſonable queſtion; for *Trent* is not only one of our *Derbyſhire* rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the reſt pay the tribute of their names; which I had, perhaps, forgot to inſiſt upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed; and the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eaſtward from us, is the river *Wye*; I ſay of note, for we have two leſſer betwixt us and it, namely, *Lathkin* and *Bradford*; of which *Lathkin* is, by many degrees, the pureſt and moſt tranſparent ſtream that I ever yet ſaw, either at home or abroad; and breeds, it is ſaid, the reddeſt, and the beſt Trouts in *England*; but neither of theſe are to be reputed rivers, being no better than great ſprings. The river *Wye* then has its ſource near unto *Buxton*, a town ſome ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to *Mancheſter*; a black water too at the fountain, but by the ſame reaſon with *Dove*, becomes very ſoon a moſt delicate clear river, and breeds admirable Trout and Grayling, reputed by thoſe, who, by living upon its banks are partial to it, the beſt of any; and this, running down by *Aſhford*, *Bakewell*, and *Hadder*, at a town a little lower, called *Rowſly*, falls into *Derwent*, and there loſes its name *. The next in order is

* By this it appears, that there two rivers in *England* that bear the name of *Wye*; the former *Wye*, occaſionally mentioned, p. 124, 129, 133, and elſewhere in this work, has, as well as the *Severn*, its

is *Derwent*, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain, but quite through its progreſs, not having theſe cryſtal ſprings to waſh and cleanſe it which the two forementioned have; but abounds with Trout and Grayling, ſuch as they are, towards its ſource, and with Salmon below; and this river, from the upper and utmoſt part of this county, where it ſprings, taking its courſe by *Chatſworth*, *Darley*, *Matlock*, *Derby*, *Burrow-Aſh*, and *Awberſon*, falls into *Trent* at a place called *Wildon*, and there loſes its name. The eaſt ſide of this county of *Derby* is bounded by little inconſiderable rivers, as *Awber*, *Eroways*, and the like, ſcarce worth naming, but trouty too; and further we are not to enquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a man may ſay, by water, till we are now come to the deſcent of the formidable hill I told you of, at the foot of which runs the river *Dove*, which I cannot but love above all the reſt; and therefore prepare yourſelf to be a little frighted.

Viat. Sir, I ſee you would fortify me, that I ſhould not ſhame myſelf; but I dare follow where you pleaſe to lead me, and I ſee no danger yet; for the deſcent, methinks, is thus far green, even, and eaſy.

Piſcat. You will like it worſe preſently, when you come to the brow of the hill; and now we are there, what think you?

Viat. What do I think? Why I think it the ſtrangeſt place that, ever ſure, men and horſes went

its head in the *Plinlimmon* hills, on the borders of *Montgomery* and *Cardiganſhires*; from whence, as its *Latin* name, *Vaga*, imports, wandering through part of *Brecknockſhire*, it, near the *Hay*, enters *Herefordſhire*, and at *Mordiford*, within four miles of *Hereford*, receives the *Lug*; from thence, paſſing on to *Roſs*, it enters *Monmouthſhire*, and falls into the *Severn* below *Chepſtow*.

It abounds with that ſmall ſpecies of fiſh called Laſt-ſprings: for which ſee page 133; and alſo with Grayling.

And here it may be neceſſary to remark, that the names of *Avon*, *Ouſe*, *Stoure*, and ſome others, are common to many rivers in *England*, as that of *Dulas* is to numbers in *Wales*. See notes on the *Polyolbion*, ſong the ſixth.

down;

down; and that, if there be any ſafety at all, the ſafeſt way is to alight.

Piſcat. I think ſo too for you, who are mounted upon a beaſt not acquainted with theſe ſlippery ſtones; and though I frequently ride down, I will alight too to bear you company, and to lead you the way; and, if you pleaſe, my man ſhall lead your horſe.

Viat. Marry, Sir, and thank you too; for I am afraid I ſhall have enough to do to look to myſelf; and with my horſe in my hand ſhould be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horſe's falling on me; for it is as ſteep as a penthouſe.

Piſcat. To look down from hence it appears ſo, I confeſs; but the path winds and turns, and will not be found ſo troubleſome.

Viat. Would I were well down though! Hoiſt thee! there's one fair 'ſcape! theſe ſtones are ſo ſlippery I cannot ſtand! yet again! I think I were beſt lay my heels in my neck, and tumble down.

Piſcat. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be ſoon at the bottom; but give me your hand at this broad ſtone, and then the worſt is paſt.

Viat. I thank you, Sir, I am now paſt it, I can go myſelf. What's here, the ſign of a bridge? Do you uſe to travel with wheelbarrows in this country?

Piſcat. Not that I ever ſaw, Sir. Why do you aſk that queſtion?

Viat. Becauſe this bridge certainly was made for nothing elſe; why a mouſe can hardly go over it: 'tis not two fingers broad.

Piſcat. You are pleaſant, and I am glad to ſee you ſo: but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

Viat. Why according to the *French* proverb, and 'tis a good one among a great many of worſe ſenſe and ſound that language abounds in, *Ce que Dieu garde, eſt bien gardé.* They whom God takes care of are in ſafe protection: but, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thouſand pounds, nor fall off it for two; and yet

yet I think I dare venture on foot, though if you were not by to laugh at me, I ſhould do it on all four.

Piſcat. Well, Sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to ſee you ſafe over; and now you are welcome into *Staffordſhire*.

Viat. How, *Staffordſhire!* What do I there trow! there is not a word of *Staffordſhire* in all my direction.

Piſcat. You ſee you are betrayed into it; but it ſhall be in order to ſomething that will make amends, and 'tis but an ill mile or two out of your way.

Viat. I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river *Dove?* 'Tis clear and ſwift indeed, but a very little one.

Piſcat. You ſee it here at the worſt; we ſhall come to it anon again after two miles riding, and ſo near as to lie upon the very banks.

Viat. Would we were there once; but I hope we have no more of theſe *Alps* to paſs over.

Piſcat. No, no, Sir, only this aſcent before you, which you ſee is not very uneaſy, and then you will no more quarrel with your way.

Viat. Well, if ever I come to *London*, of which many a man there, if he were in my place, would make a queſtion, I will ſit down and write my travels, and, like *Tom Coriate*, print them at my own charge*. Pray what do you call this hill we came down? *Piſcat.*

* *Tom Coriate* lived in the reign of king *James* the firſt, and, as *Wood* calls him, was the *whetſtone of all the wits of that age*; and indeed, the alluſions to him, and to the ſingular oddneſs of his character, are numberleſs. He travelled almoſt over *Europe* on foot, and in that tour walked 900 miles with one pair of ſhoes, which he got mended at *Zurich*. Afterwards he viſited *Turkey*, *Perſia*, and the *Great Mogul*'s dominions, travelling in ſo frugal a manner, that, as he tells his mother, in a letter to her, in his ten months' travels between *Aleppo* and the *Mogul*'s court, he ſpent but *three pounds ſterling*; living reaſonably well for about *two-pence ſterling* a day; and of that three pounds, he elſewhere ſays, he was cozened of no leſs than ten ſhillings ſterling by certain *Chriſtians* of the *Armenian* nation; ſo that, indeed, he ſpent but fifty ſhillings in his ten months' travels. In theſe his travels he attained to great proficiency both in the *Perſian* and *Indoſtan* languages; in the former he made and pronounced an oration to the *Great Mogul*, and his ſkill in the latter he took occaſion to manifeſt in the following very ſignal inſtance. In the ſervice of the *Engliſh* ambaſſador

then

Piſcat. We call it *Hanſon-Toot.*

Viat. Why, farewel *Hanſon-Toot*, I'll no more on thee; I'll go twenty miles about firſt:—Puh! I ſweat, that my ſhirt ſticks to my back.

Piſcat. Come, Sir, now we are up the hill, and now how do you?

Viat. Why very well, I humbly thank you, Sir, and warm enough, I aſſure you. What have we here,

then reſident, was a woman of *Indoſtan*, a laundreſs, whoſe frequent practice it was to ſcold, brawl and rail, from ſun-riſing to ſun-ſet. This formidable ſhrew did *Coriate* one day undertake to ſcold with in her own language, and ſucceeded ſo well in the attempt, that by eight of the clock in the morning he had totally ſilenced her, leaving her not a word to ſpeak. See a Voyage to *Eaſt-India*, by *Edward Terry*, chaplain to Sir *Tho. Row*, ambaſſador to the *Great Mogul*, 12mo. 1655.

Further it appears, that he was a zealous champion for the *Chriſtian* religion, againſt the *Mahometans* and *Pagans*; in the defence whereof he ſometimes riſqued his life. In *Turkey*, when a prieſt, as the cuſtom is, was proclaiming from a moſque-tower that *Mahomet* was a true prophet, *Tom*, in the fury of his zeal, and in the face of the whole city, told the prieſt *he lyed*, and *that his prophet was an impoſtor:* and, at a city called *Multan*, in the *Eaſt-Indies*, he, in publick, diſputed with a *Mahometan*, who had called him *giaur*, or *infidel*, in theſe words: "*But, I pray thee, tell me*, "*thou* Mahometan, *doſt thou in ſadneſs call me* giaur? *That I do*, "quoth he: *Then*, quoth I, *in very ſober ſadneſs I retort that ſhame-*"*ful word in thy throat, and tell thee plainly, that I am a* muſſul-"man, *and thou art a* giaur." He concludes thus: "*Go to then*, "*thou falſe believer, ſince by thy injurious imputation laid on me, in* "*that thou calledſt me* giaur, *thou haſt provoked me to ſpeak thus. I* "*pray thee, let this mine anſwer be a warning for thee not to ſcanda-*"*lize me in the like manner any more; for the* Chriſtian *religion*, "*which I profeſs, is ſo dear and tender unto me, that neither thou*, "*nor any other* Mahometan, *ſhall, ſcot-free, call me* giaur, *but* "*that I ſhall quit you with an anſwer much to the wonder of thoſe* "Mahometans. *Dixi.*"

He died of the flux, occaſioned by drinking ſack at *Surat*, in 1617; having publiſhed his *European* travels in a quarto volume, which he called his *Crudities*; and to this circumſtance the paſſage in the text is a manifeſt alluſion. See *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. Col. 422. *Purchaſe*'s Pilgrim, Part I. Book 4. Chap. 17. *Coriate*'s letter from the court of the Great *Mogul*, *Quarto*, 1616; and above all *Terry*'s Voyage before cited, the author whereof was, as he himſelf aſſerts, his chamber-fellow, or tent-mate, in *Eaſt-India.*

a church?

a church? As I'm an honeſt man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, Sir?

Piſcat. You ſee we have: but had you ſeen none, why ſhould you make that doubt, Sir?

Viat. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myſelf a ſtage or two beyond *Chriſtendom.*

Piſcat. Come, come, we'll reconcile you to our country before we part with you, if ſhewing you good ſport with angling will do it.

Viat. My reſpect to you, and that together may do much, Sir; otherwiſe, to be plain with you, I do not find myſelf much inclined that way.

Piſcat. Well, Sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almoſt home; and look you where the ſame river of *Dove* has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a diſh of Trouts to-morrow.

Viat. Is this the ſame we ſaw at the foot of *Penmen-Maure?* It is a much finer river here.

Piſcat. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow. But look you, Sir, here appears the houſe, that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

Viat. It appears on a ſudden, but not before 'twas looked for; it ſtands prettily, and here's wood about it too, but ſo young, as appears to be of your own planting.

Piſcat. It is ſo; will it pleaſe you to alight, Sir; and now permit me, after all your pains and dangers to take you in my arms, and to aſſure you, that you are infinitely welcome.

Viat. I thank you, Sir, and am glad with all my heart I am here; for, in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

Piſcat. You will ſleep ſo much the better; you ſhall preſently have a light ſupper, and to bed. Come, Sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have preſently, and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the mean time, in my father *Walton*'s chamber; and now, Sir, here is my ſervice to you, and once more welcome.

Viat. Ay marry, Sir, this glaſs of good ſack has refreſhed me, and I'll make as bold with your meat, for the trot has got me a good ſtomach.

Piſcat. Come, Sir, fall to then, you ſee my little ſupper is always ready when I come home; and I'll make no ſtranger of you.

Viat. That your meal is ſo ſoon ready is a ſign your ſervants know your certain hours, Sir; I confeſs I did not expect it ſo ſoon; but now 'tis here, you ſhall ſee I will make myſelf no ſtranger.

Piſcat. Much good do your heart, and I thank you for that friendly word: and now, Sir, my ſervice to you in a cup of *More-Land*'s ale: for you are now in the *More-Lands*, but within a ſpit and a ſtride of the *Peak*; fill my friend his glaſs.

Viat. Believe me you have good ale in the *More-Lands*, far better than that at *Aſhborn*.

Piſcat. That it may ſoon be: for *Aſhborn* has, which is a kind of a riddle, always in it the beſt malt, and the worſt ale in *England*. Come, take away, and bring us ſome pipes, and a bottle of ale, and go to your own ſuppers. Are you for this diet, Sir?

Viat. Yes, Sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive your's is very good by the ſmell.

Piſcat. The beſt I can get in *London*, I aſſure you *. But, Sir, now you have thus far complied with my deſigns,

* It ſhould ſeem, by what *Walton* ſays, Chap. X. that he was a ſmoker: and the reader ſees, by the paſſage in the text, that *Piſcator*, by whom we are to underſtand *Cotton* himſelf, is ſo curious as to have his tobacco from *London*. But our piſcatory diſciple may do as he pleaſes.

Smoking, or, as the phraſe was, *taking tobacco*, was, in queen *Elizabeth*'s and her ſucceſſor's time, eſteemed the greateſt of all foppery. *Ben Jonſon*, who mortally hated it, has numberleſs ſarcaſms againſt ſmoking and ſmokers; all which are nothing, compared to thoſe contained in that work of our king *James* the firſt, *A Counter-blaſt to tobacco*. Nor was the ordinary converſation of this monarch leſs fraught with reaſons and invectives againſt the uſe of that weed, as will appear from the following ſaying of his, extracted from *A Collection of* witty apophthegms, *delivered by him and others, at ſeveral times, and on ſundry occaſions*, publiſhed in 12mo. 1671. "That

designs, as to take a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

Viat. Why truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

Piscat. Not to your inconvenience by any means, Sir; but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where take counsel of your pillow, and to-morrow resolve me. Here,

" That *tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell*; for that " it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world " whereby hell may be gained; to wit: First, *It was a smoke*; " so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, *It delighteth them* " *who take it*; so do the pleasures of the world delight the men " of the world. Thirdly, *It maketh men drunken, and light in the* " *head*; so do the vanities of the world, men are drunken there-with. Fourthly, *He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it* " *doth bewitch him:* even so the pleasures of the world make men " loath to leave them, they are for the most part so inchanted " with them: and further, besides all this, *It is like hell in the* " *very substance of it, for it is a stinking loathsome thing*; and so is " hell. And further, his majesty professed that, *were he to invite* " *the devil to dinner*, he should have three dishes; 1. *A pig*; " 2. *A pole of ling and mustard*; and 3. *A pipe of tobacco* for di-" gesture."

In a poem printed *anno* 1619, written by *Samuel Rowley*, I meet with the following humorous lines, uttered by two good fellows, lovers of drinking and tobacco, and since that time printed on a *London* tobacconist's paper:

I am as dry as ever was March *dust,*
I have one groat, and I will spend it just.
—— O honest fellow, if that thou say'st so,
Lo! here's my groat, and my tobacco too.

I conclude this note on *smoking*, which by this time may have made the reader *laugh*, with the mention of a fact that may go near to make him *weep*, which the people of *Herefordshire* have by tradition. In that county, to signify the last or concluding pipe that any one means to smoke at a sitting, they use the term a *Kemble Pipe*, alluding to a man of the name of *Kemble*, who, in the cruel persecution under that merciless bigot queen *Mary*, being condemned for heresy, in his walk of some miles from the prison to the stake, amidst a croud of weeping friends and neighbours, with the tranquillity and fortitude of a primitive martyr, *smoked a pipe of tobacco!*

take

take the lights, and pray follow them, Sir. Here you are like to lie; and now I have shewed you your lodging, I beseech you, command any thing you want, and so I wish you good rest.

Viat. Good night, Sir *.

CHAP. III.

PISCATOR.

GOOD morrow, Sir; what! up and dress so early?

Viat. Yes, Sir, I have been dress this half hour; for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a Trout taken in your fine river, that I could no longer lie a bed.

Piscat. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport; though I must tell you, this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler: but, however, we'll try, and, one way or other, we shall sure do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

Viat. For breakfast, I never eat any, and for drink am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of ale, I'm for you; and let it be quickly, if you please, for I long to see the little fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

Piscat. Well, Sir, you see the ale is come without calling; for though I do not know your's, my people know my diet, which is always one glass so soon as I

* The gentlemanly hospitality of *Piscator*, by whom we are here to understand Mr. *Cotton* himself, in his behaviour to a stranger, manifested in the foregoing part of the dialogue, and in this instance of courtesy, is well worth noting.

am dreſt, and no more till dinner; and ſo my ſervants have ſerved you.

Viat. My thanks, and now, if you pleaſe, let us look out this fine morning.

Piſcat. With all my heart; boy, take the key of my fiſhing-houſe, and carry down thoſe two angle-rods in the hall-window thither, with my fiſh-pannier, pouch, and landing-net; and ſtay you there till we come. Come, Sir, we'll walk after; where, by the way, I expect you ſhould raiſe all the exceptions againſt our country you can.

Viat. Nay, Sir, do not think me ſo ill-natured, nor ſo uncivil; I only made a little bold with it laſt night to divert you, and was only in jeſt.

Piſcat. You were then in as good earneſt as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you: for, to ſay the truth, it is not very taking at firſt ſight. But look you, Sir, now you are abroad, does not the ſun ſhine as bright here as in *Eſſex*, *Middleſex*, or *Kent*, or any of your ſouthern counties?

Viat. 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed; and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

Piſcat. Whether you think ſo or no, you cannot oblige me more than to ſay ſo; and thoſe of my friends who know my humour, and are ſo kind as to comply with it, uſually flatter me that way. But look you, Sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river, the vale it winds through like a ſnake, and the ſituation of my little fiſhing-houſe?

Viat. Truſt me, 'tis all very fine, and the houſe ſeems at this diſtance a neat building.

Piſcat. Good enough for that purpoſe; and here is a bowling-green too, cloſe by it; ſo though I am myſelf no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleaſure, but that I have alſo ſome regard to other men's. And now, Sir, you are to come to the door, pray walk in, and there we will ſit, and talk as long as you pleaſe.

Viat.

Viat. Stay, what's here over the door? PISCATORIBUS SACRUM *. Why then, I perceive, I have ſome title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worſt; and here below it is the cypher too you ſpoke of, and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my maſter *Walton* ever been here to ſee it, for it ſeems new built †?

* *There is under this motto, the cypher mentioned in the title-page, and ſome part of the fiſhing-houſe has been deſcribed; but the pleaſantneſs of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot, unleſs Sir* Philip Sidney, *or Mr.* Cotton's *father, were again alive to do it.*

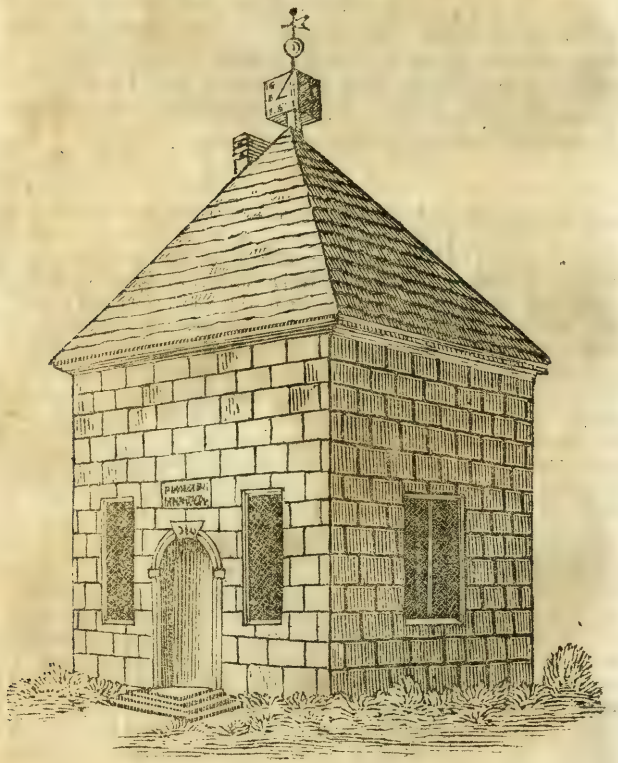
Piſcat. Yes, he ſaw it cut in the ſtone before it was ſet up, but never in the poſture it now ſtands: for the houſe was but building when he was laſt here, and not raiſed ſo high as the arch of the door, and I am afraid he will not ſee it yet; for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this ſummer; which, I do aſſure

† Having been informed that the fiſhing-houſe here mentioned was yet ſtanding, I employed an artiſt, well known for the many excellent views he has given the public of the *Peak*, and parts adjacent, to make a drawing of that and alſo of *Pike-pool*, with the rock riſing in the midſt thereof; both which are deſcribed Chap. VI. this he accordingly did; and from his drawings, the plate in the oppoſite page was engraved; which it is imagined the reader will be pleaſed with, as it exhibits the very ſcene where this dialogue is ſuppoſed to have been held, and where, as we are aſſured, *Cotton* and *Walton* uſed to fiſh. But ſince the publication of the former edition, I have been favoured with an accurate deſcription of the fiſhing-houſe, by a perſon, who, being in that country, with a view to oblige me went to ſee it. The account he gives of it is, that it is of ſtone, and the room on the inſide a cube of about fifteen feet: that it is paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a ſquare black marble table, ſupported by two ſtone feet. The room is wainſcoted, with curious moldings that divide the panels up to the cieling: in the larger panels are repreſented in painting ſome of the moſt pleaſant of the adjacent ſcenes, with perſons fiſhing; and in the ſmaller, the various ſorts of tackle and implements uſed in angling. In the further corner, on the left, is a fire-place, with a chimney; and, on the right, a large beaufet, with folding doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. *Cotton*, with a boy-ſervant, and *Walton*, in the dreſs of the time: underneath is a cupboard, on the door whereof the figures of a Trout, and alſo of a Grayling, are well pourtrayed.

assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

Viat. Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more room for their pleasures; and 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house, of any thing I ever saw: it stands

trayed. The edifice is at this time in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed. The following is believed to be a more correct view of it than the former.



in

in a kind of peninſula too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, leſt I ſhould not like it ſo well within as without; but, by your leave, I'll try. Why this is better and better, fine lights, finely wainſcoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table, and all, in the middle!

Piſcat. Enough, Sir, enough, I have laid open to you the part where I can worſt defend myſelf; and now you attack me there. Come, boy, ſet two chairs, and whilſt I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfaſt, we will, if you pleaſe, talk of ſome other ſubject.

Viat. None fitter then, Sir, for the time and place, than thoſe inſtructions you promiſed.

Piſcat. I begin to doubt, by ſomething I diſcover in you, whether I am able to inſtruct you or no; though, if you are really a ſtranger to our clear northern rivers, I ſtill think I can; and therefore, ſince it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the ſeventh of *March*, to caſt a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fiſhing for a Trout I ſhall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

Viat. Why, Sir, if you will ſo far oblige me, and that it may not be too troubleſome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you, that I am ſo far in love with you, your courteſy, and pretty *Moreland* ſeat, as to reſolve to ſtay with you long enough by intervals; for I will not oppreſs you, to hear all you can ſay upon upon that ſubject.

Piſcat. You cannot oblige me more than by ſuch a promiſe; and therefore, without more ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my father *Walton* having read to you before, it would look like a preſumption in me, and peradventure would do ſo in any other man, to pretend to give leſſons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, underſtands as much of it, at leaſt, as any man in *England*; did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of

myſelf, that I am able to give you better directions; but having from my childhood purſued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly I think by much, ſome of them at leaſt the cleareſt in this kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by reaſon of that exceeding clearneſs, being ſomething different from the method commonly uſed in others, which by being not near ſo bright, admit of ſtronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the ſtream; I may peradventure give you ſome inſtructions, that may be of uſe, even in your own rivers, and ſhall bring you acquainted with more flies, and ſhew you how to make them, and with what dubbing too, than he has taken notice of in his COMPLETE ANGLER.

Viat. I beſeech, you, Sir, do; and if you will lend me your ſteel, I will light a pipe the while; for that is commonly my breakfaſt in a morning too.

CHAP. IV.

PISCATOR.

WHY then, Sir, to begin methodically, as a maſter in any art ſhould do; and I will not deny, but that I think myſelf a maſter in this, I ſhall divide angling for Trout or Grayling into theſe three ways; at the top; at the bottom; and in the middle. Which three ways, though they are all of them, as I ſhall hereafter endeavour to make it appear, in ſome ſort common to both thoſe kinds of fiſh, yet are they not ſo generally and abſolutely ſo, but that they will neceſſarily require a diſtinction, which, in due place, I will alſo give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly; at the bottom with a ground-bait; in the middle with a minnow or ground-bait.

Angling

Plate XII. to Front *Page* 21[illegible] of Part II.

View of the Fishing-House Formerly Mr. COTTON'S

Page 45. Part II.

View of PIKE-POOL

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

Angling at the top is of two ſorts; with a quick fly, or with an artificial fly.

That we call angling at the bottom, is alſo of two ſorts; by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling in the middle, is alſo of two ſorts; with a Minnow for a Trout, or with a ground-bait for a Grayling.

Of all which ſeveral ſorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the beſt account I can.

Viat. The trouble will be your's, and mine the pleaſure and the obligation: I beſeech you therefore to proceed.

Piſcat. Why then, firſt of fly-fiſhing.

CHAP V.

Of FLY-FISHING.

PISCATOR.

FLY-fiſhing, or fiſhing at the top, is, as I ſaid before, of two ſorts; with a natural and living fly, or with an artificial and made fly.

Firſt then, of the natural fly; of which we generally uſe but two ſorts, and thoſe but in the two months of *May* and *June* only; namely, the green-drake, and the ſtone-fly; though I have made uſe of a third that way, called the camlet-fly, with very good ſucceſs, for Grayling; but never ſaw it angled with by any other after this manner, my maſter only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the beſt anglers that ever I knew.

Theſe are to be angled with with a ſhort line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the air be ſtill; or with a longer very near, or all out as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you. And this way of fiſhing we call daping,

dabbing or dibbing, wherein you are always to have your line flying before you, up or down the river, as the wind ſerves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the ſame ſide whereon you ſtand; though where you ſee a fiſh riſe near you, you may guide your quick fly over him, whether in the middle, or on the contrary ſide; and if you are pretty well out of ſight, either by kneeling, or the interpoſition of a bank or buſh, you may almoſt be ſure to raiſe, and take him too, if it be preſently done; the fiſh will otherwiſe peradventure be removed to ſome other place, if it be in the ſtill deeps, where he is always in motion, and roving up and down to look for prey; though in a ſtream, you may always almoſt, eſpecially if there be a good ſtone near, find him in the ſame place. Your line ought in this caſe to be three good hairs next the hook, both by reaſon you are in this kind of angling to expect the biggeſt fiſh, and alſo that wanting length to give him line after he is ſtruck, you muſt be forced to tug for it; to which I will alſo add, that not an inch of your line being to be ſuffered to touch the water in dibbing, it may be allowed to be the ſtronger. I ſhould now give you a deſcription of thoſe flies, their ſhape and colour, and then give you an account of their breeding, and withal ſhew you how to keep and uſe them; but ſhall defer them to their proper place and ſeaſon.

Viat. In earneſt, Sir, you diſcourſe very rationally of this affair, and I am glad to find myſelf miſtaken in you; for in plain truth, I did not expect ſo much from you.

Piſcat. Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this, and will conceal nothing from you. But I muſt now come to the ſecond way of angling at the top, which is with an artificial fly, which alſo I will ſhew you how to make before I have done; but firſt ſhall acquaint you, that with this you are to angle with a line longer by a yard and a half, or ſometimes two yards, than your rod; and with both this and the other in a ſtill day, in the ſtreams, in a breeze that curls

curls the water in the ſtill deeps, where (excepting in *May* and *June*, that the beſt Trouts will lie in ſhallow ſtreams to watch for prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the beſt fiſh.

For the length of your rod, you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you ſhall chuſe to angle at; and for a Trout-river, one of five or ſix yards long is commonly enough; and longer, though never ſo neatly and artificially made, it ought not to be, if you intend to fiſh at eaſe; and if otherwiſe, where lies the ſport?

Of theſe, the beſt that ever I ſaw are made in *Yorkſhire*, which are all of one piece; that is to ſay, of ſeveral, ſix, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, ſo neatly pieced, and tied together with fine thread below, and ſilk above, as to make it taper like a ſwitch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand; and theſe too are light, being made of fir-wood for two or three lengths neareſt to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top, that a man might very eaſily manage the longeſt of them that ever I ſaw, with one hand; and theſe, when you have given over angling for a ſeaſon, being taken to pieces, and laid up in ſome dry place, may afterwards be ſet together again in their former poſtures, and will be as ſtrait, ſound, and good, as the firſt hour they were made; and being laid in oil and colour, according to your maſter *Walton*'s direction, will laſt many years.

The length of your line, to a man that knows how to handle his rod, and to caſt it, is no manner of incumbrance, excepting in woody places, and in landing of a fiſh, which every one that can afford to angle for pleaſure, has ſomebody to do for him; and the length of line is a mighty advantage to the fiſhing at diſtance; and to fiſh *fine*, and *far off*, is the firſt and principal rule for Trout-angling *.

* An artiſt may eaſily throw twelve yards of line with one hand, and with two, he may as eaſily throw eighteen.

Your

Your line in this caſe ſhould never be leſs, nor ever exceed two hairs next to the hook; for one, though ſome I know will pretend to more art than their fellows, is indeed too few, the leaſt accident, with the fineſt hand, being ſufficient to break it: but he that cannot kill a Trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and ſome others of ours are, deſerves not the name of an angler *.

Now to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the firſt lengths neareſt the hook ſhould be of two hairs apiece, the next three lengths above them of three, the next three above them of four, and ſo of five and ſix, and ſeven, to the very top: by which means, your rod and tackle will in a manner be taper from your very hand to your hook; your line will fall much better and ſtraiter, and caſt your fly to any certain place to which the hand and eye ſhall direct it, with leſs weight and violence, that would otherwiſe circle the water, and fright away the fiſh.

In caſting your line, do it always before you †, and ſo that your fly may firſt fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as is poſſible; though if the wind be ſtiff, you will then of neceſſity be compelled to drown a good part of your line, to keep your fly in the water; and in caſting your fly, you muſt aim at the further or nearer bank, as the wind ſerves your turn; which alſo will be with and againſt you on the ſame ſide ſeveral times in an hour, as the river winds in its courſe, and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly; but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the wind evermore on your back; and always be ſure to ſtand as far off the bank as your length will give you leave, when you throw to the contrary ſide; though when the wind will not

* See the directions for your rod and line in the notes on Chap. XXI. Part I.

† Till you are a proficient, every throw will go near to coſt you a hook; therefore practiſe for ſome time without one.

permit

permit you ſo to do, and that you are conſtrained to angle on the ſame ſide whereon you ſtand, you muſt then ſtand on the very brink of the river, and caſt your fly at the utmoſt length of your rod and line, up or down the river, as the gale ſerves.

It only remains, touching your line, to enquire whether your two hairs next to the hook, are better twiſted, or open? And for that, I ſhould declare that I think the open way the better, becauſe it makes leſs ſhew in the water, but that I have found an inconvenience or two, or three, that have made me almoſt weary of that way; of which one is, that without diſpute they are not ſo ſtrong twiſted as open; another, that they are not eaſily to be faſtened of ſo exact an equal length in the arming, that the one will not cauſe the other to bag, by which means a man has but one hair upon the matter to truſt to; and the laſt is, that theſe looſe flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every twig or bent they meet with, but moreover the hook, in falling upon the water, will very often rebound, and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there ſtick, which, in a rough water eſpecially, is not preſently to be diſcerned by the angler, ſo as the point of the hook ſhall ſtand reverſed; by which means your fly ſwims backward, makes a much greater circle in the water, and, till taken home to you and ſet right, will never raiſe any fiſh; or if it ſhould, I am ſure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none *.

Having done with both theſe ways of fiſhing at the top, the length of your rod, and line and all, I am next to teach you how to make a fly; and afterwards of what dubbing you are to make the ſeveral flies I ſhall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly then, which is not a hackle or palmer-fly (for of thoſe, and their ſeveral kinds, we

* This, and the other inconveniencies mentioned in this paragraph, are effectually avoided by the uſe of a fine graſs, or gut, of about half a yard long, next the hook. See the notes on Chap. XXI. Part I.

ſhall

ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak every month in the year) you are firſt to hold your hook faſt betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left-hand, with the back of the ſhank upwards, and the point towards your finger's ends; then take a ſtrong ſmall ſilk, of the colour of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the ſame colour too (to which end, you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colours about you) and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb, to the head of the ſhank, and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which you muſt know is done, both to prevent ſlipping, and alſo that the ſhank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght, which ſometimes it will otherwiſe do: which being done, take your line and draw it likewiſe betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook ſo faſt as only to ſuffer it to paſs by, until you have the knot of your towght almoſt to the middle of the ſhank of your hook, on the inſide of it; then whip your ſilk twice or thrice about both hook and line, as hard as the ſtrength of the ſilk will permit; which being done, ſtrip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigneſs of your fly, placing that ſide downwards which grew uppermoſt before, upon the back of the hook, leaving ſo much only as to ſerve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume, lying reverſed from the end of the ſhank upwards; then whip your ſilk twice or thrice about the root-end of the feather, hook, and towght; which being done, clip off the root-end of the feather cloſe by the arming, and then whip the ſilk faſt and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook, but not further, as you do at *London*; and ſo make a very unhandſome, and, in plain *Engliſh*, a very unnatural and ſhapeleſs fly; which being done, cut away the end of your towght, and faſten it, and then take your dubbing, which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly with your hook betwixt the finger and thumb of your left-hand, take your ſilk with the right, and twiſting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that

hand,

hand, the dubbing will ſpin itſelf about the ſilk, which when it has done, whip it about the arm'd hook backward, till you come to the ſetting on of the wings; and then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts, and turn them back towards the bend of the hook, the one on the one ſide, and the other on the other of the ſhank, holding them faſt in that poſture betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left-hand; which done, warp them ſo down as to ſtand, and ſlope towards the bend of the hook; and having warped up to the end of the ſhank, hold the fly faſt betwixt the finger and thumb of your left-hand, and then take the ſilk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right-hand, and, where the warping ends, pinch or nip it with your thumb-nail againſt your finger, and ſtrip away the remainder of your dubbing from the ſilk, and then with the bare ſilk, whip it once or twice about, make the wings to ſtand in due order, faſten, and cut it off; after which, with the point of a needle, raiſe up the dubbing gently from the warp, twitch off the ſuperfluous hairs of your dubbing, leave the wings of an equal length, your fly will never elſe ſwim true, and the work is done. And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the beſt of all other, was taught me by a kinſman of mine, one Captain *Henry Jackſon*, a near neighbour, an admirable fly-angler, by many degrees the beſt fly-maker that ever I yet met with *. And now that I have told you how a fly is to be made, you ſhall preſently ſee me make one, with which you may peradventure take a Trout this morning, notwithſtanding the unlikelineſs of the day; for it is now nine of the clock, and fiſh will begin to riſe, if they will riſe to-day: I will walk along by you, and look on, and after dinner I will proceed in my lecture of fly-fiſhing.

* There needs nothing more be ſaid of theſe directions, than that hundreds have, by means of them alone, become excellent fly-makers.

For making a palmer, or hackle, ſee the notes on Chap. VII.

Viat.

Viat. I confeſs I long to be at the river, and yet I could ſit here all day to hear you; but ſome of the one, and ſome of the other, will do well; and I have a mighty ambition to take a Trout in your river *Dove*.

Piſcat. I warrant you ſhall: I would not for more than I will ſpeak of but you ſhould, ſeeing I have ſo extolled my river to you: nay, I will keep you here a month, but you ſhall have one good day of ſport before you go.

Viat. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way; for in good earneſt, if buſineſs would give me leave, and that it were fit, I could find in my heart to ſtay with you for ever.

Piſcat. I thank you, Sir, for that kind expreſſion; and now let me look out my things to make this fly.

CHAP. VI.

PISCATOR.

BOY, come, give me my dubbing bag here preſently; and now, Sir, ſince I find you ſo honeſt a man, I will make no ſcruple to lay open my treaſure before you.

Viat. Did ever any one ſee the like! what a heap of trumpery is here! certainly never an angler in *Europe* has his ſhop half ſo well furniſhed as you have.

Piſcat. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for ſhew only, to the end that ſuch as ſee it, which are not many I aſſure you, may think me a great maſter in the art of angling: but let me tell you, here are ſome colours, as contemptible as they ſeem here, that are very hard to be got, and ſcarce any one of them, which, if it ſhould be loſt, I ſhould not miſs, and be concerned about the loſs of it too, once in the year; but look you, Sir, amongſt all theſe I will chuſe out theſe two colours only, of which this is bear's hair, this darker,

no

S. Wale. Inv.t

Ryland. Scu.t

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759.

no great matter what; but I am ſure I have killed a great deal of fiſh with it; and with one or both of theſe you ſhall take Trout or Grayling this very day, notwithſtanding all diſadvantages, or my art ſhall fail me.

Viat. You promiſe comfortably, and I have a great deal of reaſon to believe every thing you ſay; but I wiſh the fly were made, that we were at it.

Piſcat. That will not be long in doing: and pray obſerve then. You ſee firſt how I hold my hook, and thus I begin. Look you, here are my firſt two or three whips about the bare hook; thus I join hook and line; thus I put on my wings; thus I twirl and lap on my dubbing; thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my ſuperfluous dubbing from my ſilk; thus faſten; thus trim and adjuſt my fly, and there is a fly made; and now how do you like it?

Viat. In earneſt, admirably well, and it perfectly reſembles a fly; but we about *London*, make the bodies of our flies both much bigger and longer, ſo long as even almoſt to the very beard of the hook.

Piſcat. I know it very well, and had one of thoſe flies given me by an honeſt gentleman, who came with my father *Walton* to give me a viſit; which, to tell you the truth, I hung in my parlour window to laugh at: but, Sir, you know the proverb, "They who go "to *Rome*, muſt do as they at *Rome* do;" and believe me, you muſt here make your flies after this faſhion, or you will take no fiſh. Come, I will look you out a line, and you ſhall put it on, and try it. There, Sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the farther end of the walk you ſhall begin: I ſee at that bend of the water above, the air criſps the water a little; knit your line firſt here, and then go up thither, and ſee what you can do.

Viat. Did you ſee that, Sir?

Piſcat. Yes, I ſaw the fiſh, and he ſaw you too, which made him turn ſhort; you muſt fiſh further off, if you intend to have any ſport here; this is no *New River*,

River, let me tell you. That was a good Trout, believe me; did you touch him?

Viat. No, I would I had, we would not have parted ſo. Look you, there was another; this is an excellent fly.

Piſcat. That fly, I am ſure, would kill fiſh, if the day were right; but they only chew at it, I ſee, and will not take it. Come, Sir, let us return back to the fiſhing-houſe; this ſtill water I ſee will not do our buſineſs to-day; you ſhall now, if you pleaſe, make a fly yourſelf*, and try what you can do in the ſtreams with that; and I know a Trout taken with a fly of your own making, will pleaſe you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, ſirrah; look you, Sir, there is a hook, towght, ſilk, and a feather for the wings; be doing with thoſe, and I will look you out a dubbing that I think will do.

Viat. This is a very little hook.

Piſcat. That may ſerve to inform you, that it is for a very little fly, and you muſt make your wings accordingly; for as the caſe ſtands, it muſt be a little fly, and a very little one too, that muſt do your buſineſs. Well ſaid! believe me you ſhift your fingers very handſomely; I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my maſter. So, here's your dubbing now.

Viat. This dubbing is very black.

Piſcat. It appears ſo in hand; but ſtep to the door, and hold it up betwixt your eye and the ſun, and it will appear a ſhining red; let me tell you, never a

* To make a fly is ſo eſſential, that he hardly deſerves the name of an angler who cannot do it. There are many who will go to a tackle-ſhop, and tell the maſter of it, as *Dapper* does *Subtle*, in the *Alchemiſt*, that they *want a fly*; for which they have a thing put into their hands, that would poſe a naturaliſt to find a reſemblance for: though, when particular directions have been given, I have known them excellently made by the perſons employed by the fiſhing-tackle makers in *London*. But do thou, my honeſt friend, learn to make thy own flies; and be aſſured, that in collecting and arranging the materials, and imitating the various ſhapes and colours of theſe admirable creatures, there is little leſs pleaſure than even in catching fiſh.

man

man in *England* can diſcern the true colour of a dubbing, any way but that, and therefore chuſe always to make your flies on ſuch a bright ſun-ſhine day as this, which alſo you may the better do, becauſe it is worth nothing to fiſh in: here, put it on, and be ſure to make the body of your fly as ſlender as you can. Very good! upon my word you have made a marvellous handſome fly!

Viat. I am very glad to hear it; it is the firſt that ever I made of this kind in my life.

Piſc. Away, away! You are a doctor at it; but I will not commend you too much, leſt I make you proud. Come, put it on, and you ſhall now go downward to ſome ſtreams betwixt the rocks below the little foot-bridge you ſee there, and try your fortune. Take heed of ſlipping into the water as you follow me under this rock: ſo, now you are over, and now throw in.

Viat. This is a fine ſtream indeed:—there's one! I have him.

Piſc. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I ſee you have a tender hand: this is a diminutive gentleman, e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.

Viat. Pardon me, Sir, all's fiſh that comes to the hook with me now.—Another!

Piſc. And of the ſame ſtanding.

Viat. I ſee I ſhall have good ſport now: another! and a Grayling. Why you have fiſh here at will.

Piſc. Come, come, croſs the bridge, and go down the other ſide lower, where you will find finer ſtreams and better ſport, I hope, than this. Look you, Sir, here is a fine ſtream now, you have length enough, ſtand a little further off, let me entreat you, and do but fiſh this ſtream like an artiſt, and peradventure a good fiſh may fall to your ſhare.—How now! what! is all gone?

Viat. No, I but touch'd him; but that was a fiſh worth taking.

Pisc. Why now, let me tell you, you loſt that fiſh by your own fault, and through your own eagerneſs and haſte; for you are never to offer to ſtrike a good fiſh, if he do not ſtrike himſelf, till firſt you ſee him turn his head after he has taken your fly, and then you can never ſtrain your tackle in the ſtriking, if you ſtrike with any manner of moderation. Come, throw in once again, and fiſh me this ſtream by inches; for I aſſure you, here are very good fiſh; both Trout and Grayling lie here; and at that great ſtone on the other ſide, it is ten to one a good Trout gives you the meeting.

Viat. I have him now, but he is gone down towards the bottom; I cannot ſee what he is, yet he ſhould be a good fiſh by his weight; but he makes no great ſtir.

Pisc. Why then, by what you ſay, I dare venture to aſſure you, it is a Grayling, who is one of the deadeſt-hearted fiſhes in the world, and the bigger he is, the more eaſily taken. Look you, now you ſee him plain; I told you what he was; bring hither that landing-net, boy; and now, Sir, he is your own; and believe me a good one, ſixteen inches long I warrant him; I have taken none ſuch this year.

Viat. I never ſaw a Grayling before look ſo black.

Pisc. Did you not? why then let me tell you, that you never ſaw one before in right ſeaſon: for then a Grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down his back, and has his belly of a dark grey, dappled with black ſpots, as you ſee this is; and I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his name of Umber. Though I muſt tell you, this fiſh is paſt his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better ſeaſon at *Chriſtmas* than he is now. But move on, for it grows towards dinner-time, and there is a very great and fine ſtream below, under that rock, that fills the deepeſt pool in all the river, where you are almoſt ſure of a good fiſh.

Viat. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him; but I had thought, that the Grayling had been always in ſeaſon

Plate XIV. to Front *Page* 36 of Part II.

S. Wale inv. *Ryland Sculp.*

Pub.d According to Act of Parliam.t 1759

ſeaſon with the Trout, and had come in and gone out with him.

Piſc. Oh no! aſſure yourſelf a Grayling is a winter-fiſh; but ſuch a one as would deceive any but ſuch as know him very well indeed, for his fleſh, even in his worſt ſeaſon, is ſo firm, and will ſo eaſily calver, that in plain truth he is very good meat at all times; but in his perfect ſeaſon, which, by the way, none but an over-grown Grayling will ever be, I think him ſo good a fiſh as to be little inferior to the beſt Trout that ever I taſted in my life.

Viat. Here's another ſkip-jack, and I have raiſed five or ſix more at leaſt whilſt you were ſpeaking: well, go thy way little *Dove!* thou art the fineſt river that ever I ſaw, and the fulleſt of fiſh. Indeed, Sir, I like it ſo well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a year, ſo long as we two live.

Piſc. I am afraid I ſhall not, Sir; but were you once here a *May* or a *June*, if good ſport would tempt you, I ſhould then expect you would ſometimes ſee me; for you would then ſay it were a fine river indeed, if you had once ſeen the ſport at the height.

Viat. Which I will do, if I live, and that you pleaſe to give me leave.—There was one,—and there another.

Piſc. And all this in a ſtrange river, and with a fly of your own making! why what a dangerous man are you!

Viat. I, Sir, but who taught me? and as *Damœtas* ſays by his man *Dorus*, ſo you may ſay by me,

——If my man ſuch praiſes have,
What then have I, that taught the knave * *?*

But what have we got here? a rock ſpringing up in the middle of the river! this is one of the oddeſt ſights that ever I ſaw.

* *Sidney's* Arcadia.

Pisc. Why, Sir, from that pike * that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called *Pike-Pool:* and young Mr. *Isaac Walton* was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white, in a blank book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will shew you when we come up to dinner.

* *It is a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river* Dove; *and not far from Mr.* Cotton's *house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St.* Paul's *church, before it was burnt. And this* Dove *being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it; and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant vallies and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.*

Viat. Has young master *Isaac Walton* been here too?

Pisc. Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again too, and in *France* since, and at *Rome*, and at *Venice*, and I can't tell where: but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the mean time, Sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of this great pool, you must venture over these slippery, cobling stones; believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down; but now you are got over, look to yourself: for, on my word, if a fish rise here, he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle: how now!

Viat. I think you have such command here over the fishes, that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurers can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them: for here's a Trout has taken my fly, I had rather have lost a crown *. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a Salmon.

Pisc. O Sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never con-

* *Taken*, in the worst sense, *viz.* broke away with it.

cern

cern yourſelf for the loſs of your fly, for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who's that calls * ?

Serv. Sir, will it pleaſe you to come to dinner ?

Piſc. We come. You hear, Sir, we are called, and now take your choice, whether you will climb this ſteep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the houſe, or back again over theſe ſtepping-ſtones, and about by the bridge.

Viat. Nay, ſure, the neareſt way is beſt; at leaſt my ſtomach tells me ſo; and I am now ſo well acquainted with your rocks, that I fear them not.

Piſc. Come then, follow me; and ſo ſoon as we have dined, we will down again to the little houſe, where I will begin at the place I left off about fly-fiſhing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to ſay upon that ſubject.

Viat. The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging maſter, my firſt excepted; nor ſuch ſport can all the rivers about *London* ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty river.

Piſc. You deſerve to have better, both becauſe I ſee you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little ſo well; and better I hope to ſhew you before we part.

CHAP. VII.

VIATOR.

COME, Sir, having now well dined, and being again ſet in your little houſe, I will now challenge your promiſe, and intreat you to proceed in your inſtruction for fly-fiſhing; which that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will aſſure you, that I have

* The dialogue is here ſo natural, and the incidents in this morning's expedition ſo ſtrongly marked, that the reader may almoſt imagine he ſees and hears of all that is here related.

not loſt, I think, one ſyllable of what you have told me; but very well retain all your directions both for the rod, line, and making a fly, and now deſire an account of the flies themſelves.

Piſc. Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and ſhall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come in to interrupt us; for you muſt know, beſides the unfitneſs of the day, that the afternoons, ſo early in *March*, ſignify very little to angling with a fly, though with a minnow, or a worm, ſomething might, I confeſs, be done.

To begin then where I left off; my father *Walton* tells us but of twelve artificial flies only, to angle with at the top, and gives their names; of which ſome are common with us here; and I think I gueſs at moſt of them by his deſcription, and I believe they all breed, and are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the ſame dubbing or faſhion. And it may be in the rivers about *London*, which I preſume he has moſt frequented, and where it is likely he has done moſt execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with ſeveral others here, though perhaps I may reckon ſome of his by other names too; but if I do, I ſhall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the forenamed great maſter in the art of angling, for ſo in truth he is, tells you that no man ſhould in honeſty catch a Trout till the middle of *March*, yet I hope he will give a man leave ſooner to take a Grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his beſt ſeaſon; and do aſſure you, which I remember by a very remarkable token, I did once take upon the ſixth day of *December* one, and only one, of the biggeſt Graylings and the beſt in ſeaſon, that ever I yet ſaw or taſted; and do uſually take Trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almoſt every year in *February*, unleſs it be a very ill ſpring indeed; and have ſometimes in *January*, ſo early as *New-year's-tide*, and in froſt and ſnow taken Grayling in a warm ſunſhine day for an hour or two

about noon; and to fiſh for him with a Grub it is then the beſt time of all.

I ſhall therefore begin my fly-fiſhing with that month, though I confeſs very few begin ſo ſoon, and that ſuch as are ſo fond of the ſport as to embrace all opportunities, can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpoſe; and tell you, that upon my knowledge theſe flies in a warm ſun, for an hour or two in the day, are certainly taken.

JANUARY.

1. A RED BROWN, with wings of the male of a mallard almoſt white: the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated cur, ſuch as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of ſuch a dog dies and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a ſmooth-coated dog of the ſame colour will not do, becauſe it will not die, but retains its natural colour, and this fly is taken in a warm ſun, this whole month through.

2. There is alſo a very little BRIGHT DUN GNAT, as little as can poſſibly be made, ſo little as never to be fiſhed with, with above one hair next the hook; and this is to be made of a mixt dubbing of marten's fur, and the white of a hare's ſcut, with a very white and ſmall wing; and it is no great matter how fine you fiſh, for nothing will riſe in this month but a Grayling; and of them I never, at this ſeaſon, ſaw any taken with a fly, of above a foot long in my life: but of little ones about the bigneſs of a Smelt, in a warm day, and a glowing ſun, you may take enough with theſe two flies, and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the red-brown of the laſt month ends, another almoſt of the ſame colour begins, with this ſaving, that the dubbing of this muſt be of ſomething a blacker colour, and both of them warpt on with red

ſilk; the dubbing that ſhould make this fly, and that is the trueſt colour, is to be got off the black ſpot of a hog's ear: not that a black ſpot in any part of the hog will not afford the ſame colour; but that the hair in that place is, by many degrees, ſofter, and more fit for the purpoſe: his wing muſt be as the other, and this kills all this month, and is called the leſſer red-brown.

2. This month alſo a PLAIN HACKLE (1), or palmer-fly made with a rough black body, either of black ſpaniel's fur, or the whirl of an oſtrich feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill, and if the weather be right, make very good ſport.

3. Alſo a LESSER HACKLE, with a black body alſo, ſilver twiſt over that, and a red feather over all, will fill your pannier if the month be open, and not bound up in ice and ſnow, with very good fiſh; but in caſe of a froſt and ſnow, you are to angle only with the ſmalleſt ghats, browns and duns, you can make, and with thoſe are only to expect Graylings no bigger than Sprats.

4. In this month, upon a whirling round water, we have a GREAT HACKLE, the body black, and wrapped with a red feather of a capon untrimmed; that is, the whole length of the hackle ſtaring out; for we ſometimes barb the hackle-feather ſhort all over; ſometimes barb it only a little, and ſometimes barb it cloſe underneath, leaving the whole length of the feather on the top, or back of the fly, which makes it ſwim better, and, as occaſion ſerves, kills very great fiſh.

5. We make uſe alſo, in this month, of another great hackle, the body black, and ribbed over with gold-

VARIATIONS.

The author is now in the month of *February*, during which are taken, the

(1) PLAIN HACKLE; which we would recommend to be made of black oſtrich herl warped, or tied down to the dubbing with red ſilk, and a red cock's hackle over all.

twiſt,

twiſt, and a red feather over all; which alſo does great execution (2).

6. Alſo a GREAT DUN, made with dun bear's hair, and the wings of the grey feather of a mallard near unto his tail; which is abſolutely the beſt fly can be thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler ſhall have admirable ſport.

7. We have alſo this month the GREAT BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixt with a little blue camlet, the wings of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

8. We have alſo this month a DARK-BROWN, the dubbing of the brown hair off the flank of a brended cow, and the wings of the grey drake's feather.

And note, that theſe ſeveral hackles, or palmer-flies, are ſome for one water, and one ſky, and ſome for another, and according to the change of thoſe, we alter their ſize and colour: and note alſo, that both in this, and all other months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot ſee any fiſh to riſe, you are then to put on a ſmall hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger, if ſomething dark, until you have taken one; and then thruſting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which being opened with your knife, you will then diſcover what fly is taken, and may fit yourſelf accordingly.

For the making of a hackle, or palmer-fly, my father *Walton* has already given you ſufficient direction *.

MARCH.

VARIATIONS.

(2) GOLD-TWIST HACKLE; the ſame dubbing, warping and hackle, with gold-twiſt.

N. B. *Theſe hackles are taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon. They will do for any month in the year, and upon any water.*

* But, with Mr. *Cotton*'s good leave, he has not, nor has any author, that I know of, unleſs we are to take that for a palmer, which *Walton* has given directions for making, page 97, which I can never do till I ſee, what I have never yet ſeen, *viz.* Caterpillars with

MARCH.

For this month you are to uſe all the ſame hackles, and flies with the other, but you are to make them leſs.

1. We

with wings. Rejecting, therefore, wings as unnatural and abſurd; ſuppoſing you would make the plain hackle or palmer, which are terms of the ſame import, the method of doing it is as follows, *viz.*

Hold your hook in a horizontal poſition, with the ſhank downwards, and the bent of it between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand; and, having a fine briſtle, and other materials, lying by you, take half a yard of fine red marking-ſilk, well waxed, and, with your right hand, give it four or five turns about the ſhank of the hook, inclining the turns to the right hand: when you are near the end of the ſhank, turn it into ſuch a loop as you are hereafter directed to make for faſtening off, and draw it tight, leaving the ends of the ſilk to hang down at each end of the hook. Having ſinged the end of your briſtle, lay the ſame along on the inſide of the ſhank of the hook, as low as the bent, and whip four or five times round; then ſingeing the other end of the briſtle to a fit length, turn it over to the back of the ſhank, and, pinching it into a proper form, whip down and faſten off, as before directed; which will bring both ends of the ſilk into the bent. After you have waxed your ſilk again, take three or four ſtrands of an oſtrich feather, and holding them, and the bent of the hook as at firſt directed, the feathers to your left hand, and the roots in the bent of your hook, with that end of the ſilk which you juſt now waxed, whip them three or four times round, and faſten off: then turning the feathers to the right, and twiſting them and the ſilk with your fore-finger and thumb, wind them round the ſhank of the hook, ſtill ſupplying the ſhort ſtrands with new ones, as they fail, till you come to the end and faſten off. When you have ſo done, clip off the ends of the feathers, and trim the body of the palmer ſmall at the extremities, and full in the middle, and wax both ends of your ſilk, which are now divided and lie at either end of the hook.

Lay your work by you, and taking a ſtrong bold hackle, with fibres about half an inch long, ſtraiten the ſtem very carefully, and holding the ſmall end between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with thoſe of the right, ſtroak the fibres the contrary way to that which they naturally lie; and taking the hook, and holding it as before, lay the point of the hackle into the bent of the hook with the hollow, which is the paleſt ſide, upwards, and whip it very faſt to its place: in doing whereof, be careful not to

tie

1. We have beſides for this month a little Dun called a WHIRLING DUN (3), though it is not the Whirling

tie in many of the fibres; or if you ſhould chance to do ſo, pick them out with the point of a very large needle.

When the hackle is thus made faſt, the utmoſt care and nicety is neceſſary in winding it on; for if you fail in this, your fly is ſpoiled, and you muſt begin all again; to prevent which, keeping the hollow or pale ſide to your left hand, and, as much as poſſible, the ſide of the ſtem down on the dubbing, wind the hackle twice round, and holding faſt what you have ſo wound, pick out the looſe fibres, which you may have taken in, and make another turn: then lay hold of the hackle with the third and fourth fingers of your left hand, with which you may extend it while you diſengage the looſe fibres as before.

In this manner proceed till you come to within an eighth of an inch of the end of the ſhank, where you will find an end of ſilk hanging, and by which time you will find the fibres at the great end of the hackle ſomewhat diſcompoſed; clip theſe off cloſe to the ſtem, and, with the end of your middle finger, preſs the ſtem cloſe to the hook, while, with the fore-finger of your right-hand, you turn the ſilk into a loop; which when you have twice put over the end of the ſhank of the hook, loop and all, your work is ſafe.

Then wax that end of the ſilk which you now uſed, and turn it over as before, till you have taken up nearly all that remained of the hook, obſerving to lay the turns neatly ſide by ſide; and laſtly, clip off the ends of the ſilk: thus will you have made a bait that will catch Trout of the largeſt ſize, in any water in *England*.

And leſt the method of faſtening off, which occurs ſo often in this kind of work, ſhould not appear ſufficiently intelligible, the reader will ſee it repreſented Fig. 9. Plate X.

It is true, the method above deſcribed will require ſome variation in the caſe of gold and ſilver-twiſt palmers; in the making whereof, the management of the twiſt is to be conſidered as another operation; but this variation will ſuggeſt itſelf to every reader, as will alſo the method of making thoſe flies, contained in the notes, that have hackle under the wings; which elſe we ſhould have added to *Cotton*'s directions for making a fly, which he gives *Viator* in the fiſhing-houſe. See Page 29 of this ſecond Part.

VARIATIONS.

(3) GREAT WHIRLING DUN. Dub with fox cub, or ſquirrel's fur, well mixed with about a ſixth part of the fineſt hog's-wool, warp with pale orange-wings, very large, taken from the quill-feather of a ruddy hen, the head to be faſtened with aſh-colour

Whirling Dun indeed, which is one of the beſt flies we have, and for this the dubbing muſt be of the bottom fur of a ſquirrel's tail, and the wing of the grey feather of a drake.

2. Alſo a BRIGHT BROWN, the dubbing either of the brown of a ſpaniel, or that of a cow's flank, with a grey wing.

3. Alſo

colour ſilk, a red cock's hackle, at full length, may be wrapped under the wings, and a turn or two lower towards the tail.

This is a killing fly, and is to be ſeen riſing out of the ſedges in moſt Trout rivers, late in the evening, ſeldom before ſun-ſet, and continues on the water till midnight, or after. It is found moſt of the warm months; but kills chiefly in a bluſtering warm evening, from the middle of May *to the end of* July.

The directions of Mr. *Cotton* for making flies are to be conſidered as the very baſis and foundation of that art, no author before him having ever treated the ſubject ſo copiouſly and accurately as he has done: what improvements have been made ſince his time, have been handed about in manuſcript liſts, but have hardly ever been communicated to the public.

A reverend, worthy, and ingenious friend of mine, a lover of angling, who has practiſed that and the art of fly-making theſe thirty years, and is the gentleman mentioned in the note, Page 228, has generouſly communicated to me the reſult of his many years experience, in a liſt of a great number of flies, not mentioned by *Cotton*, with ſome variations in the manner of making thoſe deſcribed in the text. And as to theſe deviations, it is hoped they will be conſidered as improvements; ſince I am authorized to ſay, that the above gentleman has, in the making of flies, made it a conſtant rule to follow nature.

Part of this liſt is, for very obvious reaſons, wrought into the form of notes on that of Mr. *Cotton*, and the reſt with another very valuable catalogue, compoſed by a north-country angler, and communicated to me by the ſame gentleman, make N° II. and III. of the *Appendix* to this Volume.

The reader will there alſo find N° IV. a liſt of flies formerly publiſhed in the *Angler's Vade Mecum*, ſo often referred to in the courſe of this work; and though the flies therein contained are ſaid to be chiefly of uſe in ſtony, I have tried ſome of them, eſpecially the duns, in other rivers, and found them to be excellent.

3. Alſo a WHITISH DUN made of the roots of camel's hair, and the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. There is alſo for this month a fly, called the THORN-TREE FLY, the dubbing an abſolute black mixt with eight or ten hairs of *Iſabella* coloured * mohair, the body as little as can be made, and the wings of a bright mallard's feather, an admirable fly, and in great repute amongſt us for a killer.

5. There is beſides this, another (4) BLUE DUN, the dubbing of which it is made being thus to be got. Take a ſmall-tooth comb, and with it comb the neck of a black greyhound, and the down that ſticks in the teeth will be the fineſt blue that ever you ſaw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white, and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and laſteth till the four and twentieth.

* Iſabella, *Spezie di colore che partecipa del bianco e del giallo. Altieri's* Dictionary. A kind of whitiſh yellow, or, as ſome ſay, buff-colour a little ſoiled.

How it came by this name will appear from the following anecdote, for which I am obliged to a very ingenious and learned lady. The archduke *Albertus*, who had married the *Infanta Iſabella*, daughter of *Philip* the ſecond, king of *Spain*, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay ſiege to *Oſtend*, then in the poſſeſſion of the heretics, his pious princeſs, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow, that till it was taken ſhe would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, as the ſtory ſays, it was three years before the place was reduced, in which time her highneſs's linen had acquired the above-mentioned hue.

VARIATIONS.

(4) BLUE, or VIOLET DUN. Dub with the roots of a fox-cub's tail, and a very little blue violet worſted, warp with pale yellow ſilk; wing of the pale part of a ſtarling's feather.

Taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.

This fly, which is alſo called the aſh-coloured dun, and blue dun, is produced from a cadis; it is ſo very ſmall, that the hook, known at the ſhops by the ſize N° IX. *is full big enough for it, if not too big. The ſhape of the fly is exactly the ſame with that of the green-drake. So early in the year as* February, *they will drop on the water before eight in the morning; and Trouts, of the largeſt ſize, as well as ſmall ones, will riſe at them very eagerly.*

6. From the tenth of this month alſo till towards the end, is taken a little BLACK GNAT; the dubbing either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot, the wings of the male of a mallard as white as may be, the body as little as you can poſſibly make it, and the wings as ſhort as his body.

7. From the ſixteenth of this month alſo to the end of it, we uſe a BRIGHT BROWN, the dubbing for which is to be had out of a ſkinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be ſo bright as to ſhine like gold: for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is beſt; which fly is alſo taken till the tenth of *April*.

APRIL.

All the ſame hackles and flies that were taken in *March*, will be taken in this month alſo, with this diſtinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapt with red ſilk, and the duns with yellow.

1. To theſe a SMALL BRIGHT BROWN, made of ſpaniel's fur, with a light grey wing; in a bright day, and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have too a little (5) DARK BROWN, the dubbing of that colour, and ſome violet camlet mixt, and the wing of a grey feather of a mallard.

3. From

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(5) DARK BROWN. Dub with the hair of a dark brown ſpaniel, or calf, that looks ruddy by being expoſed to wind and weather, warp with yellow. Wing dark ſtarling's feather.

Taken from eight to eleven.

This is a good fly, and to be ſeen in moſt rivers; but ſo variable in its hue, as the ſeaſon advances, that it requires the cloſeſt attention to the natural fly, to adapt the materials for making it artificially; which is alſo the caſe with the violet or aſh-coloured dun. When this fly firſt appears, it is nearly of a chocolate colour; from which, by the middle of May, *it has been obſerved to deviate to almoſt a lemon colour: northern anglers call it, by way of eminence, the* dark brown; *others call it the* four-winged brown: *it has four wings lying flat on its back, ſomething longer than the body, which*

3. From the ſixth of this month to the tenth, we have alſo a fly called the VIOLET-FLY, made of a dark violet ſtuff, with the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in the fly called the WHIRLING DUN (6), which is taken every day about the mid-time of day all this month through, and by fits from thence to the end of *June*, and is commouly made of the down of a fox-cub, which is of an aſh-colour at the roots, next the ſkin, and ribbed about with yellow ſilk, the wings of the pale grey feather of a mallard.

5. There is alſo a YELLOW DUN (7), the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet, or wool mixt, and a white grey wing.

6. There is alſo, this month, another LITTLE BROWN, beſides that mentioned before, made with a very ſlender body, the dubbing of dark brown, and violet camlet mixt, and a grey wing; which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly, and will take when the other will not, eſpecially in a bright day, and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the HORSE-FLESH FLY, the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-coloured, and red tammy mixt, a light coloured wing, and a dark brown

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which is longiſh, but not taper. This fly muſt be made on a ſmalliſh hook, viz. N° 8, *or* 9.

(6) LITTLE WHIRLING DUN. The body fox-cub, and a little light ruddy brown mixed, warp with grey or ruddy ſilk, a red hackle under the wing; wing of a land-rail, or ruddy brown chicken, which is better.

A killing fly in a bluſtering day, as the great whirling dun *is in the evening, and late at night.*

(7) YELLOW DUN. Dub with a ſmall quantity of pale yellow crewel mixed with fox-cub down from the tail, and warp with yellow; wing of a paliſh ſtarling's feather.

Taken from eight to eleven, and from two to four.

See more of the *Yellow Dun* in the Appendix, N° IV.

head.

head. This fly is taken beſt in an evening, and kills from two hours before ſun-ſet till twilight, and is taken the month through.

M A Y.

And now, Sir, that we are entering into the month of *May*, I think it requiſite to beg not only your attention, but alſo your beſt patience; for I muſt now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary; which that you may the better endure, I muſt tell you, this month deſerves and requires to be inſiſted on; foraſmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleaſure to the fly-angler than all the reſt: and here it is that you are to expect an account of the green-drake, and ſtone-fly, promiſed you ſo long ago, and ſome others that are peculiar to this month, and part of the month following; and that, though not ſo great either in bulk or name, do yet ſtand in competition with the two before-named; and ſo, that it is yet undecided amongſt the anglers, to which of the pretenders to the title of the *May*-fly, it does properly and duly belong; neither dare I, where ſo many of the learned in this art of angling are got in diſpute about the controverſy, take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongſt them, and according to that privilege, ſhall give you my free opinion; and peradventure when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

Viat. I have ſo great a deference to your judgment in theſe matters, that I muſt always be of your opinion; and the more you ſpeak, the faſter I grow to my attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this ſubject.

Piſc. Why that's encouragement enough; and now prepare yourſelf for a tedious lecture; but I will firſt begin with the flies of leſs eſteem, though almoſt any thing will take a Trout in *May*, that I may afterwards inſiſt the longer upon thoſe of greater note and reputation;

reputation; know therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month, is called

1. The TURKEY-FLY, the dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapt about with yellow silk, the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

2. Next a GREAT HACKLE, or PALMER-FLY, with a YELLOW BODY ribbed with gold-twist, and large wings of a mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a BLACK FLY, the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

4. After that a LIGHT BROWN with a slender body, the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs or rows of silk may appear through the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

5. Next a LITTLE DUN, the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk, the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

6. Then a WHITE GNAT, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also this month a fly called the PEACOCK-FLY, the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head, and wings of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the DUN-CUT (8), the dubbing of which is a bear's dun, with a little blue and yellow mixt with it, a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

9. The next is the COW-LADY, a little fly, the body of a peacock's feather, the wing of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the COW-DUNG fly; the dubbing light brown and yellow, mixt, the wing the dark grey feather of a mallard. And note, that besides

(8) DUN-CUT. Dub with bear's cub fur, and a little yellow and green crewel, warp with yellow or green; wing of a land-rail.

Towards the evening of a showery day a great killer.

theſe above-mentioned, all the ſame hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter and the flies ſmaller, that are taken in *April*, will alſo be taken this month, as alſo all browns and duns: and now I come to my ſtone-fly, and green-drake, which are the matadores for Trout and Grayling, and in their ſeaſon kill more fiſh in our *Derbyſhire* rivers, than all the reſt paſt, and to come, in the whole year beſides.

But firſt I am to tell you, that we have four ſeveral flies which contend for the title of the *May*-fly, namely,

The GREEN-DRAKE,
The STONE-FLY,
The BLACK-FLY, *and*
The LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY.

And all theſe have their champions and advocates to diſpute and plead their priority, though I do not underſtand why the two laſt named ſhould; the firſt two having ſo manifeſtly the advantage, both in their beauty, and the wonderful execution they do in their ſeaſon.

11. Of theſe the GREEN-DRAKE comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end; for they are ſometimes ſooner, and ſometimes later, according to the quality of the year; but never well taken till towards the end of this month, and the beginning of *June*. The ſtone-fly comes much ſooner, ſo early as the middle of *April*; but is never well taken till towards the middle of *May*, and continues to kill much longer than the green-drake ſtays with us, ſo long as to the end almoſt of *June*; and indeed, ſo long as there are any of them to be ſeen upon the water; and ſometimes in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before ſun-riſe in a morning, longer.

Now both theſe flies, and I believe, many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonſtratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken:

our cadis or cod-bait which lie under ſtones in the bottom of the water, moſt of them turning into thoſe two flies, and being gathered in the huſk, or cruſt, near the time of their maturity, are very eaſily known and diſtinguiſhed, and are of all other the moſt remarkable, both for their ſize, as being of all other the biggeſt, the ſhorteſt of them being a full inch long, or more; and for the execution they do, the Trout and Grayling being much more greedy of them than of any others; and indeed the Trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect ſeaſon, till theſe flies come in.

Of theſe the green-drake never diſcloſes from his huſk, till he be firſt there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all; and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings ſo crimpt and ruffled, by being preſt together in that narrow room, that they are, for ſome hours, totally uſeleſs to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, ſedges, and blades of graſs, if his firſt riſing from the bottom of the water be near the banks of the river, till the air and ſun ſtiffen and ſmooth them: or if his firſt appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the ſurface of the water like a ſhip at hull; for his feet are totally uſeleſs to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water as the ſtone-fly can, until his wings have got ſtiffneſs to fly with, (if by ſome Trout or Grayling he be not taken in the interim, which ten to one he is) and then his wings ſtand high, and cloſed exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the ſame. His body is, in ſome, of a paler, in others, of a darker yellow; for they are not all exactly of a colour, ribbed with rows of green, long, ſlender, and growing ſharp towards the tail, at the end of which he has three long ſmall whiſks of a very dark colour, almoſt black, and his tail turns up towards his back like a mallard; from whence, queſtionleſs, he has his name of the green-drake. Theſe, as I think I told you before, we commonly dape, or dibble with, and having gathered great ſtore of them into a long draw-box, with

holes in the cover to give them air, where alſo they will continue freſh and vigorous a night or more, we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We firſt take one, for we commonly fiſh with two of them at a time, and putting the point of the hook into the thickeſt part of his body, under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other ſide, leaving him ſpitted croſs upon the hook, and then taking the other, put him on after the ſame manner, but with his head the contrary way; in which poſture they will live upon the hook, and play with their wings for a quarter of an hour or more: but you muſt have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and alſo that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your bait is ſpoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next, how to make an artificial fly, that will ſo perfectly reſemble him, as to be taken in a rough windy day, when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and ſides of the river, to a wonder, and with which you ſhall certainly kill the beſt Trout and Grayling in the river.

The artificial green-drake (9) then, is made upon a large hook, the dubbing, camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the ſoft down that is combed from a hog's briſtles, and yellow camlet well mixed together, the body long, and ribbed about with green ſilk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax, the whiſks of the tail, of the long hairs of ſables, or fitchet, and the wings of

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(9) GREEN-DRAKE, or MAY-FLY. The body of ſeal's fur, or yellow mohair, a little cub-fox down, and hog's wool, or light brown from a *Turkey*-carpet mixed, warp with pale yellow, pale yellow or red cock's hackle under the wings; wings of a mallard's feather, dyed yellow, three whiſks in his tail from a ſable muff.

Taken all day, but chiefly from two to four in the afternoon.

the

the white-grey feather of a mallard, dyed yellow, which alſo is to be dyed thus.

Take the root of a barbary-tree, and ſhave it, and put to it woody viſs, with as much allum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain-water, and they will be of a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the green-drake, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours during his ſeaſon, whilſt there is any day upon the ſky; and with a made-fly I once took, ten days after he was abſolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a ſhower, and in a whiſtling wind, five and thirty very great Trouts and Graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening, and had no leſs than five or ſix flies, with three good hairs a piece, taken from me in deſpite of my heart, beſides.

12. I ſhould now come next to the ſtone-fly, but there is another gentleman in my way, that muſt of neceſſity come in between, and that is the GREY-DRAKE, which in all ſhapes and dimenſions is perfectly the ſame with the other, but quite almoſt of another colour, being of a paler, and more livid yellow, and green, and ribbed with black quite down his body, with black ſhining wings, and ſo diaphanous and tender, cob-web like, that they are of no manner of uſe for daping; but come in, and are taken after the green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well; which fly is thus made (10); the dubbing of the down of a hog's briſtles, and black ſpaniel's fur, mixed, and ribbed down the body with black ſilk, the whiſks of the hairs of the beard of a black cat, and the wings of the black grey feather of a mallard.

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(10) GREY-DRAKE. The body of an abſolute white oſtrich feather; the end of the body towards the tail of peacock's herl; warping of an aſh-colour with ſilver twiſt and black hackle, wing of a dark grey feather of a mallard.

A very killing fly, eſpecially towards the evening, when the fiſh are glutted with the green-drake.

And now I come to the STONE-FLY, but am afraid I have already wearied your patience; which if I have, I beſeech you freely tell me ſo, and I will defer the remaining inſtructions for fly-angling till ſome other time.

Viat. No, truly, Sir, I can never be weary of hearing you: but if you think fit, becauſe I am afraid I am too troubleſome, to refreſh yourſelf with a glaſs and a pipe; you may afterwards proceed, and I ſhall be exceedingly pleaſed to hear you.

Piſc. I thank you, Sir, for that motion; for believe me I am dry with talking:—Here, boy, give us here a bottle, and a glaſs; and Sir, my ſervice to you, and to all our friends in the South.

Viat. Your ſervant, Sir, and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered beef I eat at dinner, or ſomething elſe, has made me thirſty.

CHAP. VIII.

VIATOR.

SO, Sir, I am now ready for another leſſon, ſo ſoon as you pleaſe to give it me.

Piſc. And I, Sir, as ready to give you the beſt I can. Having told you the time of the ſtone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis, in the very river where he is taken, I am next to tell you, that,

13. This ſame ſtone-fly has not the patience to continue in his cruſt, or huſk, till his wings be full grown; but ſo ſoon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himſelf ſtrong, at which time we call him a Jack, ſqueezes himſelf out of priſon, and crawls to the top of ſome ſtone, where if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two ſtones, the one lying hollow upon the other, which, by the way, we alſo lay ſo purpoſely to find them, he there lurks

lurks till his wings be full grown, and there is your only place to find him, and from thence doubtleſs he derives his name; though, for want of ſuch convenience, he will make ſhift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail almoſt as in the middle; his colour a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back; he has two or three whiſks alſo at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head; his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the ſame colour, but rather darker than his body, and longer than it, though he makes but little uſe of them; for you ſhall rarely ſee him flying, though often ſwimming and paddling with ſeveral feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without ſtirring a wing: but the drake will mount ſteeple height into the air, though he is to be found upon flags and graſs too, and indeed every where high and low, near the river; there being ſo many of them in their ſeaſon, as were they not a very inoffenſive inſect, would look like a plague; and theſe drakes, ſince I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here, are taken by the fiſh to that incredible degree, that, upon a calm day, you ſhall ſee the ſtill deeps continually all over circles by the fiſhes riſing, who will gorge themſelves with thoſe flies, till they purge again out of their gills *; and the Trouts are at that time ſo luſty and ſtrong, that one of eight or ten inches long, will then more ſtruggle, and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter: but pardon this digreſſion.

This ſtone-fly then, we dape or dibble with, as with the drake, but with this difference, that whereas the green-drake is common both to ſtream and ſtill, and to all hours of the day, we ſeldom dape with this but in the ſtreams (for in a whiſtling wind a made-fly in

* I have caught a Trout ſo full of them, that in taking him off the hook, I have preſt out of his throat a lump of them as big as a walnut.

the deep is better) and rarely but early and late, it not being ſo proper for the mid-time of the day; though a great Grayling will then take it very well in a ſharp ſtream, and here and there a Trout too: but much better toward eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night, at which time alſo the beſt fiſh riſe, and the later the better, provided you can ſee your fly, and when you cannot, a made-fly will murder, which is to be made thus: the dubbing of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixed; but ſo placed that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail underneath, than in any other part, and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook in your arming, ſo as to be turned up, when you warp on your dubbing, and to ſtand almoſt upright, and ſtaring one from another; and note that your fly is to be ribbed with yellow ſilk, and the wings long, and very large, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

14. The next *May*-fly is the BLACK-FLY, made with a black body, of the whirl of an oſtrich-feather, ribbed with ſilver-twiſt, and the black hackle of a cock over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The laſt *May*-fly, that is of the four pretenders, is the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY, in ſhape exactly the ſame with the green-drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be ſeen, which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white grey feather dyed yellow.

16. The laſt fly for this month, and which continues all *June*, though it comes in the middle of *May*, is the fly called the CAMLET-FLY, in ſhape like a moth, with fine diapered, or water wings, and with which, as I told you before, I ſometimes uſed to dibble; and Grayling will riſe mightily at it. But the artificial fly, which is only in uſe amongſt our anglers, is made of a dark brown ſhining camlet, ribbed over with a very ſmall light green ſilk, the wings of the double grey

feather

feather of a mallard; and it is a killing fly for ſmall fiſh, and ſo much for *May*.

JUNE.

From the firſt to the four and twentieth, the green-drake and ſtone-fly are taken, as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four and twentieth late at night, is taken a fly, called the OWL-FLY (11), the dubbing of a white weaſel's tail, and a white grey wing.

2. We have then another dun, called the BARM-FLY, from its yeaſty colour, the dubbing of the fur of a yellow dun-cat, and a grey wing of a mallard's feather.

3. We have alſo a HACKLE with a PURPLE BODY, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

4. As alſo a GOLD-TWIST HACKLE with a purple body, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

5. To theſe we have this month a FLESH-FLY, the dubbing of a black ſpaniel's fur, and blue wool mixed, and a grey wing.

6. Alſo another little fleſh-fly, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and the wings of the grey feather of a drake.

7. We have then the PEACOCK-FLY, the body and wing both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is alſo the flying-ant, or ANT-FLY, the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixed, with a light grey wing.

9. We have likewiſe a BROWN GNAT, with a very ſlender body of brown and violet camlet well mixed, and a light grey wing.

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(11) WHITE-MILLER, or OWL-FLY. The body of white oſtrich herl, white hackle and ſilver-twiſt, if you pleaſe; wing of the white feather of a tame duck.

Taken from ſun-ſet till ten at night, and from two to four in the morning.

10. And

10. And another little BLACK GNAT (12), the dubbing of black mohair, and a white grey wing.

11. As alſo a GREEN GRASSHOPPER, the dubbing of green and yellow wool mixed, ribbed over with green ſilk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And laſtly, a little DUN GRASSHOPPER, the body ſlender, made of a dun camlet, and a dun hackle at the top.

JULY.

Firſt all the ſmall flies that were taken in *June*, are alſo taken in this month.

1. We have then the ORANGE FLY (13), the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Alſo a little WHITE DUN, the body made of white mohair, and the wings blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewiſe this month a WASP-FLY, made either of a dark brown dubbing, or elſe the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow ſilk, and the wing of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a BLACK HACKLE, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle-feather on the top.

5. We have alſo another, made of a peacock's whirl, without wings.

6. Another fly alſo is taken this month, called the SHELL-FLY, the dubbing of yellow green *Jerſey* wool, and a little white hog's hair mixed, which I call the

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(12) BLACK GNAT. The body extremely ſmall, of black mohair, ſpaniel's or oſtrich feather; wing of the lighteſt part of a ſtarling or mallard's feather.

A very killing fly in an evening, after a ſhower, in rapid rivers; as in Derbyſhire *or* Wales.

(13) ORANGE-FLY. The body of raw orange ſilk, with a red or black hackle; gold-twiſt may be added, warp with orange.

Taken when the May-fly *is almoſt over, and alſo to the end of* June, *eſpecially in hot gloomy weather.*

palm-

palm-fly, and do believe it is taken for a palm, that drops off the willows into the water; for this fly I have seen Trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swam down the river, by which I conclude that the best way to hit the right colour, is to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colours as near as you can.

7. There is also taken this month, a BLACK BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbet mixt with a little yellow, the wings of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.

AUGUST.

The same flies with *July*.

1. Then another ANT-FLY, the dubbing of the black brown hair of a cow, some red warpt in for the tag of his tail, and a dark wing; a killing fly.

2. Next a fly called the FERN-FLY, the dubbing of the fur of a hare's neck, that is of the colour of fern, or bracken, with a darkish grey wing of a mallard's feather; a killer too.

3. Besides these we have a WHITE HACKLE, the body of white mohair, and warped about with a white hackle-feather, and this is assuredly taken for thistle-down.

4. We have also this month a HARRY-LONG-LEGS (14), the body made of bear's dun, and blue wool mixt, and a brown hackle-feather over all.

Lastly, In this month all the same browns and duns are taken, that were taken in *May*.

VARIATIONS.

(14) HARRY-LONG-LEGS. Made of lightish bear's hair, and a dunnish hackle; add a few hairs of light blue mohair and a little fox-cub down, warp with light grey or pale blue silk; the head large.

Taken chiefly in a cloudy windy day. I have formerly, in the rivers near London, *had great success, fishing with a long line, and the head of this insect only.*

SEPTEM-

SEPTEMBER.

This month the ſame flies are taken, that are taken in *April*.

1. To which I ſhall only add a CAMEL-BROWN fly, the dubbing pulled out of the lime of a wall, whipt about with red ſilk, and a darkiſh grey mallard's feather for the wing.

2. And one other for which we have no name; but it is made of the black hair of a badger's ſkin, mixed with the yellow ſofteſt down of a ſanded hog.

OCTOBER.

The ſame flies are taken this month, that were taken in *March*.

NOVEMBER.

The ſame flies that were taken in *February* are taken this month alſo.

DECEMBER.

Few men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do in *January*: but yet, if the weather be warm, as I have known it ſometimes in my life to be, even in this cold country, where it is leaſt expected, then a brown that looks red in the hand, and yellowiſh betwixt your eye and the ſun, will both raiſe and kill in a clear water, and free from ſnow-broth: but at the beſt, it is hardly worth a man's labour *.

* As the foregoing directions mention only the materials for making the ſeveral flies, the reader may yet be at a loſs both with reſpect to their form and ſize; therefore we have, in Plate XI. given the five which may be conſidered as radical flies; and they are, the palmer, Fig. 11, the *green-drake*, 12, the *dun-cut*, 13, the *hawthorn-fly*, [illegible] and the *ant-fly*, 15. The two firſt are each a ſpecies by itſelf; the third is a horned fly; the fourth has hackle under his wings: and the fifth, as moſt flies of the ant-kind have, has

And now, Sir, I have done with fly-fiſhing, or angling at the top, excepting once more to tell you, that of all theſe, and I have named you a great many very killing flies, none are fit to be compared with the drake and ſtone-fly, both for many and very great fiſh; and yet there are ſome days, that are by no means proper for the ſport; and in a calm you ſhall not have near ſo much ſport, even with daping, as in a whiſtling gale of wind, for two reaſons, both becauſe you are not then ſo eaſily diſcovered by the fiſh, and alſo becauſe there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water; for where they have ſo much choice, you may eaſily imagine they will not be ſo eager and forward to riſe at a bait, that both the ſhadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay, of your very line, in a hot,

has a large bottle-tail; and to one or other of theſe figures, it is imagined all flies are reducible.

In adjuſting their different ſizes, it muſt be owned there is great difficulty; all that can be ſaid is, that the figures 11 and 12, exhibit the uſual ſize of the palmer, the green and grey-drake: Fig. 13, may ſerve as a ſpecimen for moſt flies that are not directed to be made large; and when directions are given to make the fly ſmall, the reader is to conſider Fig. 14, as an example. Gnats cannot be made too ſmall.

Some, in making a fly, work it upon, and faſten it immediately to, the hook-link, whether it be of gut, graſs, or hair: others whip on the ſhank of the hook a ſtiff hog's briſtle bent into a loop; and concerning theſe methods there are different opinions.

I confeſs the latter, except for ſmall flies, ſeems to me the more eligible way; and it has this advantage, that it enables you to keep your flies in excellent order; to do which, ſtring them, each ſpecies ſeparately, through the loops, upon a fine piece of cat-gut, of about ſeven inches long; and ſtring alſo thereon, through a large pin-hole, a very ſmall ticket of parchment, with the name of the fly written on it; tie the cat-gut into aring, and lay them in round flat boxes, with paper between each ring; and when you uſe them, having a neat loop at the lower end of your hook-link, you may put them on and take them off at pleaſure.

In the other way, you are troubled with a great length of hook-link, which, if you put even but few flies together, is ſure to tangle, and occaſion great trouble and loſs of time. And as to an objection which ſome make to a loop, that the fiſh ſee it, and therefore will not take the fly, you may be aſſured there is nothing in it.

calm

calm day, will, in ſpite of your beſt caution, render ſuſpected to them: but even then in ſwift ſtreams, or by ſitting down patiently behind a willow buſh, you ſhall do more execution than at almoſt any other time of the year with any other fly; though one may ſometimes hit of a day, when he ſhall come home very well ſatisfied with ſport with ſeveral other flies: but with theſe two, the green-drake and the ſtone-fly, I do verily believe I could ſome days in my life, had I not been weary of ſlaughter, have loaden a luſty boy; and have ſometimes, I do honeſtly aſſure you, given over upon the mere account of ſatiety of ſport; which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewiſe aſſure you, that with this very fly, I have in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours taken thirty, five and thirty, and forty of the beſt Trouts in the river. What ſhame and pity is it then, that ſuch a river ſhould be deſtroyed by the baſeſt ſort of people, by thoſe unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, ſpearing, hanging and hooking by day; which are now grown ſo common, that though we have very good laws to puniſh ſuch offenders, every raſcal does it, for aught I ſee, *impunè*.

To conclude, I cannot now in honeſty but frankly tell you, that many of theſe flies I have named, at leaſt ſo made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great ſervice in your *ſouthern* rivers *; and

* The reader may reſt aſſured, that with ſome or other of theſe flies, eſpecially with the palmers or *hackles*, the *great-dun*, *dark-brown*, *early* and *late-bright-brown*, the *black-gnat*, *yellow-dun*, *great-whirling-dun*, *dun-cut*, *green* and *grey-drake*, *camlet-fly*, *cow-dung-fly*, *little ant-fly*, *badger-fly*, and *fern-fly*, he ſhall catch Trout, Grayling, Chub, and Dace, in any water in *England* or *Wales*; always remembering, that, in a ſtrange water, he firſt tries the *plain*, *gold*, *ſilver*, and *peacock-hackle*: of the truth of this he need not doubt, when he is told, that, in the year 1754, a gentleman, now living, who went into *Wales* to fiſh with the flies laſt above-mentioned, made as above is directed, did, in about ſix weeks time, kill near a *thouſand* brace of Trout and Grayling, as appeared to him by an account, in writing, which he kept of

and will not conceal from you, but that I have ſent flies to ſeveral friends in *London*, that for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them; and therefore if you intend to profit by my inſtructions, you muſt come to angle with me here in the *Peak*; and ſo, if you pleaſe, let us walk up to ſupper, and to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we ſhall take a good diſh of fiſh for dinner.

CHAP. IX.

PISCATOR.

A GOOD day to you, Sir; I ſee you will always be ſtirring before me.

Viat. Why, to tell you the truth, I am ſo allured with the ſport I had yeſterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind ſing in my chamber window, could forbear no longer, but leap out of bed, and had juſt made an end of dreſſing myſelf, as you came in.

Piſc. Well, I am both glad you are ſo ready for the day, and that the day is ſo fit for you; and look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this ſilver-twiſt hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I dare ſay will do; but you may try them all, and ſee which does beſt; only I muſt aſk your pardon, that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little buſineſs being fallen out, that for two or three hours, will deprive me of your company:

of each day's ſucceſs. In confirmation whereof, and as a proof how the rivers in *Wales* abound with fiſh, the reader will find in the Appendix, No. V. a like account, kept by another perſon, of fiſh to an aſtoniſhing amount, caught by him in a ſeries of years in ſome of the *Welch* rivers; which account was ſent by him to Mr. *Bartholomew Lowe*, fiſhing-tackle-maker, in *Drury-lane*, 24th *Feb.* 1766, and is inſerted in his own words.

but

but I'll come and call you home to dinner, and my man ſhall attend you.

Viat. Oh! Sir, mind your affairs by all means; do but lend me a little of your ſkill to theſe fine flies, and unleſs it have forſaken me ſince yeſterday, I ſhall find luck of my own I hope to do ſomething.

Piſc. The beſt inſtruction I can give you, is, that, ſeeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the ſtill deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the ſtreams are, you would find it now too briſk; and beſides, I would have you take fiſh in both waters.

Viat. I'll obey your direction, and ſo a good morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another leſſon for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

Piſc. Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

CHAP. X.

PISCATOR.

OH! Sir, are you return'd? you have but juſt prevented me. I was coming to call you.

Viat. I am glad then I have ſaved you the labour.

Piſc. And how have you ſped?

Viat. You ſhall ſee that, Sir, preſently; look you, Sir, here are three * brace of Trouts, one of them the biggeſt but one, that ever I kill'd with a fly in my life; and yet I loſt a bigger than that, with my fly to boot; and here are three Graylings, and one of them longer by ſome inches than that I took yeſterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

* *Spoke like a South Country-man.*

Piſc. Why you have made a pretty good morning's work on't; and now, Sir, what think you of our river *Dove?*

Viat. I think it to be the beſt Trout-river in *England*; and am ſo far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myſelf, I would not exchange that water, for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from it.

Piſc. That compliment to the river, ſpeaks you a true lover of the art of angling: and now, Sir, to make part of amends for ſending you ſo uncivilly out alone this morning, I will myſelf dreſs you this diſh of fiſh for your dinner; walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other in the window to entertain you the while, and you ſhall have it preſently.

Viat. Well, Sir, I obey you.—

Piſc. Look you, Sir, have I not made haſte?

Viat. Believe me, Sir, that you have; and it looks ſo well, I long to be at it.

Piſc. Fall too then;—now, Sir, what ſay you, am I a tolerable cook or no?

Viat. So good a one, that I did never eat ſo good fiſh in my life. This fiſh is infinitely better than any I ever taſted of the kind in my life; 'tis quite another thing, than our Trouts about *London*.

Piſc. You would ſay ſo, if that Trout you eat of were in right ſeaſon: but pray eat of the Grayling, which upon my word, at this time, is by much the better fiſh.

Viat. In earneſt, and ſo it is: and I have one requeſt to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch Trout and Grayling, you will now teach me how to dreſs them as theſe are dreſt, which queſtionleſs is of all other the beſt way.

Piſc. That I will, Sir, with all my heart, and am glad you like them ſo well as to make that requeſt, and they are dreſt thus.

Take your Trout, waſh, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts, and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but waſh him not, and give him three ſcotches with a knife to the bone, on one ſide only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard ſtale beer, (but it muſt not

be dead) vinegar, and a little white wine and water, as will cover the fiſh you intend to boil; then throw into the liquor a good quantity of ſalt, the rind of a lemon, a handful of ſliced horſe-radiſh-root, with a handſome little faggot of roſemary, thyme, and winter-ſavory. Then ſet your kettle upon a quick fire of wood, and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fiſh; and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not ſo cool the liquor as to make it fall; and whilſt your fiſh is boiling, beat up the butter for your ſauce with a ladle-full or two of the liquor it is boiling in, and being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fiſh, and being laid in a diſh, pour your butter upon it, and ſtrewing it plentifully over with ſhaved horſe-radiſh, and a little pounded ginger, garniſh your ſides of your diſh, and the fiſh itſelf with a ſliced lemon or two, and ſerve it up.

A Grayling is alſo to be dreſt exactly after the ſame manner, ſaving that he is to be ſcaled, which a Trout never is: and that muſt be done either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife, for fear of bruiſing the fiſh. And note, that theſe kinds of fiſh, a Trout eſpecially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I ſee you have dined, and therefore if you pleaſe, we will walk down again to the little houſe, and there I will read you a lecture of angling at the bottom.

CHAP. XI.

VIATOR.

SO, Sir, now we are here, and ſet, let me have my inſtructions for angling for Trout and Grayling at the bottom; which though not ſo eaſy, ſo cleanly, nor, as 'tis ſaid, ſo genteel a way of fiſhing as with a fly, is yet,

yet, if I miſtake not, a good holding way, and takes fiſh when nothing elſe will.

Piſc. You are in the right, it does ſo: and a worm is ſo ſure a bait at all times, that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thouſand pounds that I killed fiſh, more or leſs with it, winter or ſummer, every day throughout the year; thoſe days always excepted, that, upon a more ſerious account always ought ſo to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin, and tell you, that angling at the bottom is alſo commonly of two ſorts; and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect too, as ſhall be ſaid hereafter; namely, by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call angling by hand is of three ſorts.

The firſt with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running line, and with one large brandling, or a dew-worm of a moderate ſize, or two ſmall ones of the firſt, or any other ſort, proper for a Trout, of which my father *Walton* has already given you the names, and ſaved me a labour; or indeed, almoſt any worm whatever; for if a Trout be in the humour to bite, it muſt be ſuch a worm as I never yet ſaw, that he will refuſe; and if you fiſh with two, you are then to bait your hook thus. You are firſt to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your firſt worm, and ſo down through his body, till it be paſt the knot, and then let it out, and ſtrip the worm above the arming, that you may not bruiſe it with your fingers till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head, till it be but juſt covered with the head; which being done, you are then to ſlip the firſt worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms meet together.

The ſecond way of angling by hand, and with a running line, is with a line ſomething longer than the former, and with tackle made after this ſame manner. At the utmoſt extremity of your line, where the hook is

always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large piſtol, or carbine bullet, into which the end of your line is to be faſtened with a peg, or pin, even and cloſe with the bullet, and about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more, for a ſwift ſtream, with a hook at the end thereof, baited with ſome of the forenamed worms, and another half foot above that; another, armed and baited after the ſame manner (but with another ſort of worm, without any lead at all) above: by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom in all depths, which with the plumbs upon your line above, you can never do, but that your bait muſt always drag whilſt you are ſounding, which in this way of angling muſt be continually, by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worſe ſucceſs. And both theſe ways of angling at the bottom are moſt proper for a dark and muddy water, by reaſon that in ſuch a condition of the ſtream, a man may ſtand as near as he will, and neither his own ſhadow, nor the roundneſs of his tackle, will hinder his ſport.

The third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, and by much the beſt of all other, is, with a line full as long, or a yard and half longer than your rod, with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it, and no more than one ſmall pellet of ſhot for your plumb, your hook little, your worms of the ſmaller brandlings very well ſcoured, and only one upon your hook at a time, which is thus to be baited. The point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and ſtill ſtript on an inch at leaſt upon the hair, the head and remaining part hanging downward; and with this line and hook thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the ſtreams, always in a clear rather than a troubled water, and always up the river; ſtill caſting out your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly, where it will be taken, ſometimes at the top, or within a very little of the ſuperficies of the water, and almoſt always before that

light

light plumb can ſink it to the bottom; both by reaſon of the ſtream, and alſo that you muſt always keep your worm in motion by drawing ſtill back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly; and believe me, whoever will try it, ſhall find this the beſt way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water eſpecially; but then his rod muſt be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made, which, with a ſkilful hand, will do wonders, and in a clear ſtream is undoubtedly the beſt way of angling for a Trout or Grayling with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of moſt eaſe and delight to the angler. To which let me add, that if the angler be of a conſtitution that will ſuffer him to wade, and will ſlip into the tail of a ſhallow ſtream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and ſo keep off the bank, he ſhall almoſt take what fiſh he pleaſes.

The ſecond way of angling at the bottom is with a cork or float; and that is alſo of two ſorts; with a worm, or with a grub or cadis.

With a worm you are to have your line within a foot, or a foot and half as long as your rod; in a dark water, with two, or if you will with three, but in a clear water never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for four or five lengths above it, and a worm of what ſize you pleaſe, your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river, that is, to the ſwiftneſs or ſlowneſs of it; and both, when the water is very clear, as fine as you can; and then you are never to bait with above one of the leſſer ſort of brandlings; or, if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a Trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag; or if it do, a Trout will ſometimes take it in that poſture: if for a Grayling, you are then to fiſh further from the bottom, he being a fiſh that uſually ſwims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always looſe; or however is more apt to riſe

than a Trout, and more inclined to riſe than to deſcend even to a ground-bait.

With a grub or cadis, you are to angle with the ſame length of line; or if it be all out as long as your rod, 'tis not the worſe, with never above one hair for two or three lengths next the hook, and with the ſmalleſt cork, or float, and the leaſt weight of plumb you can that will but ſink, and that the ſwiftneſs of your ſtream will allow: which alſo you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a ſtream, or the eddies betwixt two ſtreams, which alſo are the moſt likely places wherein to kill a fiſh in a ſtream, either at the top or bottom.

Of grubs for a Grayling, the aſh-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head; or the dock-worm, or grub of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head alſo, are the beſt; I ſay for a Grayling, becauſe, although a Trout will take both theſe, the aſh-grub eſpecially, yet he does not do it ſo freely as the other, and I have uſually taken ten Graylings for one Trout with that bait; though if a Trout come, I have obſerved, that he is commonly a very good one.

Theſe baits we uſually keep in bran, in which an aſh-grub commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet ſo tender, that it will be neceſſary to warp in a piece of a ſtiff hair with your arming, leaving it ſtanding out about a ſtraw-breadth at the head of your hook, ſo as to keep the grub either from ſlipping totally off when baited, or at leaſt down to the point of the hook, by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither ſo ſightly, nor ſo likely to be taken; though to help that, which will however very oft fall out, I always arm the hook I deſign for this bait with the whiteſt horſe-hair I can chooſe, which itſelf will reſemble, and ſhine like that bait, and conſequently will do more good, or leſs harm, than an arming of any other colour. Theſe

grubs

grubs are to be baited thus; the hook is to be put in under the head or chaps of the bait, and guided down the middle of the belly, without ſuffering it to peep out by the way; for then the aſh-grub eſpecially will iſſue out water and milk, till nothing but the ſkin ſhall remain, and the bend of the hook will appear black through it, till the point of your hook come ſo low that the head of your bait may reſt, and ſtick upon the hair that ſtands out to hold it; by which means it can neither ſlip of itſelf, neither will the force of the ſtream, nor quick pulling out, upon any miſtake, ſtrip it off.

Now the cadis, or cod-bait, which is a ſure killing bait, and for the moſt part, by much ſurer than either of the other, may be put upon the hook, two or three together, and is ſometimes, to very great effect, joined to a worm, and ſometimes to an artificial fly to cover the point of your hook; but is always to be angled with at the bottom, when by itſelf eſpecially, with the fineſt tackle; and is for all times of the year, the moſt holding bait of all other whatever, both for Trout and Grayling.

There are ſeveral other baits beſides theſe few I have named you, which alſo do very great execution at the bottom, and ſome that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own obſervation; and ſome others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, becauſe I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things elſe I obſerve you to be a very honeſt gentleman, a fair angler. And ſo much for the ſecond ſort of angling for a Trout at the bottom.

Viat. But, Sir, I beſeech you give me leave to aſk you one queſtion: is there no art to be uſed to worms, to make them allure the fiſh, and in a manner compel them to bite at the bait?

Piſc. Not that I know of; or did I know any ſuch ſecret, I would not uſe it myſelf, and therefore would not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you, that in my younger days, I have made trial of oil of oſpray,

oil of ivy, camphire, aſſa-fœtida, juice of nettles, and ſeveral other devices that I was taught by ſeveral anglers I met with; but could never find any advantage by them, and can ſcarce believe there is any thing to be done that way; though I muſt tell you I have ſeen ſome men, who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet with the ſame kind of worms I had, in my own ſight taken five, and ſometimes ten for one. But we'll let that buſineſs alone, if you pleaſe; and becauſe we have time enough, and that I would deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you pleaſe, proceed to the laſt way of angling for a Trout or Grayling, which is in the middle; after which, I ſhall have no more to trouble you with.

Viat. 'Tis no trouble, Sir, but the greateſt ſatisfaction that can be, and I attend you.

CHAP. XII.

PISCATOR.

ANGLING in the middle then, for a Trout or Grayling, is of two ſorts; with a pink or minnow for a Trout, or with a worm, grub, or cadis for a Grayling.

For the firſt, it is with a minnow half a foot, or a foot within the ſuperficies of the water; and as to the reſt that concerns this ſort of angling, I ſhall wholly refer you to Mr. *Walton*'s direction, who is undoubtedly the beſt angler with a minnow in *England*; only in plain truth I do not approve of thoſe baits he keeps in ſalt, unleſs where the living ones are not poſſibly to be had; though I know he frequently kills with them, and peradventure more, than with any other; nay, I have ſeen him refuſe a living one for one of them, and much leſs of his artificial one; for though we do it with a counterfeit fly, methinks it ſhould hardly be expected, that a man ſhould deceive a fiſh with a

counterfeit

counterfeit fiſh. Which having ſaid, I ſhall only add, and that out of my own experience, that I do believe a bull-head, with his gill-fins cut off, at ſome times of the year eſpecially, to be a much better bait for a Trout than a minnow, and a loach much better than that; to prove which, I ſhall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken Trouts with a bull-head or a loach in their throats, for there a Trout has queſtionleſs his firſt digeſtion, than a minnow; and that one day eſpecially, having angled a good part of the day with a minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water, as could be wiſhed for that purpoſe, without raiſing any one fiſh; I at laſt fell to it with the worm, and with that took fourteen in a very ſhort ſpace; amongſt all which, there was not to my remembrance, ſo much as one, that had not a loach or two, and ſome of them three, four, five, and ſix loaches, in his throat and ſtomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of it.

But after all, there is a better way of angling with a minnow, than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practiſe; to which I ſhall only add, that a Grayling will certainly riſe at, and ſometimes take a minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one, who ſhall conſider the littleneſs of that fiſh's mouth, very unfit to take ſo great a bait: but is affirmed by many, that he will ſometimes do it; and I myſelf know it to be true; for though I never took a Grayling ſo, yet a man of mine once did, and within ſo few paces of me, that I am as certain of it, as I can be of any thing I did not ſee, and, which made it appear the more ſtrange, the Grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I muſt here alſo beg leave of your maſter, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot conſent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown Trout, and afterwards recovering his fiſh with his tackle. For though I am ſatisfied he has ſometimes done it, becauſe he ſays ſo, yet I have found it quite otherwiſe; and though I have taken with the angle, I

may

may ſafely ſay, ſome thouſands of Trouts in my life, my top never ſnapt, though my line ſtill continued faſt to the remaining part of my rod, by ſome lengths of line curled round about my top, and there faſtened with waxt ſilk, againſt ſuch an accident; nor my hand never ſlackt, or ſlipt by any other chance, but I almoſt always infallibly loſt my fiſh, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often wondered how a Trout ſhould ſo ſuddenly diſengage himſelf from ſo great a hook, as that we bait with a minnow, and ſo deep bearded, as thoſe hooks commonly are; when I have ſeen by the forenamed accidents, or the ſlipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by ſudden and hard ſtriking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almoſt before it could be all drawn into the water, the fiſh cleared, and gone in a moment. And yet to juſtify what he ſays, I have ſometimes known a Trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead, three or four days after, with the hook faſt ſticking in him: but then it is to be ſuppoſed he had gorged it, which a Trout will do, if you be not too quick with him when he comes at a minnow, as ſure and much ſooner than a Pike; and I myſelf have alſo, once or twice in my life, taken the ſame fiſh with my own fly ſticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the ſlipping of a hook in the arming; but I am very confident a Trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook, that has ſo much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not ſtruck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only; nay, I do certainly know, that a Trout, ſo ſoon as ever he feels himſelf prickt, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out, or break the hook in the middle. And ſo much for this firſt ſort of angling in the middle for a Trout.

The ſecond way of angling in the middle, is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait for a Grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom,

bottom, a Grayling taking it much better there than at the bottom, as has been ſaid before; and this always in a clear water, and with the fineſt tackle.

To which we may alſo, and with very good reaſon, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fiſhing in the middle, which is common to both Trout and Grayling, and as I ſaid before, the beſt way of angling with a worm, of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have ſaid all I can at preſent think of concerning angling for a Trout and Grayling, and I doubt not have tired you ſufficiently; but I will give you no more trouble of this kind, whilſt you ſtay, which I hope will be a good while longer.

Viat. That will not be above a day longer; but if I live till *May* come twelvemonth, you are ſure of me again, either with my maſter *Walton*, or without him; and in the mean time ſhall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his ſake, and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Piſc. I ſhall be glad, Sir, of your good company at the time you ſpeak of, and ſhall be loath to part with you now; but when you tell me you muſt go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way, than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wiſh you a good journey.

A SHORT

A SHORT DISCOURSE BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT, TOUCHING THE LAWS of ANGLING*.

My good FRIEND,

I Cannot but tender my particular thanks to you, for that you have been pleaſed by three editions of your COMPLETE ANGLER, freely to diſpenſe your dear-bought experiences to all the lovers of that art; and have thereby ſo excellently vindicated the legality thereof, as to divine approbation, that if I ſhould go about to ſay more in that behalf, it indeed were to light a candle to the ſun. But ſince all pleaſures (though never ſo innocent in themſelves) loſe that ſtamp, when they are either purſued with inordinate affections, or to the prejudice of another; therefore as to the former, every man ought to endeavour, through a ſerious conſideration of the vanity of worldly contentments, to moderate his affections thereunto, whereby they may

* This Diſcourſe was firſt publiſhed with, and was printed at the end of the Third Edition of *Walton*'s book; but, as the ſubject matter of it does as well relate to *Cotton*'s part as the other, it was thought proper to tranſpoſe it.

be made of excellent uſe, as ſome poiſons allayed are in phyſic: and as to the latter, we are to have recourſe to the known laws, ignorance whereof excuſeth no man, and therefore by their directions ſo to ſquare our actions, that we hurt no man, but keep cloſe to that golden rule, To do to all men, as we would ourſelves be done unto.

Now concerning the Art of Angling, we may conclude, Sir, that as you have proved it to be of great antiquity, ſo I find it favoured by the laws of this kingdom; for where proviſion is made by our Statutes *primo Elizab. cap.* 17. againſt taking fiſh by nets that be not of ſuch and ſuch a ſize there ſet down, yet, thoſe law-makers had ſo much reſpect to anglers, as to except them, and leave them at liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet though this Apoſtolical recreation be ſimply in itſelf lawful, yet no man can go upon another man's ground to fiſh, without his licence, but that he is a treſpaſſer; but if a man have licence to enter into a cloſe or ground for ſuch a ſpace of time, there though he practiſe angling all that time, he is not a treſpaſſer, becauſe his fiſhing is no abuſe of his licence: but this is to be underſtood of running ſtreams, and not of ponds or ſtanding pools; for in caſe of a pond or ſtanding pool, the owner thereof hath a property in the fiſh, and they are ſo far ſaid to be his, that he may have treſpaſs for the fiſh againſt any one that ſhall take them without his licence, though it be upon a common, or adjoining to the king's highway, or adjoining to another man's ground, who gives licence: but in caſe of a river, where one or more have *libera piſcaria* only, it is otherwiſe, for there the fiſhes are ſaid to be *feræ naturæ*, and the taking of them with an angle is not treſpaſs, for that no man is ſaid to have a property in them till he have caught them: and then it is a treſpaſs for any to take them from him. But this is not to be underſtood of fiſhes confined to a man's own ground by gates or otherwiſe, ſo that they cannot paſs away, but may be taken out or put in at pleaſure; for in that caſe the party

party hath a property in them, as in the caſe of a ſtanding pool.

But where any one hath *ſeparalis piſcaria*, as in *Child* and *Greenhill*'s Caſe in *Trin.* 15 *Car.* 1. in the *King's-Bench*, there it ſeemeth that the fiſh may be ſaid to be his, becauſe no man elſe may take them whilſt they are within his ſeveral-fiſhing: therefore what is meant by a ſeveral-fiſhing is neceſſary to be conſidered. And though the difference between a free-fiſhing and a ſeveral-fiſhing, be often treated of in the antient books of the law, and ſome opinions will have the difference to be great, and others ſmall or nothing at all; yet the certaineſt definition of a ſeveral-fiſhing is, where one hath the royalty, and oweth the ground on each ſide of the water; which agreeth with Sir *William Calthrop*'s caſe, where an action was brought by him againſt another for fiſhing in his ſeveral-fiſhing, *&c.* to which the defendant pleaded, That the place wherein the treſpaſs was ſuppoſed to be done, contained ten perches of land in length, and twenty perches in breadth, which was his own freehold at the time when the treſpaſs was ſuppoſed to be done, and that he fiſhed there as was lawful for him to do; and this was adjudged a good plea by the whole court: and upon argument in that very caſe it was agreed, that no man could have a ſeveral-fiſhing but in his own ſoil, and that free-fiſhing may be in the ſoil of another man; which was all agreed unto by *Littleton*, our famous *Engliſh* lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this ſhort concluſion, that if the angler take care that he offend not with his feet, there is no great danger of his hands.

3d Cro. 553.

Mich. 17 E. 4, 6. and Paſch. 18 E. 4, 4.

But there are ſome covetous rigid perſons, whoſe ſouls hold no ſympathy with thoſe of the innocent anglers; having either got to be lords of royalties, or owners of lands adjoining to rivers, and theſe do, by ſome apted clowniſh nature and education for the purpoſe, inſult and domineer over the innocent angler,

beating him, breaking his rod, or at leaſt taking it from him *, and ſometimes impriſoning his perſon as if he were a felon. Whereas a true-bred gentleman ſcorns thoſe ſpider-like attempts, and will rather refreſh a civil ſtranger at his table, than warn him from coming on his ground upon ſo innocent an occaſion. It ſhould therefore be conſidered how far ſuch furious drivers are warranted by the law, and what the angler may (in caſe of ſuch violence) do in defence of himſelf. If I come upon another man's ground without his licence, or the licence of the law, I am a treſpaſſer, for which the owner may have an action of treſpaſs againſt me; and if I continue there after warning to depart by the owner, or his ſervant thereunto authorized, the owner, or his ſervant by his command, may put me off by force, but not beat me, but in caſe of reſiſtance by me, for then I (by reſiſting) make the aſſault; but if he beat me, I not reſiſting, in that caſe, he makes the aſſault, and I may beat him in defence of myſelf, and to free myſelf from his violence †. And in caſe I ſhall leave my rod behind in his ground, he may take it *damage feaſant*, but he can neither take it from my perſon by force, nor break it, but he is a treſpaſſer to me. Which ſeems clear by the caſe of *Reynell* and *Champernon*, where *Reynell* brought an action of treſpaſs againſt *Champernon* for taking and cutting his nets; the defendant juſtified for that he

Mich. 7 Car. 1. Cro. Car. 228.

* There is no reading this paſſage without figuring to one's imagination the poor, humble, patient angler, ſtanding ſtill and defenceleſs, while the mercileſs lord of the manor is laying him on with a ſtick, perhaps the butt of his own rod, or a worſe weapon. I will not diſpute with the author, whether the meekneſs and ſubmiſſion of the poor fiſher upon this occaſion are very becoming or not; but this ſort of paſſive valour is rather to be admired than imitated. Yet has the angler his remedy, as the reader will ſee a few lines below.

† Agreeable to the rule contained in this barbarous diſtich:

Res dare pro rebus, pro verbis verba ſolemus,
Pro buſis, buſas, pro triſis reddere truſas.

Things muſt be recompenſt with things, buffets with blowes,
And words with words, and taunts with mockes and mowes.
Dalton's Country Juſtice, Chap. 72.

was

was seised in fee of a several-fishing, and that the plaintiff with others endeavoured to row upon his water, and with the nets to catch his fish; and that for the safeguard of his fishing he took and cut the nets and oars; to which plea the plaintiff demurred; and there it was adjudged by the whole court, that he could not by such colour cut the nets and oars; and judgment was thereupon given for the plaintiff.

Doubtless our fore-fathers well considered, that man to man was a wolf*, and therefore made good laws to keep us from devouring one another; and amongst the rest a very good Statute was made in the three and fortieth year of Queen *Elizabeth*, whereby it is provided, that in personal actions in the courts at *Westminster*, (being not for land or battery) when it shall appear to the judges, (and be so by them signified) that the debt or damages to be recovered amount not to the sum of forty shillings or above, the said judges shall award to the plaintiff no more costs than damages, but less at their discretion.

And now with my acknowledgment of the advantage I have had both by your friendship and your book, I wish nothing may ever be that looks like an alteration in the first; nor any thing in the last, unless, by reason of the useful pleasure of it, you had called it the ARCADIA of ANGLING; for it deserves that title, and I would deserve the continuance of your friendship.

* *

Since the writing the foregoing discourse, the laws of this country, relative to fish and fishing, have undergone such alterations as would alone justify an addition to it; but as it has, of late, been objected to all laws that assign an exclusive right in any of the creatures of God to particular ranks or or-

* A melancholy truth so universally acknowledged as to have given occasion to the proverb, *Homo homini lupus.* Vide *Erasmi* Adagia.

ders of men, that they ſavour of barbariſm, and are calculated to ſerve the purpoſes of tyranny and ambition; it was thought neceſſary to trace the matter farther back, and ſhew from whence laws of this kind derive their force. And though it is not imagined that ſpeculative arguments will operate upon men of licentious principles, yet as the general tenor of this work ſuppoſes the angler to be endued with reaſon, and under the dominion of conſcience, it may not be amiſs to ſtate the obligation he is under to an obſervance of ſuch laws, and to point out to him the ſeveral inſtances where he cannot purſue his recreation without the riſque of his quiet.

Property is univerſally allowed to be founded on occupancy, the very notion of which implies induſtry, or ſome act in the occupant, of which no ſtranger has a right to avail himſelf: he that firſt took poſſeſſion of an uncultivated tract of land, provided it was no more than neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of himſelf and his family, became thereby the proprietor of ſuch land.

Mr. *Locke* illuſtrates this doctrine by an elegant inſtance: "The water running in the fountain," ſays he, "is every one's; but that in the pitcher is his only "who draws it." *On Government*, Book II. Chap. V. Sect. 29.

And if this reaſoning be admitted in the caſe of land, which is ranked among the immoveable objects of property, it is much ſtronger in favour of things moveable, the right of which is at once claimed, and fortified by an actual poſſeſſion and ſeparation from that common maſs in which they were originally ſuppoſed to exiſt.

But notwithſtanding the innumerable appropriations which in the preſent civilized ſtate of the world, appear to have been made, there are many things which may yet be ſaid to be in common and in a ſtate of natural liberty; in this claſs we may rank creatures *feræ naturæ*, beaſts of chace, many kinds of fowl, and all fiſh. The fiſherman in *Plautus* admits, that none of the fiſh were his, while they remained in their proper element,

element, and insists only on his right to those which he had caught. *Rudens*, Act 4. Scene 3. And both the *Jewish* and *Roman* lawyers assert, that wild beasts and fish belong only to those who take them *.

This notion has led many persons to imagine, that, even now, there subsists a general community of these creatures; and that, at this day, every one has a right to take them to his own use wherever he finds them. Not to insist, that if all men promiscuously were permitted the exercise of this right, it would be of very little benefit to any, it may suffice to say, that there are few civilized countries that have not found it necessary either for promoting some public good, or averting some public mischief, to controul it by express prohibitions; and how far such prohibitions are deemed lawful and binding on the consciences of those on whom they are imposed, will appear by consulting the authorities in the margin †; and it is worth noting, that laws made to prohibit the taking of creatures *feræ naturâ*, by persons unqualified, do not take from a man any thing which is his own; but they barely forbid the use of certain methods of acquisition, which the law of nature might, perhaps, allow of. *Puffendorf de Jure Nat. & Gent. Lib.* IV. *Cap.* 6. §. 6 ‡.

* Selden *De Jure Nat. & Gent. juxta Discip. Ebræor.* Lib. IV. Cap. 4. Instit. Lib. II. Tit. 1. *De rerum divisione & acquirendo earum Dominio.* However, this is to be understood only in cases wherein there is no law to forbid it. Grot. *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, Lib. II. Cap. 2. §. 5.

† Puffendorf *De Jure Nat. & Gent.* Lib IV. Cap. 6. §. 6. Gudelin *De Jure Novissimo*, Lib. II. Cap. 2. D. Lib. XLI. Tit. 2. *De acquirend. vel admittend. Possess.* See also *Garcilasso de la Vega* Comm. Reg. Lib. VI. Cap. VI. Where it is said, that in *Peru*, hunting, by the inferior sort, is prohibited, lest, says the author, "men betaking themselves to the pleasure of the field, should de-"light in a continued course of sports, and so neglect the necessary "provision and maintenance of their families."

‡ See also *Arnold. Vinn.* ad Sect. 13. *De Rer. Divis.* And *Ziegler* on *Grotius*, Lib. II. Cap. 2. §. 5.

Agreeable to the principles here laid down, we find, that the laws of moſt countries, at leaſt of this, have aſſigned the property in the creatures in queſtion to particular perſons: thus to royal fiſh, which are Whales and Sturgeons, the king is entitled by his prerogative *; and the property of fiſh in rivers, or at leaſt, a right to take them, is, in many places, given to corporations; as with us, the fiſhery of the river *Thames* is granted to the city of *London*; and the townſmen of *Hungerford*, in *Berkſhire*, claim a right of fiſhing in that part of the river *Kennet*, called their common water, under a grant from *John* of *Gaunt*, who, we may ſuppoſe, derived it from the crown †; but in moſt inſtances fiſh belong to the owner of the ſoil.

Theſe principles being recognized, and property once ſettled, it is eaſy to ſee the neceſſity and the juſtice of fencing it with poſitive laws; accordingly, in this country, judicial determinations have, from time to time, been made, aſcertaining the rights of perſons to fiſheries; and theſe, together with the ſeveral ſtatutes enacted to prevent the deſtruction of fiſh, compoſe the body of laws relating to fiſh and fiſhing; the former, by way of ſupplement to the foregoing diſcourſe, are here laid down, and the latter will be referred to.

The property which the common law gives in river-fiſh uncaught, is of that kind which is called *ſpecial*, or qualified property; which ſee defined by Lord *Coke*, in his Reports, *Part* 7. *Fo.* 17. b. and is derived out of the right to the place or ſoil where ſuch fiſh live: ſo that, ſuppoſing them, at any given inſtant, to belong to one perſon, whenever they reſort to the ſoil or

* 7 *Coke* 16. The Caſe of Swans.

† The townſmen of *Hungerford* have a horn, holding about a quart, the inſcription whereon affirms it to have been given by *John of Gaunt*, with the *Rial-fiſhing* (ſo it is therein expreſſed) in a certain part of the river. *Gibſ. Camden*, 166.

water

water of another, they become his property, and so *in infinitum.*

And to prove that this notion of a fluctuating or tranſitory property, is what the law allows, we need only apply it to the caſe of the water in a river; which is ſo conſtantly paſſing from the ſoil of one to another, that no man can, in ſtrictneſs, be ſaid to go twice to the ſame river; and yet, by a grant of any given quantity of land covered with water, which is the only legal deſignation of a river, not only a certain tract of the river, but the fiſh contained in it, ſhall paſs, ſee *Coke* on *Littleton*, 4. a.

In the *Regiſter*, a very ancient law-book, we find two writs relating to fiſh; the one, for the unlawful taking of fiſh in a ſeveral-fiſhery; and the other, in a free-fiſhery; and of theſe in their order.

A ſeveral-fiſhery, is that which a man is intitled to in reſpect of his being the owner of the ſoil, and is what no one can have in the land of another, unleſs by ſpecial grant or preſcription; and whoever ſhall fiſh in ſuch a ſeveral-fiſhery, without a licence, is liable to an action of treſpaſs, in which the plaintiff may well demand; *wherefore, in the plaintiff's ſeveral-fiſhery, the defendant was fiſhing, and his fiſhes took*, &c. for though the fiſh be *feræ naturâ*, yet being taken in the water of the owner of the river, they are ſaid to be *his* fiſh, without ſaying in his ſoil or water, 3d *Croke*'s Reports, 553. *Child* and *Greenhill*'s caſe; but he muſt ſet forth the nature and number of the fiſh taken, 5 *Coke*'s Reports, 35. *Playter*'s caſe, and 3d *Coke* 18.

A free-fiſhery is a right to take fiſh in the water and ſoil of another, and is derived out of a ſeveral-fiſhery. If one ſeized of a river, grants, without including the ſoil, a ſeveral-fiſhery, or, which amounts to no more than that, his water, a right of fiſhing paſſes, and nothing elſe. *Plowden*'s *Commentary*, 154. b. *Coke* on *Littleton*, 4. b. and the word *ſeveral*, in ſuch caſe, is ſynonymous with *ſole*, and that in ſo ſtrict a ſenſe, that by ſuch a grant not only ſtrangers, but even the

owner of the ſoil, is excluded from fiſhing there. *Co. Litt.* 122. a. And further, where one preſcribes to have a ſeveral-fiſhery in a water, which preſcription always ſuppoſes a grant precedent, the owner of the ſoil, as much as a ſtranger, is liable to an action if he fiſhes there. 2 *Roll.* 258. the caſe of *Foriſton* and *Cratchrode* in the *Common Pleas*, *Mich.* 29 and 30 *Eliz.* But here the writ ſhall vary from that in the caſe of a ſeveral-fiſhery, and demand, *wherefore the defendant, in the free-fiſhery of the plaintiff, at* N. *without the licence and conſent of the plaintiff, was fiſhing*, &c. expreſſing the nature and number of the fiſh taken; but becauſe the ſoil does not paſs by ſuch a grant, and the fiſh are *feræ naturâ*, he ſhall not call them *his* fiſh, as in the former inſtance. See the caſe of *Child* and *Greenhill*, above cited.

The doctrine deducible from theſe principles is, that that which united with the ſoil, would be a ſeveral-fiſhery, when ſevered by grant, though the grant be of a ſeveral, or ſole, and not of a free-fiſhery, *in terminis*, becomes a free fiſhery.

There is yet another caſe that I ſhall mention, which will give the intelligent reader a clear notion of this matter. A man grants to one, or more, a *liberty of fiſhing* *: here nothing but a naked right to fiſh paſſes, and the remedy againſt a treſpaſſer is not ſevered from the ſoil; the owner whereof, and not the grantee, may maintain an action, and may alſo fiſh himſelf. *Co. Litt.* 122. a.

As common of fiſhing may be appendant to land, ſo alſo there may be a joint-tenancy, or a tenancy in common of a fiſhery. 1 *Inſt.* 186. b.

* I find in *Dugd. Warw* 1142, *in margine*, an account of the following grant, which for its ſingularity deſerves notice.

31 *Hen.* III. "*Thomas de Clinton*, of *Aminton*, levied a fine to "*Phil. Marmion*, that he and his heirs, his wife, and their heirs, "might, when they came to *Tamworth*, or to their caſtle at *Mid-*"*dleton*, fiſh with a boat any where in his water at *Aminton*, with "one net, called a *fleu*-net, and a *tramil* and *ſayna:* for which "liberty he gave him ſix marks of ſilver."

Having

Having thus ſhewn in what caſes the angler, in the purſuit of his recreation, may become a *treſpaſſer*, let us next conſider how far he is, by taking fiſh, in danger of committing *Larceny*; for that the taking fiſh out of a pond, without the conſent of the owner, falls within my Lord *Coke*'s definition of that crime, no one can doubt that reads it. His words are, "Larceny is "the felonious, and fraudulent taking and carrying "away, by any man or woman, of the mere perſonal "goods of another; neither from the perſon nor by "night, in the houſe of the owner," 3*d Inſt.* 107. and a little after, 109. he expreſsly ſays, "Larceny "may be committed of fiſhes in a *pond*."

Now, though to make the taking any perſonal thing felonious, reaſon and the law require, that the party ſhould do it *animo furandi*, ſee *Bracton*, *Lib.* 3. *Fol.* 150. *Fleta*, *Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 36. which we will ſuppoſe no angler to be poſſeſſed with; yet whether by the word *pond*, we are to underſtand ponds at large, is perhaps of ſome conſequence for him to know.

It is a rule in law, that perſonal goods, and things ſevered from the freehold, ſhall go to the executors, and not to the heir. *Wentworth*'s *Office of an Executor*, Chap. 5. and ſo ſhall fiſh in a trunk, or the like, *ibid.* but Lord *Coke*, in his *Commentary on Littleton*, Fol. 8. tells us, that fiſh in a pond ſhall go with the inheritance, becauſe, ſays he, "they were at their liberty, "and could not be gotten without induſtry, as by nets "or engines."

From hence we may conclude, that fiſh in ponds cannot be ſaid to be *mere perſonal* goods, and then it follows as a conſequence, that of ſuch fiſh larceny cannot be committed; and we may further conclude, that the word *ponds*, in the above paſſage, muſt mean only ſtew-ponds, ciſterns, or other ſuch ſmall receptacles of fiſh.

Many wholſome laws have, from time to time, been enacted, to prevent the deſtruction of fiſh; but they are ſo numerous, that I muſt refer the reader to the

Statutes at large, or to the Abridgment publiſhed by a late worthy and learned friend of mine, *John Cay*, Eſq; deceaſed.

He may alſo ſee a diſcourſe on the laws concerning angling, and for preſervation of fiſh, at the end *of the Angler's Sure Guide*, written, as it ſeems, by the author of that book, with the learning and accuracy of an able lawyer.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

NUMBER I.

Referred to from the end of Part I.

Of AQUATIC INSECTS *covering themſelves with Caſes.*

Water inſects that cover themſelves with caſes, have a caſe either

- *Immoveable*, being affixed to ſtones, and have a body either
  - *Round*, with little threads on the ſides, or
  - *Flat*, and more compreſſed, without little threads.
- Or *moveable*, portable, and migratory, called phryganea, *vulgo* a cad-caſe, which is furniſhed with little threads as well on the back as the ſides; by means whereof they adhere firmly to their caſes, excepting only their head and feet, with three ſmall protuberances projecting beyond the feet, which they can erect or put forth at pleaſure, to hinder their caſes from preſſing down on their heads as they creep, and troubling them.

And their caſes are either

- *Straits*, having either
  - *Straws* aglutinated, and thoſe either
    - *Parallel*, conſtituting two ſpecies,
      - The *greater* being two inches long,
      - The *leſſer* and moſt common called *ſtraw worms*.
    - Or *tranſverſe* and ſhorter, with ſometimes ſmall ſtones and ſhells intermixed.
  - Or *no ſtraws* adhering, but ſmall ſtones or fine ſand, which are either
    - *Round*, with little worms within, called *cod-bait*,
    - Or *flat* and compreſſed, either
      - With ſomewhat larger ſtones adhering to the ſides of the caſe, but never to the fore or back part of it, whence it neceſſarily appears flat and compreſſed.
      - Or with no ſtones adhering to the ſides, but with a caſe extending on each ſide into a narrow margin or border, like wings, and the caſe is more flat and compreſſed than the former.
- Or *crooked*, or rather reſembling a horn; for the caſes of theſe are crooked, and one extremity is larger, the other leſs; of theſe I have known four different ſpecies, viz. the black, the greater and leſs, and the aſh-colour, the greater and leſs.

All

All these produce flies with very large wings, like those of butterflies. The nymphæ of these (which are to spring from those small worms, and which like tortoises carry their houses about with them, within which they turn into nymphæ, from which nymphæ afterwards spring little flies) Dr. *Swammerdam* refers to his fourth order of transmutations, whereas, in my opinion, they belong to the third, because they change their skin twice.

Another translation of this synopsis, too copious to be here inserted, together with many curious particulars concerning aquatic insects, is to be found in the *Natural History of Northamptonshire*, by the Rev. *John Morton*, chap. 7.

NUMBER II.

Referred to from Part II. page 46, *in notis*.

FEBRUARY.

PEACOCK-HACKLE. Peacock's herl alone, or interchanged with ostrich herl, warping red silk, red cock's hackle over all; it may be varied by a black cock's hackle and silver-twist.

Taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon.

This and the several other hackles, which we have here and hereafter described, being most tempting baits, should always be first tried when the angler comes to a strange river; and not changed till he has found out, and is certain what particular fly is upon the water.

MARCH.

GREEN PEACOCK HACKLE. Greenish herl of a peacock; warping, green silk, a black hackle over all.

Taken from eight to eleven in the morning.

ASH-COLOURED DUN. Dub with the roots of a fox-cub's tail; warp with pale yellow silk: wing of the pale part of a starling's feather.

Taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.

This fly, which is also called the violet dun and blue dun, is to be found on almost every river; some particulars of it have been mentioned in the note, Part II. p. 47; but here follow some observations on it, which deserve

deſerve to be attended to. It varies much in its colour, according to the ſeaſon of the year: in *March* and *September* it is called, and that very properly, the violet dun, for it has often that hue; and therefore, in the paſſage above referred to, we have directed the mixing blue-violet crewel with the fox-cub down. In *April* it aſſumes a pale aſh-colour, and in *May* is of a beautiful lemon-colour, both body and wings. In *June* and *July* it is blue-black, and from *July* it inſenſibly varies till it becomes of its primitive colour, violet dun, which it never fails to do by *September*.

APRIL.

PEARL-COLOUR, or HERON DUN. Dub with the yellowiſh or aſh-coloured herl of a heron, warp with aſh-coloured ſilk: wing from the ſhort feather of a heron, or from a coot's wing; of an aſh-colour.

Morning and afternoon.

BLUE DUN. Dub with the fur of a water-rat; warp with aſh-colour; wing of a coot's feather.

Morning and afternoon.

MAY.

SILVER-TWIST HACKLE. Dub with the herl of an oſtrich-feather; warp with dark green, ſilver-twiſt, and black cock's hackle, over all.

Taken from nine to eleven, eſpecially in a ſhowery day.

SOOTY DUN. Dub with black ſpaniel's fur, or the herl of an oſtrich; warp with green; wing, the dark part of a land-rail or coot.

Taken beſt in a ſhowery day, as alſo in April *or* June.

LIGHT FLAMING, or SPRING BROWN. Dub with light brown of a calf; warp with orange-colour; wing of a pale grey mallard's feather.

Taken chiefly before ſun-ſet in a warm evening—a good fly.

Although much is ſaid, in the firſt part of the foregoing dialogues, of the oak-fly, *the author has given but a very ſuperficial deſcription of it, and his directions for making it are extremely imperfect; we would therefore recom-*

recommend the making it after the natural fly, and that according to the following directions.

OAK-FLY. By ſome called the aſh fly, (by others, erroneouſly, the hawthorn-fly.) The head, which is large, of an aſh-colour; the upper part of the body greyiſh, with two or three hairs of bright brown mixt, and a very little light blue, and ſometimes a hair or two of light green; the tail part is greyiſh mixt with orange: wing of a mottled brown feather of a woodcock, partridge, or brown hen; hook N° 8 or 9. This is the fly which is ſeen much in *March*, *April*, *May*, and *June*, on the body of aſh-trees, oaks, willows, and thorns, growing near the water, ſtanding with its head downwards; it is an excellent fly, but difficult to imitate, being of many colours, unequally mixed. It takes chiefly in the morning; it does not ſeem to come from any cadis, for it never drops in great numbers on the water; and the wings are ſhort, and lie flat on the back, like the blue bottle, or large fleſh-fly.

ORANGE-TAWNEY, ORANGE-BROWN, CAMLET-FLY, ALDER-FLY, WITHY-FLY, or BASTARD CADIS. Dub with dark brown ſpaniel's hair, or calf's hair, that ſhines, or barge-ſail; warp with deep orange, black hackle under the wing: wing of a darkiſh feather of a mallard or ſtarling.

Taken chiefly in a morning before the green-drake comes upon the water.

HUZZARD. Dub with pale lemon-coloured mohair, or oſtrich feather dyed yellow; warp with yellow, gold-twiſt and yellow hackle over all. Wing of a very pale mallard's feather dyed of a lemon-colour, the wings large, and longer than the body, lying flat on the back.

Taken in a bluſtering day, before the May-*fly comes in.*

A fly little known, but the moſt beautiful of the inſect ſpecies that frequent the water. It is larger than the green-drake; of a beautiful lemon colour, both body and wings, which are four in number, and lie cloſe to its back. It is to be met with in but few rivers, and is therefore eſteemed a great curioſity;

fity; in thoſe rivers that produce them, they appear in great numbers about the latter end of *April*; at which time, and afterwards, the Trouts riſe at them very eagerly: doubtleſs this is a true water-fly: it is ſuppoſed to be produced from a very large cadis.

DEATH-DRAKE. The body, one herl of black oſtrich and two of peacock; ſilver-twiſt, black hackle: wing of the dark feather of a mallard, of a copper-colour.

Taken chiefly in an evening when the May-*fly is almoſt gone.*

YELLOW MILLER, or OWL-FLY. The body of a yellow martern's fur, or oſtrich herl dyed buff colour: wing of the ruddy feather of a young peacock's wing, or pale brown chicken.

Taken from ſun-ſet till ten at night, and from two till four in the morning.

JUNE.

The May-flies moſt of them as above.

JULY.

MIDDLING BROWN. Made of calf's hair twiſted upon pale yellow ſilk, for the ſilk to appear: wing of a mallard's feather.

DARK BROWN. Warp with red ſilk, with a deep orange tag at the tail: wing of a mallard's feather.

WILLOW CRICKET, or SMALL PEACOCK FLY. A herl of a green peacock's feather; warp with green ſilk: wing of a ſtarling's feather, longer than the body.

A morning fly, eſpecially for Grayling in rapid rivers.

PISMIRE. The body, ſome few reeves of a cock-pheaſant's tail-feather, or ruddy barge-ſail, or brown carpet,

carpet, or old bear's-hair, towards the roots, tanned with the weather: one peacock's herl may be twiſted with it: warp with ruddy ſilk: wing, the light part of a ſtarling's feather, left longer than the body.

A killing fly after an emmet-flight, but not before.

AUGUST.

The piſmire through this month; as alſo the other flies of the laſt month.

SEPTEMBER.

LARGE FOETID LIGHT BROWN. The body of light calf or cow's hair, or ſcal's fur dyed of the colour; warp with ruddy or orange-coloured ſilk: wing, of a ruddy brown chicken large and long.

A killing fly in a morning. This fly is much upon Hackney *river, and is much ruddier there than elſewhere. In the* Thames *I have caught with it dace of the largeſt ſize, and in great numbers. Somewhat of its hiſtory is given in the notes, page* 230.

NUMBER III.

Referred to from Part II. page 46, *in notis.*

JANUARY.

SPRING BLACK. Body, black wool of a ſheep's face, with or without a greeniſh peacock's herl; warp with brown ſilk: wing, the grey feather of a mallard.

SECOND SPRING BLACK. Body, the very blackeſt part of the darkeſt hare's ſcut you can procure, with or without a greeniſh peacock's herl: warp with aſh-coloured ſilk; wing, of a fieldfare's feather.

This and the other ſpring black are beſt taken in bright weather.

BLOA * HERL. Body, black rabbit's ſcut; black of a hare's ſcut; greeniſh peacock's herl: warp with brown ſilk: wing, the light part of a fieldfare's feather.

BLACK HACKLE. Body, pale yellow ſilk, with a black cock's hackle turned about it.

DUN HACKLE. Body, dun-coloured ſilk, with a dun cock's hackle.

FEBRUARY.

The ſame flies as are directed for the preceding month.

MARCH.

The ſame flies as are directed for the preceding months; and alſo the

TURKEY FLY, or MARCH FLY. Body, brown foal's hair, tops of the wings of a woodcock, ſome ruddy, others grey, well mixed together; warp with pink and yellow, or pink and light-coloured brown ſilk, twiſted together: wing, of a pheaſant-cock's feather.

N. B. *This, it is ſuppoſed, is the* cob-fly, *ſo much cried up in* Wales.

APRIL.

LIGHT BLOA. Body, light fox-cub fur, a little light foal's hair; a little ſquirrel's bloa, and the whitiſh

* This is a north country word, and as I am told, ſignifies a colour reſembling that of a mole's back, which has a bluiſh gloſs. I find it thus explained in a catalogue of local words, communicated in a letter from Mr. *Thoreſby*, of *Leeds*, to Mr. *Ray*, bloa, black and blue. Philoſophical letters between the learned Mr. *Ray*, and ſeveral of his ingenious correſpondents, *Octavo*, 1718, page 321.

yellow

yellow of the ſame, all theſe well mixed together; warp with yellow ſilk: wing, of a light fieldfare's feather.

DUN. Body, dunneſt ſilmert * or martern's fur; *Indian* fox-dun; light dun fox-cub; coarſe hair of the ſtump of a ſquirrel's tail of a brightiſh brown, or a yellowiſh caſt; warp with yellow ſilk: wing, the light feather of a fieldfare.

PLAIN HACKLE. Body, black oſtrich herl, with red or black cock's hackle over it; and in hot weather add gold twiſt.

RED HACKLE. Body, red ſilk and gold-twiſt, and a red cock's hackle, till *June*. Afterwards uſe orange ſilk for the body. *An excellent fly.*

N. B. *This is more properly the orange-fly. It reſembles in colour a* Seville *orange. Wings may be added, either of a ruddy hen or chicken, or of the ſofteſt feather of a rook's wing; the firſt will give it an orange, the latter a dunniſh hue. It has four wings, two next the body, of a very dark grey colour, and two ſerving as a caſe over them, ſometimes of a dirty blackiſh colour, and ſometimes of an orange colour.*

BLOA WATCHET *. Is a ſmall fly, and appears on the water in a cold day (hook N° 9 or 10.) the body, fur of a water-rat, black part of a hare's ſcut, the pale roots cut off, a very little brown bear's hair: warp with pale brown, or olive-coloured ſilk: wing of a hen blackbird.

YELLOW WATCHET. Body, water-rat's fur, the blackeſt part of a hare's ſcut, greeniſh yellow crewel

* *Filmert.* This is the animal which *Walton*, p. 11. calls the *fulimart:* but the former is a name by which it is very well known at the furrier's.

† Watchet. *Color cæruleus albicans*, Skinner. Pale or ſky-blue.

for feet; warp with green ſilk: wing, the lighteſt part of a blackbird's feather. Hook, N° 9 or 10.

KNOTTED GREY GNAT. Body, darkeſt part of a hare's ſcut, dark brown foal's hair, dark fur of the black of an old fox; warp with grey ſilk: wing, the bloa feather of a fieldfare.

GREEN-TAIL. Body, dark part of a hare's ſcut, and darkeſt bloa fur of an old fox; light part of a ſquirrel's tail, and a hair or two of the coarſe browniſh part of it for feet; warp with aſh-coloured ſilk: wing, of a hen pheaſant.

SAND FLY. Body, dark brown foal's hair, a little bloa ſquirrel's fur, and the whitiſh yellow of the ſame; warp with yellow ſilk: wing, the light part of a fieldfare's feather.

MAY.

The nine foregoing flies directed for *April*, and alſo the

BLOA HERL. Body, fox's fur, dark part of a hare's ſcut, greeniſh herl of a peacock (if the weather is warm for the ſeaſon, otherwiſe little or none of the greeniſh herl;) warp with brown ſilk: wing, of a ſtarling's feather.

DUN. Body, dunniſh bloa fur of an old fox, mixed with pale yellow, the ends of the hairs of an old fox almoſt red; ſome coarſe hairs taken out of the tail or bruſh; warp with yellow: wing, ſtarling's feather.

STONE-GNAT. Body, the roots of the darkeſt part of a hare's ſcut, the top or ends being cut off; warp with aſh-coloured ſilk: wing, a blackbird's feather.

LIGHT BLOA. Body, light fur of an old fox, mixed with pale yellow crewel; warp with pale yellow ſilk: wing, light feather of a jay.

ORANGE BROWN. Body, orange-coloured wool, with bright brown bear's hair mixed; warp with orange ſilk: wing, of a ſtarling's feather.

PEACOCK HACKLE. Body, peacock's ruddy herl; red cock's hackle; warp with red ſilk.

BLACK HERL. Body, black herl of an oſtrich, and ruddy herl of a peacock, twiſted together; warp with brown ſilk: wing, the light feather of a field-fare.

PEWET, or LAPWING'S TOPPING. Body, peacock's herl, and that of a lapwing's crown feather, twiſted together; warp with red ſilk: wing, the red feather of a partridge's tail.

RED HERL. Body, two herls of a peacock, twiſted together; warp with ruddy ſilk: wing, the red feather of a partridge's tail.

JUNE.

The dun, ſtone-gnat, light bloa, orange brown, peacock hackle, black herl, pewet's topping, and red herl of the laſt month, go alſo through this; there are likewiſe taken the

WHITTERISH. Body, the root-end of the white part of a hare's ſcut; light grey foal's hair, or camel's hair, towards the tail, the dark part of a hare's ſcut with ſome brown hairs mixed: peacock's herl for the head;

head; warp with white silk: wing, the feather of a sea-mew.

LIGHT GREY. Body, fur of the inner part of a rabbit's leg, the lightest of the dark part of a hare's scut; warp with ash-coloured silk: wings, light grey mallard's feather.

JULY.

The peacock hackle, black herl, pewet's topping, and red herl of *May* and *June*, and the whitterish and light-grey of the last month serve also for this, and to those add the

BROWN. Body, hair of a very light brown or reddish calf or spaniel, and light bear's hair mixed; warp with pale orange: wing, the feather of a land-rail.

AUGUST.

The peacock hackle, and the three following flies of *May*, and the two subsequent months, and the brown of the last month, serve also for this; in which also are taken the

GREY-FLY. Body, light grey foal's hair mixed with the dark part of a hare's scut; warp with grey silk: wing, a hen-pheasant's feather.

BLACK ANT-FLY. Body, darkest part of a hare's scut, and dark brown wool, or sheep's russet, equally mixed, and one single ruddy herl of a peacock, all twisted together; warp with copper-coloured silk: wing, a fieldfare's feather.

BROWN ANT-FLY. Body, bright brown bear's hair, much weather beaten, almost of an orange-colour towards the tail, and therefore a few hairs of a light brown, or flame-coloured calf, or spaniel's hair to be added in the tail-part; warp with orange-coloured silk: wing, the light feather of a fieldfare or starling.

Note, *The* Black *and the* Brown *Ant Fly I have studied to imitate with other materials, and have found them succeed very well, made as follows:*

Black Ant. *Brown bear's hair, and a little grey ſquirrel's hair next the roots, peacock herl; warp with copper-colour or aſh.*

Brown Ant. *Light barge-ſail, ſeal's fur and brown bear's hair, peacock herl; warp with orange: wings of this and the former, ſtarling's feather longer than the body.*

NUMBER IV.

Referred to from Part II. page 46, *in notis.*

FEBRUARY.

PRIME DUN. Dubbing, of the down of a fox-cub, warped with ſad aſh-coloured ſilk; wings, of the feather got from the quill of a * ſhepſtare's wing. This fly is made little, but there is another made of the ſame dubbing larger by far.

MARCH.

The ſame flies as are taken in *February* will be taken in *March*, and alſo thoſe hereafter mentioned.

MOORISH BROWN. Dubbing of the wool of a black ſheep; warped with red ſilk: wings, of the feather got from a partridge wing.

PALM-FLY. Dubbing, of the hair of a brown ſpaniel, got on the outſide of the ear; and a little ſea-green wool mixed, warped with brown cloth-coloured ſilk: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill-feather.

GREEN-TAIL. Dubbing, of the brown hair of a ſpaniel, got on the outſide of the ear, but a little in the end of the tail; muſt be all of ſea-green wool, without mixture: wings as the laſt.

* The reader is to note, that ſhepſtare, ſtare, and ſtarling, are words ſynonimous. Vid. *Minſheu's* Dict. *Voce* STARE.

APRIL.

APRIL.

BRIGHT BEAR. Dubbing, of bright bear's hair; warped with ſad cloth-coloured ſilk: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill feather: others dub the body with yellow ſilk, which is better.

YELLOW DUN. Dubbing, of yellow wool, and aſh-coloured fox-cub down mixed together, dubbed with yellow ſilk: wings, of the feather of a ſhepſtare's quill: others dub it with dun bear's hair, and the yellow fur got from a martern's ſkin, mixed together, and with yellow ſilk: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill-feather. Make two other flies, their bodies dubbed as the laſt; but in the one mingle ſanded hog's down; and in the other black hog's down: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill-feather: and there is alſo taken an excellent fly, made of dun bear's hair, yellow martern's fur, ſanded hog's down, and black hog's down, all mixed in an equal proportion together; warped with yellow ſilk: wings of the feather of a ſhepſtare's quill. Theſe ſeveral flies mentioned for *April*, are very good, and will be taken all the ſpring and ſummer.

MAY.

THORN-FLY. Dubbing, of black lamb's wool, warped with black ſilk; wings of a mallard's light grey feather.—Note, *That in all the inſtances where mallards feathers are directed to be uſed for wings, they muſt be thoſe of the wild, and not the tame mallard.*

KNOP-FLY. Dubbing, of the down of an otter-cub, and the herl of a peacock; warped with black ſilk: wings of the light grey feather of a mallard.

FERN-BUD. This fly is got on fern; and the natural one is very good to dib with; it has a ſhort thick body, of a very ſad greeniſh colour, and two pair of

wings; the uppermoſt are hard, and ſometimes taken off; but the undermoſt diaphanous, and it is dubbed with the herl of a peacock, and very ſad green ſilk: wings, of the feather of a fieldfare's quill got out of the wing.

LITTLE DUN. Dubbing, of an otter's fur; warped with aſh-coloured ſilk: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill-feather.

YELLOW MAY FLY. Dubbing, of yellow wool, mixed with yellow fur of a martern; warped with yellow ſilk: wings of the lighteſt-coloured feather of a throſtle.

JUNE.

BLACK MIDGE, or GNAT. Dubbing, of the down of a mole; warped with black ſilk: wings, of a light grey ſhepſtare's quill-feather.

GREY MIDGE, or GNAT. Dubbing, of the down of a ſad grey cat, or ſad grey camel's hair; warped with grey ſilk: wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

PURPLE-FLY. Dubbing, of purple wool, and a little bear's hair mixed; ſometimes no bear's hair at all: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill feather; warped with purple ſilk.

SAND-FLY. Dubbing, of the wool gotten off the flank of a black ſheep, warped with black ſilk: wings, of the ſad-coloured feather of a throſtle-quill; others make the body of the feather of a heron's neck.

MACKERIL. Dubbing, of light brown camel's hair; warped with black ſilk; wings, of a red cock's feather.

JULY.

BLUE DUN. Dubbing, of the down of a water-mouſe, and the bluiſh dun of an old fox mixed together;

ther; warped with ſad aſh-coloured ſilk: wings, of a ſhepſtare's quill-feather.

AUGUST.

Buss Brown. Dubbing, of the light brown hair of a cur; the head black: wings, of the feather of a red hen; warped with orange-coloured ſilk.

Hearth-Fly. Dubbing, of the wool of an old black ſheep, with ſome grey hairs in it, for the body and head: wings of a light ſhepſtare's quill-feather, warped on with black ſilk.

Pismire-Fly. Dubbing, of bright brown bear's hair, warped with red ſilk: wings, of the ſaddeſt-coloured ſhepſtare's quill-feather. *A good fly.*

SEPTEMBER.

Little Blue Dun. Dubbing, of the down of a mouſe for body and head; warped with ſad aſh-coloured ſilk: wings, of a ſad-coloured ſhepſtare's quill-feather.

NUMBER V.

Referred to from Part II. page 65, *in notis.*

Ten Years, one Month, and five Days Angling.

FISH taken in the counties of *Carmarthen* and *Glamorgan*, commencing 11th *April*, 1753, to the 10th *April*, 1754, inclusive,	6272
Ditto in the counties of *Pembroke*, *Carmarthen*, *Glamorgan*, and *Derby*, from 11th *April*, 1754, to 24th *October* following,	3758
	1756

1756	Ditto in the counties of *York*, *Salop*, and *Glamorgan*, ——	3739
1757	Ditto in the county of *Glamorgan*,	9272
1758	Ditto in the counties of *Glamorgan*, *Brecon*, *Radnor*, and *Hereford*,	7762
1759	Ditto in the ſame counties, ——	3490
1760	Ditto in the county of *Glamorgan*,	2150
1761	Ditto in the ſame county, ——	2522
1762	Ditto in the counties of *Glamorgan* and *Carmarthen*, —— ——	3183
1763	Ditto in the county of *Carmarthen*,	3158
1764	Ditto in the county of *Carmarthen*, to 23d *July*, being my laſt day's angling in the principality, ——	1814
	The whole given to the public,	47120

The rich, the poor, the ſick, and the healthy, have taſted of the labour of my hands.

In the firſt nine months in the year 1751, I took in the counties of *Pembroke* and *Carmarthen*, above *a thouſand* trouts, and though I have taken trouts in every month in the year ſince, yet I could not in any one year reach that number: perhaps I have done it before 1751, but I did not then keep an account all the year round, only noted thoſe days in which I had diverſion more than common.

N. B. There were ſome *pike* and *chub*, *eel* and *flounder*, taken, which are not noted in the above account.

If I had had the honour of an acquaintance with this keen and laborious Sportſman, I might poſſibly at times have checked him in the ardor of his purſuit, by reminding him of that excellent maxim. Ne quid nimis, *i. e.* Nothing too much. *The pleaſure of angling conſiſts not ſo much in the* number *of fiſh we catch, as in the exerciſe of our art, the gratification of our* hopes, *and the reward of our* ſkill *and* ingenuity: *were it poſſible for an Angler to be ſure of every caſt of his fly, ſo that for ſix hours together his hook ſhould never come home without a fiſh at it, angling would be no more a recreation than the* ſawing of ſtone *or the* pumping of water.

NUMBER

NUMBER VI.

Containing additional RULES *and* CAUTIONS.

I. WHEN you have hooked a fiſh, never ſuffer him to run out with the line: but keep your rod *bent*, and as near *perpendicular* as you can; by this method the top plies to every pull he makes, and you prevent the ſtraining of your line: for the ſame reaſon,

II. Never raiſe a large fiſh out of the water by taking the hair to which your hook is faſtened, or indeed any part of the line into your hand; but either put a *landing-net* under him, or for want of that, your *hat:* you may indeed in fly-fiſhing, lay hold of your line to draw a fiſh to you; but this muſt be done with caution.

III. Your ſilk for whipping hooks and other fine work, muſt be very ſmall; uſe it *double* and *wax* it, and indeed any other kind of binding, with *ſhoemaker's* wax, which of all wax, is the tougheſt, and holds beſt: if your wax is too ſtiff, temper it with tallow.

IV. If for ſtrong fiſhing, you uſe *graſs*, which when you can get it fine, is to be preferred to *gut*, remember always to *ſoak* it about an hour in water before you uſe it: this will make it tough, and prevent its kinking.

V. Whenever you begin fiſhing, *wet the ends* of the joints of your rod; which, as it makes them ſwell, will prevent their looſening. And,

VI. If you happen with rain or otherwiſe to wet your rod, ſo that you cannot pull the joints aſunder, turn the ferrule a few times round in the flame of a *candle*, and they will eaſily ſeparate.

VII. Before you fix the loop of briſtle to your hook, in order to make a fly, to prevent its drawing, be ſure to *ſinge* the ends of it in the flame of a candle; do the ſame by the hair, to which at any time you whip a hook.

VIII. Make

VIII. Make flies in *warm* weather only; for in *cold* your waxed silk will not *draw*.

IX. In rainy weather, or when the season for fishing is over, repair whatever damage your tackle has sustained.

X. Never regard what *bunglers* and *slovens* tell you, but believe that *neatness* in your tackle, and a *nice* and *curious* hand in all your work, especially in fly-making, are absolutely necessary.

XI. Be ever so provided as to be able to help yourself in all exigencies; nor deem it a small incivility to interrupt your companion in his sport, by frequently calling to him to lend you a *plummet* or a *knife*; or to supply you with a *hook*, a *float*, a few *shot*, or any thing else that you ought to be furnished with before you set out for your recreation.

XII. Never fish in any water that is not common, without leave of the *owner*, which is seldom denied to any but those who do not deserve it.

XIII. If at any time you happen to be overheated with walking, or other exercise, avoid small liquors, especially water, as you would poison; and rather take a glass of *rum* or *brandy*; the instantaneous effects whereof, in cooling the body, and quenching drought, are amazing.

XIV. Never be tempted in the pursuit of your recreation to *wade*; at least not as I have seen some do to the waist. This indiscrete practice has been known to bring on fevers that have terminated in abscesses, and endangered the loss of a limb.

XV. Never to preserve the character of an expert Angler be guilty of that mean practice of *buying fish** of

* There are others to whom this caution against buying fish may be useful. One of the greatest temptations to the fishing with unlawful nets in the *Thames* near *London*, is the high price which by an artifice some of the scaly kinds of fish, that is to say *roach* and *dace* are made to fetch; for the takers of such, first *scrape off the scales*, and sell them by the pound to the necklace-makers, (who make thereof a kind of *Amalgama*, with which they cover wax beads, and thereby imitate pearls,) and having so done, they cry the smallest and very refuse of the fish about the streets, and sell them to ignorant housekeepers for *gudgeons*.

such

ſuch of your fellow ſportſmen as have had better ſucceſs than yourſelf; thereby giving occaſion for that bitter ſarcaſm, the more bitter for being true: "They were caught with a *ſilver hook*."

XVI. Remember, that the wit and invention of mankind were beſtowed for other purpoſes than to *deceive ſilly fiſh*; and that however delightful angling may have been made to appear, by the foregoing pages, it ceaſes to be innocent when uſed otherwiſe than as a mere recreation.

XVII. Laſtly, When ſeated under a ſhady tree, on the ſide of a pleaſant river, or moving about on the banks of it, thou art otherwiſe purſuing thy recreation; when the *gliding of waters*, the *ſinging of birds*, the *bleating of flocks*, the *lowing of cattle*, and *the view of delightful proſpects*, and the various occupations of rural induſtry, ſhall diſpoſe thee to thought and reflection; let the *beauties of nature*, the *power*, *wiſdom and goodneſs of the Almighty*, as manifeſted in the production of his creatures; the *order and courſe of his providence in their preſervation*, the *rewards of a good life*, and the *certainty of thy end*, be the ſubjects of thy meditation.

NUMBER VII.

ECLOGA PISCATORIA,

A METASTASIO, *ut dicitur*.

CAndida vitæ
Gaudia neſcit,
Ah miſer! ille,
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis;
Grata *Favoni*
Quum levis aura,
Veſpere ſero
Fluctibus orta,
Flamine leni
Pectore mulcens
Æquora criſpat:

Nox

Nox ubi fuſcis
Evolat alis,
Quot micat ardens
Ignibus æther
Unda relucet,
Fractaque *Phœbes*
Æquore glauco
Ludit imago
Lactea, ſplendet
Sub tremebundo
Lumine pontus.
Et tua, *Triton*,
Buccina torta
Nocte ſilenti
Littora complet,
(Blanda paluſtris
Fiſtula cede,
Pan, licet *Arcas*
Inflet avenam!)
Saxaque latè
Reddere diſcunt
Doridos ignes,
Leucothoeſve,
Vel *Galatheæ*
Grata *Sicano*
Furta ſub antro,
Quæ fovet ulnis
Acida Divum;
Dumque natanti
Lumine languens
Murmure leni,
Baſia fugens
Comprimit arctè
Pectore pectus
Aurea nymphè;
Spretus amator
(Ardua moles)
Heu fremit atrox
Ore cruento,
Cunctaque latè
Voce tonanti
Semifer implet:
(*Scylla* relatrat
Ætna remugit)
Tum furibundis
Paſſibus errans,
Sanguinolentum
Luminis orbem
Sævè volutans,
Singula luſtrat,
Cernere ſi quâ
Poſſit amantes,
Raptaque dextrâ
Pallida membra
Fulminis inſtar
Frangens heu! heu!
Vindice ſaxo.
Ergo age tandem
Spernere mitte
Gurgitis almi
Littora grata,
Gratior ipſa
Ruſtica *Phylli*,
Ipſa *Dione*,
Ipſa puelli
Arcitenentis
Aurea mater,
Aurea quæ nunc
Ore nitenti
Numina captat;
Blanda marinæ
Filia ſpumæ
Edita ponto eſt;
Nunc quoque pontum
(Æthere ſpreto)
Sæpe reviſens,
Alite curru
Diva ſerenis
Labitur undis,
Collaque olorum

Flori-

Floribus atque
Flectit habenâ;
Æolus Euro
Lora frementi
Contrahit arctè;
At tibi laxat,
Alme *Favoni*,
Purpureisque
Exsilis alis,
Moxque reportans
Conjugis horto
Sive rosarum
Vel hyacinthi
Fundis odores.
Grandia cete
Gaudia vasta
Saltibus edunt
Incomposti,
O *Venus* alma,
Teque salutant,
Et maris æquor
Impete læto
Sydera ad alta
Naribus efflant.
O mea vita,
Ocyus adsis,
Molle latusque
Littore fulta,
Prospice mecum
Colle propinquo
Subsilientes
Lanigerarum
Ubera circum
Molliter agnas;
Pendula lino
Et tibi dextram
Armet arundo;
Hamus aduncus
Fluctuet unda:
Mox genus ecce
Omne natantum
(Squammea pubes
Ex latebrosis
Advena fundis)
Præpete pinnâ
Trans maris æquor
Ultro requiret
Humida nostræ
Lina puellæ;
Crine madentes
Et tibi fundent
Naiades udæ
Divite dextrâ,
Mille colorum
Munera conchas,
Sanguine multo
Tincta coralla,
Gurgitis imi
Splendida dona,
Doridos almæ
Læve tributum.

This eclogue, which on account of its excellence is here inserted, was communicated by a learned friend, to the editor of this work; but it does not occur in any of the editions of Metastasio's *works.*

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